Bartholomew Fair

By Henry Morley.

R 394.60942 MOR
Morley, Henry,
Memoirs of Bartholomew fair
1859.

CE5M 953631

Special Collections
Hamilton Public Library

Donald C. Mullin

3 2022 17000965 4

MEMOIRS

OF

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

MEMOIRS

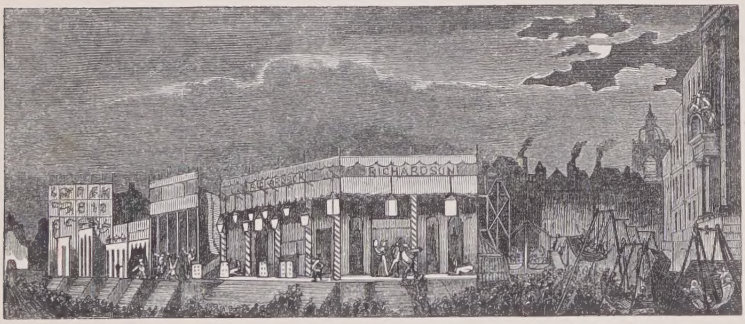
OF

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

BY

HENRY MORLEY.

WITH FACSIMILE DRAWINGS, ENGRAVED UPON WOOD,
BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.



Omnia Mors poſcit: Lex eſt, non Pœna, perire.—SENECA.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.
1859.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Inscribed

WITH FRIENDSHIP

TO

JOHN FORSTER,

BY WHOSE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH

THE HOME FEELINGS ARE REFINED:

AND BY WHOSE STUDIES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THE WISDOM OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP

IS ENLARGED AND STRENGTHENED.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/memoirsofbarthol0000henr

PREFACE.

Since I am here occupying virgin ſoil in a part of the wild diſtrict beyond the bounds of cultivated hiſtory, I may be pardoned perhaps if my ground is not at once ſtaked out in the beſt manner, and my fields are not ſo trim as thoſe combed by the ploughs and harrows of ſucceſſive generations. This is not only the firſt hiſtory of Bartholomew Fair, *but the firſt ſerious hiſtory of any Fair; even the general ſubject of Fairs, as far as I can learn, has never been thought worthy of a book. Yet what a diſtinct chapter in ſocial hiſtory ſhould be contained in the ſtory, rightly told, of any Great National Fair!*

When I firſt reſolved upon the writing of theſe Memoirs, I knew ſimply that Bartholomew Fair *was an unwritten portion of the ſtory of the people. Bound once to the life of the nation by the three ties of Religion, Trade, and Pleaſure, firſt came a time when the tie of Religion was unlooſened from it; then it was a place of Trade and Pleaſure. A few more generations having lived and worked, Trade was no longer bound to it. The nation ſtill grew, and at laſt broke from it even as a Pleaſure Fair. It lived for ſeven centuries or more, and of its death we*

are the witneſſes. Surely, methought, there is a ſtory here; the Memoirs of a Fair do not mean only a bundle of hand-bills or a catalogue of monſters. And thus the volume was planned which is now offered to the reader, with a lively ſenſe of its ſhortcomings. Conſcious of what ſuch a book might have been, and ought to be, I feel how much of crudity there is in this, and only know too well how dimly the ſoul of it glimmers through its ſubſtance.

There has been no lack of matter to make ſubſtance. In the Library of the Corporation of London at Guildhall *is a valuable collection of cuttings, handbills, and references to authorities, made by a gentleman who had deſigned the publication of a book upon* Bartholomew Fair. *There is in the* Britiſh Muſeum *another collection, made with a like purpoſe, leſs valuable, but containing much that is not found in the collection at* Guildhall. *In the* Guildhall Library *there are alſo handbills bought by the City, rare tracts, and various MS. notes, from which illuſtration of the ſtory of the Fair was to be drawn.*

To the Committee of St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital *I am indebted for permiſſion to examine the old records in their keeping. Let me add that the fault is mine if I have not made uſe enough of the great courteſy with which this formal permiſſion was carried out in practice, and of the ready kindneſs with which help was offered me by* Mr. White, *the Treaſurer*, Mr. Wix, *the Secretary, and* the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, *Chaplain of the Hoſpital.*

Here alſo let me acknowledge the good humour with

which the Rev. Mr. Abbiſs, *rector of* St. Bartholomew's the Great, *permitted the irruption of a ſtranger into his veſtry, and ſent him away not empty of the information that he ſought.*

Private friends do not need public thanks, but even here I muſt not paſs without acknowledgment the help I have had from my friend Mr. James Gairdner, *of the* Record Office, *who has, not only ſaved me all trouble of ſearch among the Public Records, but who, by his exact knowledge of old ſources of hiſtory, has now and then given the book valuable help.*

Moreover, it would be a capital omiſſion if I did not ſpecially thank Mr. Henry Hicks, *of Highbury Creſcent, for acceſs to ſome of the papers of the late* Mr. Richard Hicks, *Deputy of Caſtle Baynard Ward.* Mr. Richard Hicks *bound his name in the memory of fellow citizens with the later hiſtory of* Smithfield, *and was the member of the Corporation engaged moſt prominently in the final ſuppreſſion of* Bartholomew Fair. *He took notes at the time, and many of them are preſerved. There is enough extant evidence of his reſearch to have impreſſed me greatly with a ſenſe of the conſcientious work that may be done even by a member of the City Parliament, when he devotes his public energies in all ſincerity to any queſtion. The jottings upon* Mr. Hicks's *papers bring together, from all ſorts of books and Corporation records, a great number of details about* Smithfield, *about the hiſtory of tolls, and about the relation of the City to the Fair. As to the ſuppreſſion of the Fair, they contain extracts from the books*

of the City Lands' Committee, *now and then alſo notes written by himſelf at the time in the committee-room. It needs not many words to tell of how much uſe thoſe papers have been to me.*

Thus, while I may expect allowance to be made for the rough way in which I have ſtaked out my little claim upon virgin ſoil, yet is the ſoil ſo rich that I fear I muſt go unpardoned if it ſhall prove to have yielded to my tillage but a ſcanty harveſt. Though I have raiſed and garnered all the knowledge I could get about the Fair, there certainly was more attainable: there are pamphlets and collections, doubtleſs, that I have not ſeen; collectors whom I have not ſought. I feel convinced alſo that I muſt have overlooked, through ignorance, facts known to many of my readers. Therefore I ſhall be moſt thankful for all further information that may come to me from any ſource.

For as much as this volume can tell of Bartholomew Fair *I have eſpecially wiſhed to entitle it to credit as, at any rate, an honeſt record. For aid in this reſpect it is my duty to thank* Mr. H. Sydney Barton, *the excellent draughtſman employed by* Meſſrs. Dalziel *the wood-engravers, in taking ſketches and facſimiles for the pictures, varying between copies of the rudeſt of old woodcuts and the imitation of fine etching upon metal, with which it is illuſtrated.* Mr. Barton *has exactly met my wiſh for minute faithfulneſs in the copying of everything repreſented. Even when, as in the caſe of the deſign for a Bartholomew Fan, or Rowlandſon's ſcenes of the Fair, comprehenſive pictures have been broken up into the ſeveral groups which*

they contain, no artiſt's liberty whatever has been taken with any one of the fragments ſo detached. Accurate work is very hard to find. Moſt of the illuſtrations in this book are now for the firſt time drawn (uſually on a reduced ſcale) from the illuminations, looſe engravings, or handbills, in which they firſt appeared; about half a dozen of them, however, have been reproduced before in other works, and not even in one inſtance has the copy truly repreſented the original. In this book, with the exception mentioned in a note upon page 7, nothing of which the original is extant has been repreſented from a copy. A ſecond exception, mentioned by anticipation in that note, was ſet aſide after the ſheet had gone to preſs, by the diſcovery of an original map older and more fitted to the text than that of which a copy was to have been uſed.

Outſide oration is the Faſhion of the Fair; therefore I hope, that I have not ſaid too much from the platform of my little ſhow. Secretly I fear that, like all other ſhows, it will be found more tempting in promiſe than ſufficient in performance. But it is not the part of a wiſe ſhowman to ſay that. He has his own appointed peroration. Let him, therefore, diſcreetly remember that he muſt aſk Gentlemen, Ladies, *and* Children, *to walk in. To maids and boys I ſing. The place about our ſtanding is well ſwept, and there is no dirt of the Fair here to offend them.—* NEVER BEFORE EXHIBITED. BARTHOLOMEW THE ROYAL SMITHFIELD GIANT. SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OF AGE. HIS MOTHER'S AT ROME AND HIS FATHER'S AT BRADFORD. TO BE SEEN A-LIVE. *Vivat Regina!—"Shall there be good Vapour?"*

demands an acquaintance of Ben Jonſon's, Captain Knockem Jordan. The little O *of the Fair is vapour now, and it was vapour from the firſt—*

> *Sith all that in the world is great and gay,*
> *Doth as a Vapour vaniſh and decay—*

As much alive as ever, then. The ſhow is open.— BARTHOLOMEW THE ANCIENT KING OF SMITHFIELD, IN HIS ROYAL ROBES, SURROUNDED BY HIS COURT OF CELEBRATED MONSTERS, ALL ALIVE! *Juſt opened! May it pleaſe you to look in!*

H. M.

4, UPPER PARK ROAD,
HAVERSTOCK HILL,
December, 1858.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

THE FOUNDER OF THE FAIR 1

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FAIRS 16

CHAPTER III.

BARTHOLOMEW JUGGLERS 25

CHAPTER IV.

THE FAIR IN THE PRIORY CHURCHYARD 44

CHAPTER V.

OLD CHRONICLES 65

CHAPTER VI.

LITERATURE AND COMMERCE 80

CHAPTER VII.

THE CITY FAIR 101

CHAPTER VIII.

A CHANGE OF MASTERS: LONDON AND LORD RICH . . . 109

Page

CHAPTER IX.

TO THE YEAR SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN . . . 119

CHAPTER X.

IN BEN JONSON'S TIME 145

CHAPTER XI.

OLIVER'S DAY 182

CHAPTER XII.

DAGON 229

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HUSTLING OF THE POPE 254

CHAPTER XIV.

REVELLERS 282

CHAPTER XV.

AFTER THE REVOLUTION 298

CHAPTER XVI.

MONSTERS 315

CHAPTER XVII.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY . . . 333

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PLAYHOUSE AT THE FAIR—ELKANAH SETTLE . . . 357

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CITY AGAINST THE FAIR 378

CHAPTER XX.

Page

UNDER THE FIRST GEORGES 387

CHAPTER XXI.

FIELDING'S BOOTH AT THE GEORGE INN YARD 400

CHAPTER XXII.

STATE PAPERS 422

CHAPTER XXIII.

LAST YEARS OF THE CONDEMNED 441

CHAPTER XXIV.

EARTH TO EARTH 489

INDEX 495

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 2 in note, *for* Profeſſor *read* brother of the Profeſſor.
419, „ 9 from bottom, *omit* was.
„ „ 5 from bottom, *for* with the old name *read* in her old part.
420, laſt line but one, *for* memoirs *read* memories.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS.

PAGE

An Evening in Smithfield: Fair time, 1808 [Extract from a picture by Rowlandſon] *Title-page*

Initial Letter [from MS. Book of the Foundation of the Priory, now in the Britiſh Muſeum] 1

Priory Seal: St. Bartholomew [from a copy by Mr. W. A. Delamotte] 7

Priory Seal: Rayer [from the ſame] 14

Pike and Gudgeon [from John Cok's MS. Rental at St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital] . . 25

Fox and Gooſe [from the ſame] 27

Effigy of Rayer [from his tomb in the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great] . . . 32

Cripples at a Shrine [from a MS. of Gregory's Decretals (13th century), formerly belonging to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, now in the Britiſh Muſeum] 43

Middleſex Paſſage: fragment of the old Priory [drawn on the ſpot] 45

From the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great: fragment of the old Priory [drawn on the ſpot] 47

Head of Rayer [from the effigy on his tomb, drawn on the ſpot] 48

A Knight from the Horſe Market [MS. Decretals] 54

Smithfield Games (13th century): whip-top, bat and ball, bowls, nine-pins, dice [MS. Decretals] 56

Female Tumbler, Stilt-walker, Acrobats of the 13th century [MS. Decretals] . . . 57

Wreſtling, Buckler-fighting, Putting the Stone: 13th century [MS. Decretals] . . 59

The Monk at the Fleſhpots [MS. Decretals] 60

Mediæval Demon [MS. Decretals] 65

Smithfield Jouſts [MS. Decretals] 74

A Martyrdom on the ſite of the Fair [from the firſt edition of Fox's Martyrs] . . . 79

The Hell Mouth of the Miracle Plays [MS. Decretals] . . 80

Satan Vanquiſhed: Perſons of a Miracle Play [MS. Decretals] 86

PAGE

A Soul Saved: Perſons of a Miracle Play [MS. Decretals] 87

Weſt Smithfield with the Priory and Hoſpital, 1533 [from the oldeſt extant Map of London, at the City Library, Guildhall] 111

Houſes in Cloth Fair [drawn on the ſpot] 122

Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair [frontiſpiece in Whalley's edition, iſſued as a looſe engraving] 167

The Hare of the Tabor [from an illuminated MS. of Hours of the Virgin: Harleian, No. 6563] 170

Blowing the Serpent [facſimile of woodcut on the title of *Bartholomew Faire, or a Variety of Fancies, &c.*, 1641] . . 185

The Hand and Shears [no longer ſtanding; copied from Wilkinſon's *Londina Illuſtrata*] . 237

The Foppiſh Rope-Dancer [from the title-page to *News from Bartholomew Fair* (*circa* 1663)] 239

Jacob Hall, the Rope-Dancer [from an engraved copy (publiſhed 1792) of a rare print after Van Ooſt, formerly poſſeſſed by Sir John St. Aubyn] . 246

Ballad Singers [from a detached print, the drawing by N. Lauron, part of a ſeries, "ſold by H. Overton, without Newgate"] 283

Mountebank [from the ſame] . 284

Merry Andrew: William Phillips [from a detached print, drawing by N. Lauron, one of the ſame ſeries] 293

The Bartholomew Fair Muſician: W. Phillips [from a looſe print, of another ſeries] . 294

Mountebank and Zany [from the frontiſpiece to *The Harangues of Famous Mountebanks*] . . 297

Joſeph Clark, the Poſture Maſter [from a looſe print] . . 357

Gin-Stall, 1728 [from the facſimile of a drawing on a Bartholomew Fan, of the year 1728, publiſhed (as Bartholomew Fair, 1721) by J. F. Setchel] 393

Pickpockets' Harveſt, 1728 [from the ſame] 393

Familiar yet Diſtant [from the ſame] 393

Peepſhow of the Siege of Gibraltar [from the ſame] . . 394

Lee and Harper's Booth, 1728 [from the ſame] . . . 394

Rope-dancing Booth, 1728 [from the ſame] 395

Fawkes, the Conjuror's Booth, 1728 [from the ſame] . . 396

The Ups and Downs, 1728 [from the ſame] 397

Delicate Pig and Pork [from the ſame] 398

Tiddy Doll, the Gingerbread Baker . . . 1750 . . . [from a looſe print, a copy of this figure from Hogarth's Idle Apprentice at Tyburn] . . . 435

Powell the Fire Eater . . . 1760 . . . [from a looſe print] . 439

PAGE

Roger Smith, of the Cap and Bells . . . 1760 . . . [from the ſame] 439

A Cauſe of the Court of Pie-powder [looſe print] . . 445

Booth-actors' Refreſhment [from a looſe print, drawn and engraved by Theo. Lane] . . 446

Punch's Puppet Show [the title to a folding ſheet ſold in the Fair, 1790] 455

Scene in a Puppet Show: Pull Devil, pull Baker [from the folding ſheet] . . . 456

Mr. Lane the Conjuror [from his bill of performance] . . 457

Kelham Whitelamb [from a pen and ink ſketch in the Collection of Cuttings, &c., on the ſubject of Bartholomew Fair, at the Britiſh Muſeum] . . . 460

The Unicorn Ram [from a looſe print to be had at the Show] . 460

The Ram with Six Legs [from the ſame] 461

The Show Booths of the Fair [from a print by Rowlandſon, in which the drawing is aſcribed to John Nixon, Eſq.] . . 464

Grand Theatrical Booth, exit and entrance of the public [from the ſame] 465

The Swings [from the ſame] . 466

Quiet People leave the Fair [from the ſame] 467

Gambling and Feaſting in the Sauſage Market [from another ſcene of the Fair by Rowlandſon and Pugin] . . . 467

PAGE

Noiſe of the Fair [from the ſame] 467

Miſs Biffin [from a lithograph publiſhed in 1823] . . . 468

Maſter Vine [from a looſe print, publiſhed by G. Smeeton, Old Bailey] 469

The Beautiful Albineſs [from a mezzotint, publiſhed, 1816, by John Bell] 470

Mrs. Carey [from a coloured lithographic miniature] . . 474

Madame Giradelli, the Fire-proof Lady [from a looſe print, vividly coloured, C. W. *fecit*] 475

Mr. Simon Paap, the Dutch Dwarf [from a portrait by S. Woolley, engraved and publiſhed by W. Worſhip] . . 476

His Autograph [from the Collection of Bartholomew Fair Cuttings, &c., Brit. Muſeum] 476

James Sharp England, the Flying Pieman [from a looſe engraving] 479

Hot Gingerbread! [from the ſame] 479

A Long-tail Pig or a Short-tail Pig [from the ſame] . . 479

Toby, the Learned Pig [from his bill of performance] . . 480

The Amazing Pig of Knowledge [from the ſame] . . 481

The Beautiful Spotted Negro Boy [from the ſame] . . 483

Among the Wild Beaſts [from one of Wombwell's bills] . 484

Elephant and Zebra [from the ſame] 484

PAGE

The Mermaid [from a coloured etching by George Cruikshank, 1822] . . . 486

The Learned Cats [from their bill of performance] . . . 487

Tail-piece [from the Head-piece to a Seven Dials reprint of Mathews's Humours of Bartholomew Fair] . . . 488

An Evening in Smithfield: Fair time, 1858 [drawn on the spot, at the gateway leading into Cloth Fair—the place of Proclamation] 494

Memoirs

OF

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

CHAPTER I.

ffyrst shal be shewyd who was ffunder of owere ffaire.

THE beginning of Bartholomew Fair was a grant from Henry the Firſt to a Monk who had been formerly his Jeſter. It was that Jeſter, Rayer, who founded the Priory of St. Bartholomew, in later times transformed into a Hoſpital for the Sick Poor.

By a friar who lived in the Priory not long after the death of Rayer (or as he was called in Latin, Raherus, Engliſhed back into Rahere,) the life of the Founder was written; all its laſt incidents being ſupplied from the memory of perſons

on the ſpot. By two other friars who lived afterwards in the Priory, this life—in Latin and in later Engliſh—was engroſſed on parchment, carefully adorned with ornamental ſcrolls and gay illuminated letters. Among the gilt ornaments and the illuminations we find the beginning of the ſtory of the Fair.*

Rayer of good remembrance, as the manuſcript informs us, founded the Priory in honour of the moſt bleſſed Bartholomew Apoſtle, after the rule of the moſt holy Father Auſtin, and lived in it twenty-two years, uſing the office and dignity of a Prior; not having cunning of liberal ſcience, but having that which is more eminent than all cunning, for he was richeſt in purity of conſcience. Among all the virtues ſet down to his credit we find bright manners and prudent buſineſs in temporal miniſtration. Buſy he was; and it concerns us that his buſy mind begot the fair for the advantage of his order: he had alſo a cunning ſuited to the preſent meaning of the word, for in his friar's robes he made much money as a juggler. But, ſays the biographer, "in what order he ſet the fundament of this temple, in few words let us ſhew as they teſtified to us that ſaw him, heard him, and were preſent in his works and deeds; of the which ſome have taken their ſleep in Chriſt, and ſome of them be yet alive and witneſſeth of that that we ſhall after ſay.

"This man, born of low lineage, when he attained

* In the Britiſh Muſeum, Cotton MSS. *Veſpaſian* B ix., Liber Fundacionis eccl̄ie ſancti Bartholomei Londinarum ptinent. prioratui eiuſdem in Weſte Smythfelde (Latin and Engliſh). The initial letter to this Chapter is that of the Manuſcript. The heading also, with change of a word, is that of its firſt Engliſh chapter.

the flower of youth, he began to haunt the houſeholds of noblemen and the palaces of princes, where, under every elbow of them, he ſpread their cuſhions with japes and flatterings, delectably anointing their ears, by this manner to draw to him their friendſhips. And yet he was not content with this, but oft haunted the King's palace, and among the noiſeful preſs of that tumultuous court inforced himſelf with jollity and carnal ſuavity, by the which he might draw to him the hearts of many one there. In ſpectacles, in meats, in plays, and other courtly motleys and trifles intending, he led forth the buſineſs of all the day. And now to King's attendance, now following the intent of great men,—preſſed in proffering ſervice that might pleaſe them,—buſily ſo occupied his time that he might obtain the rather the petitions that he ſhould deſire of them. Thiswiſe to king and great men gentle and courteous, known, familiar, and fellowly he was. This manner of living he choſe in his beginning, and in this exerciſed his youth." So runs the record. So—in ſpectacles, meats, plays, and other courtly motleys—were laid the foundations of the Royal favour that beſtowed on Bartholomew in Weſt Smithfield the ſite of his Priory and of his Fair.

Henry the Firſt was the king upon whom Rayer waited as jeſter, or minſtrel. He was a king eaſily moved through ſuperſtition. In one year, we are told by Fabian's Chronicle, he had divers monitions and viſions; for, among other fearful dreams, he ſaw a great company of clerks, with divers weapons, which menaced him for debt that he ſhould owe unto

them; and, when they were paſſed, he was menaced to death of his own knights; and laſtly appeared to him a great company of biſhops, which threatened him, and would have ſmitten him with their croſſes. By this monition, he took remorſe in his conſcience, and did great deeds of charity in Normandy and England. One of them was the building of Reading Abbey, which was founded at about the ſame time as Rayer's Priory of St. Bartholomew. When Henry died he left two characters behind him. "The fame of him ſaid that he paſſed other men in three things, in wit, in eloquence, and in fortune of battle; and other ſaid he was overcomen with three vices, with covetiſe, with cruelty, and with luſt of lechery." *

Of our next king, Stephen, Malmeſbury records the "readineſs to joke." Even Henry the Second, by whoſe charter, ſoon after Rayer's death, the fair was confirmed, reliſhed buffoonery. A robuſt man, who kept down a tendency to corpulence by inceſſant activity of body, he was a mighty hunter, and, when not reading or at council, had always in his hand a ſword, a hunting-ſpear, or a bow. In diſcuſſing buſineſs, he ſtood or walked. Yet his wit was lively, and with his intimate friends he was exceedingly familiar. In the day of Becket's power, he and Becket, after they had made an end of ſerious affairs, would play together like two boys of the ſame age. Fitzſtephen, who ſays this in his Life of Becket, gives an inſtance, which will ſhew clearly enough that there was yet vocation for a jeſter at the court of the wiſeſt and moſt vigorous of the Plantagenets. One

* Fabian's Chronicle, cap. 229.

day the king was riding by the ſide of his chancellor through the ſtreets of London, in cold, ſtormy weather, when his Majeſty ſaw coming towards them a poor old man, in a thin coat, worn to tatters.

"Would it not be a great charity," (ſaid he to the chancellor) "to give this naked wretch, who is ſo needy and infirm, a good warm cloak?"

"Certainly," Becket replied, "and you do the duty of a king in turning your eyes and thoughts to ſuch objects."

While they ſpoke the man came near. The king aſked him whether he wiſhed to have a new cloak, and, turning to the chancellor, ſaid, "You ſhall have the merit of this deed of charity;" then, ſuddenly laying hold on a fine new ſcarlet cloak lined with fur, which Becket wore, he tried to pull it from him, and, after ſome ſtruggle, in the courſe of which they both nearly rolled from their horſes, Majeſty prevailed. The poor man had the cloak, and the applauding courtiers were loud in mirth. In any ſuch ſcenes, Rayer could perform a part, until he was converted.

His converſion was made manifeſt in his deſire to go to the court of Rome, "coveting in ſo great a labour to do the worthy fruits of penance. He took his way, and whole and ſound whither he purpoſed came. Where at the martyrdom of the bleſſed Apoſtles, Peter and Paul, he, weeping his deeds, and reducing to mind the ſcapes of his youth and ignorances, prayed for remiſſion of them, beheſting furthermore theſe utterly to forſake. There the clear lights of heaven, the men of mercy, Peter and Paul, he ordained mediators

between him and the Lord of all earth. And while he tarried there, in that meanwhile he began to be vexed with grievous ſickneſs, and his dolours little and little taking their increaſe, he drew to the extremity of life; the which dreading within himſelf, and deeming the laſt hour of his death drew him nigh, he ſhed out as water his heart in the ſight of God, and all brake out in tears. Then he avowed that if health God him would grant, that he might lawfully return to his country, he would make an Hoſpital for recreation of poor men, and, to them ſo therein gathered, neceſſaries miniſter after his power. And not long after, the benign and merciful God beheld the weeping man, and gave him his health. So of his ſickneſs recovered he was, and in ſhort time whole made began homeward to come, his vow to fulfil.

"Now, when he would purſue his way that he had begun, in a certain night he ſaw a viſion full of dread and of ſweetneſs, when, after the labours and ſweating that he had by days, his body with reſt he would refreſh. It ſeemed him to be bore up on high of a certain beaſt having four feet and two wings, which ſet him in an high place, and when he from ſo great an highneſs would inflect and bow down his eye to the lower parts downward, he beheld an horrible pit, whoſe horrible beholding impreſſed in him the beholder great dread and horror, for the deepneſs of the ſame pit was deeper than any man might attain to ſee. He fremiſhed and for dread trembled, and great cries out of his mouth proceeded. To whom dreading, appeared a certain man pretending in cheer the majeſty of a king,

of great beauty and imperial authority, and, his eye on him faſtened, he ſaid good words: 'O man,' he ſaid, 'what and how much ſervice ſhouldſt thou give to him that in ſo great a peril hath brought help to thee?'

"Anon he anſwered to this, ſaying, 'Whatſoever might be of beſt and of mightieſt diligently ſhould I give to my deliverer.'

"Then ſaid he, 'I am Bartholomew the Apoſtle,*

come to ſuccour thee in thine anguiſh. Know me truly by the common favour and commandment of the Celeſtial court and council, to have choſen a place in the ſuburbs of London at Smithfield, where in my name thou ſhalt found a church. The aſker in it ſhall receive, the ſeeker ſhall find, and the ringer or knocker ſhall enter. Of the coſts of this building doubt thou nothing, only give

* This ſeal and the ſeal of Rahere (next woodcut) were copied by Mr. Delamotte, Profeſſor of Drawing at King's College, London, from the originals among the archives of St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital, and firſt publiſhed in a little book of his, "The Royal Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew and Priory, illuſtrated by W. A. Delamotte." Only in theſe two inſtances, and, on a later page, in a fragment taken from a modern engraving of an old pictorial map of London, are any of the illuſtrations to this volume copies of a copy.

thy diligence, and my part ſhall be to provide neceſſaries. Of this work know me the maſter and thyſelf only the miniſter. Uſe diligently thy ſervice and I ſhall ſhew my lordſhip.' In theſe words the viſion diſparyſchydde.

"Therefore Rayer came back to London and of his knowledge and friends with great joy was received. With which, alſo with the barons of London, he ſpake familiarly of theſe things. And what ſhould be done of this he counſelled, of them took he this anſwer, that none of theſe might be perfected but the king were firſt counſelled. Namely, ſith the place godly to him ſhewed was contained within the King's Market, of the which it was not lawful to princes or other lords of their own authority anything to manumit, neither yet to ſo ſolemn an obſequy depute. Therefore, uſing theſe men's counſel, in opportune time he dreſſed him to the king, and before him, and the Biſhop Richard being preſent (the which he had made to him favourable beforehand), effectually expreſſed his buſineſs, and that he might lawfully bring his purpoſe to effect meekly beſought. And ineffectual theſe prayers might not be whoſe author was the Apoſtle, his word therefore was pleaſant and acceptable in the king's eye. And he, having the title of deſired poſſeſſion of the King's Majeſty, was right glad. And after the Apoſtle's word all neceſſaries flowed unto the hand."

The church was founded in the month of March, 1123. The only fruit that had been expoſed in this part of the King's market before the building of the Priory was that which hangs upon the gallows tree. "Truly this place," ſays our informant, "aforn his

cleanſing pretended none hope of goodneſs. Right unclean it was, and as a marſh dungy and fenny with water almoſt every time abounding. And that that was eminent above the water, dry, was deputed and ordained to the gibbet or gallows of thieves and to the torment of other that were condemned by judicial authority."

Upon another portion of the ground now known as Smithfield (that is, ſmooth field), bordering upon the marſh, great elm trees grew, and it was known as The Elms. The king's market perhaps was held among the trees; but on the marſh the Priory was founded, around which was held the fair.

When Rayer had applied his ſtudy to the purgation of this place, he was not ignorant of Satan's wiles, for he made and feigned himſelf unwiſe, and outwardly pretended the cheer of an idiot, and choſe for a little while to hide the ſecret of his ſoul; and the more ſecretly he wrought the more wiſely he did his work. In ſportive wiſe, as an idler, he drew to him the fellowſhip of children and ſervants, aſſembling himſelf as one of them, and, with their uſe and help, ſtones and other things profitable to the building playfully he gathered together; he played with them, and from day to day made himſelf more vile in his own eyes, until that that was hid and ſecret openly began to be ſhewed to all men. Then in marvellous wiſe he inſtructed with cunning of truth in divers churches. And the multitude both of clerks and of the laity conſtantly was exhorted to follow and fulfil thoſe things that were of charity and almſdeed. Thus in brief time, clerks in the ſame place were

brought together to live under regular inſtitution, Rayer obtaining care and office of the poorhede, and miniſtering to them neceſſaries, not of certain rents but plenteouſly of oblations of faithful people.

"Some ſaid he was a deceiver. Before the hour of his laſt diſſeverance his houſehold people were made his enemies. With pricking of envy many privately, many alſo openly, againſt the ſervant of God ceaſed not to grudge and in derogation to the place and prelate of the ſame brought in many ſlanders." We will here wickedly preſs againſt the holy prior no heavier ſlanders than one or two of the many anecdotes of his juggling—or of the wonders worked by St. Bartholomew for the eſtabliſhment and enrichment of his houſe, which form the chief part of this hiſtory of its foundation. As our hiſtorian ſays, "let us draw near to the narration of miracles."

When the oratory was being built, "many and innumerable were ſhewed tokens and miracles, but what for the great plenty of them and negligence of writing of the ſame, they be almoſt unremembered." When the church was being built, a light was ſeen at evenſong to play upon it for about an hour, then ſuddenly flaſh up into the ſky and diſappear.

A man who had for many years appeared in the ſtreets of London dragging his body after him, and who begged alms in St. Paul's Church, inviting pity for the languor that deprived him of the uſe of all his limbs, was carried in a baſket to the new altar of Rayer's Priory, where, having prayed, he loſt all crookedneſs and ſtraightway recovered the uſe of his limbs. And from that time the

noble matrons of the city kept their night watches before St. Bartholomew's altar, and the church became greatly frequented.

Again, ſays the hiſtorian, "a certain man took away a book from this place, that we call an Antiphoner, the which was neceſſary to them that ſhould ſing in the church, in that ſpecially there was not at that time great plenty of books in the place; when it was ſought buſily, and not y-found it was told to Rayer the Prior what was done of the book. And he took the harm with a ſoft heart patiently." The reſt of the ſtory is that Rayer was admoniſhed, by a viſion in the night, to ride next morning to the houſe in the Jews' quarter where the book was, and where he had of courſe taken good care that it ſhould be.

A woman's tongue could not be contained in her mouth. Rayer touched it with relics, and painted a croſs on it with holy water. In the ſame hour it went back between her teeth.

A rich man, upland dwelling, came to the church, having heard of the deeds done in it, and ſaw miracles. Then he ſaid to the Prior, "Sir, I ſhall commit me and all mine to Saint Bartholomew, advocate of this place, and to his ſervice I ſhall me ſubdue, and with my ſubſtance, as he will inſpire me, his clerks honour." Then ſaid Rayer, "Well haſt thou purpoſed, and doubtleſs a wiſe keeper of thy goods thou haſt choſen." Some time afterwards that man's kitchen took fire, and he ſaid "Have not I late me and mine committed to bleſſed Bartholomew the Apoſtle. And him I have made keeper of my head and of all thing that pertaineth

to me. If therefore it pleaſeth him his to keep to himſelf, he ſhall not need our help." So no man troubled to put out the fire, and it did not ſpread farther than the kitchen.

Sailors in peril ſaid to each other, "What dread we, men of little faith, the which have bleſſed Barthilmewe the doer of ſo great miracles at London." They appealed therefore to him for reſcue and were reſcued, in return for which help they offered to the church of tapers a great quantity.

There was a young man, Oſberne by name, whoſe right hand ſtuck to his left ſhoulder, and whoſe head ſtuck to his left hand. He was unglued at St. Bartholomew's eſtabliſhment.

At the high feſtival of Saint Bartholomew, a boy ſaid to have been born blind was led into the church, one leading him, father and mother following. And as he entered the church he fell down to the earth, and there awhile turned himſelf, now this way, now that way. Then he roſe up with blood running down his cheeks, declared that he for the firſt time ſaw his parents, and called ſundry things diſtinctly by their proper names.

Rayer joined to himſelf a certain old man, Alfuin by name, to whom was ſad age with experience of long time. This ſame old man not long before had built the church of St. Giles at Cripplegate. And that good work happily he had ended. Deeming this man profitable to him, Rayer deputed him as his companion. Alfuin, who had ſhown ſkill as a collector, carried about the veſſel in which to collect offerings. A ſurly butcher, who was named Godrich, called him a truant, and would

give nothing. Alfuin was importunate, Godrich was obſtinate. Alfuin then broke out in theſe words, "O thou unhappy, O thou ungentle and unkind man! to the Giver of all goods wilt not come? Take in experience the virtue of the glorious Apoſtle, in whom if thou truſt, I promiſe thee that every piece of thy meat that thou giveſt me a portion of ſhall ſooner be ſold than other, and nothing to the miniſhing or leſſening of the price." The butcher caſt a bit of meat into his veſſel, and ſo bade the friars leave him; to whom Alfuin anſwered, "I ſhall not go till my word and promiſe be fulfilled." He waited, therefore, in the ſhop until a man came, who bought from the heap of meat that had ſupplied the Priory, and paid without queſtioning the price aſked by the butcher. But Godrich had charged this cuſtomer for the meat taken by St. Bartholomew, as well as for his own. "And from that time they began to be more prompt to give their alms, and alſo fervent in devotion, and ſtrained how they might prevent one another in giving"—that is to ſay, they competed for the sanctifying of extortion.

Here are miracles enough to aſſure us who contrived the tale of a conſpiracy againſt the life of Rayer, which a penitent conſpirator revealed. Such a tale gave the cunning Prior opportunity to go before the king "with a lamentable querele expreſſing how with untrue deſpites he was deformed, and what faſtidious outbreaking had tempted him, beſeeching his royal munificence that his perſon and the place he had granted him he would defend. The king anſwered that he would apply him to his juſt and neceſſary petitions, and that furthermore

he beheſted himſelf to be a defender of him, and of his; therefore he made his Church with all his pertinence with the ſame freedoms that his crown is libertied with, or any other church in England that is moſt y-freed; and releaſed it all cuſtoms, and declared it for to be free from all earthly ſervice, power, and ſubjection, and gave ſharp ſentence againſt contrary malignants. Such liberties he confirmed with his charter and ſeal, and commended to the upholding and defence of all his ſucceſſors. Rayer, when with ſuch privileges he was ſtrengthened and comfortably defended, glad he went out from the face of the king. And when he was come home to his, what he had obtained of the Royal majeſty expreſſed to ſome that they ſhould joy with him, and unto ſome that they ſhould be afraid.

" Also this worſhipful man

propoſed for to depoſe the complaint of his calamities afore the See of Rome, and of the ſame ſee writings to bring to him and to his aftercomers profitable, but divers under-growing impediments, and at the laſt

letting the article of death, that he would have fulfilled he might not."

Thus it was that Rayer proſpered greatly by his wiſe investment of the wit of a Court Jeſter in the ſpeculation of a Priory; and there can be no doubt that if as a court wit he was lean, as a monk, according to the record we are following, "the ſkin of his tabernacle dilated."

It was in the twelfth year of his prelacy, ten years before his death, that Rayer obtained from King Henry the Firſt, upon the plea of danger from his enemies, that ampler charter to which reference has juſt been made. The Fair had been from the very firſt connected with the Church, and in this charter, bearing date in the year 1133, the king declares, after providing for independent election of a new Prior by the monks in the event of Rayer's death, and confirming privileges and poſſeſſions of the Priory: — "I grant alſo my firm peace to all perſons coming to and returning from THE FAIR which is wont to be celebrated in that place at the Feaſt of St. Bartholomew; and I forbid any of the Royal ſervants to implead any of their perſons, or without the conſent of the canons, on thoſe three days, to wit, the eve of the feaſt, the feaſt itſelf, and the day following, to levy dues upon thoſe going thither. And let all the people in my whole kingdom know that I will maintain and defend this Church, even as my crown; and if any one ſhall preſume to contravene this our Royal privilege, or ſhall offend the Prior, the canons, clergy, or laity of that place, he, and all who are his, and everything that belongs to him, ſhall come into the king's power."

CHAPTER II.

The First Fairs.

The firſt fairs were formed by the gathering of worſhippers and pilgrims about ſacred places, and eſpecially within or about the walls of abbeys and cathedrals on the feaſt days of the ſaints enſhrined in them. The ſacred building often was in open country, or near ſome village too ſmall to provide accommodation for the throng aſſembled at its yearly feaſt of dedication. Then tents were pitched, and as the reſources of the diſtrict would no more ſuffice to victual than to lodge its flying viſitors, ſtalls were ſet up by proviſion dealers and by all travelling merchants who look to a concourſe for opportunity of trade. Thus in the time of Conſtantine, Jews, Gentiles, and Chriſtians aſſembled in great numbers to perform their ſeveral rites about a tree reputed to be the oak Mambre under which Abraham received the angels; at the ſame place, adds Zoſimus, there alſo came together many traders, both for ſale and purchaſe of their wares. St. Baſil,* towards the cloſe of the ſixth century, complained that his own church was profaned by the public fairs held at the martyr's ſhrines.

* De Aſceticis.

Under the Fatimite Caliphs, in the eleventh century, there was an annual fair held even on Mount Calvary.

We may not be juſtified in deriving the word Fair, from the Church feſtivals under their name of *Feriæ;* it may be derived through the French *Foire*, from another claſſical root, and mean only a place to which merchandiſe is brought. Germans, however, keep the origin of a fair in mind by calling it *Meſſe*, or Maſs; in ſome regions it is called, as in Brittany, a *Kirmeſs*, or Church Maſs. There is a ſecond opinion upon almoſt every point in etymology, and there are ſome who ſay that *Meſſe* is the German for a fair, becauſe men ſeized upon a word which ſignified the end of Church and the beginning of chaffer: *eccleſia miſſa eſt*, the Church is diſmiſſed.

Biſhops and abbots, of courſe, never overlooked the reaſonable ſource of profit to their ſhrines and the maintainers of them, which would be derived from tolls upon the trade occaſioned by themſelves, and carried on within the bounds of their own lawful juriſdiction. Becauſe traders obtained from the Biſhops and patrons of the churches and monaſteries, whoſe dedication feaſts they viſited, licences called *Indultus*, there ſtill are to be found in South Germany ſome fairs called Dulte; there is, for example, the Jacobi-Dult at Munich, on St. James's Day. Every ſuch fair was called after the ſaint whoſe feaſt day brought it into life. There were the fairs of St. James, St. Denis, St. Bartholomew, and at firſt their duration uſed to be for the natural period of three days: the day of aſſembling on the eve of the feaſt; the feaſt day; and the day following; when there were

farewells to be ſaid to friends, matters of buſineſs to further among ſtrangers, and fairings (relics perhaps, or images of ſaints, the anceſtry of our ſmall figures in gilt gingerbread) to be procured for relatives at home, before the general diſperſion of the holiday aſſembly.

Until a date later than that of the foundation of the fair in Smithfield, fairs were held very commonly in the churchyard of the ſacred building about which they were aſſembled, or even within the church itſelf. In the fourteenth year of Henry the Third the archdeacons within the dioceſe of Lincoln were inſtructed to inquire into this practice, and it was in that dioceſe ſoon afterwards prohibited. In the ſame reign a royal mandate forbade the keeping of Northampton fair within the church or churchyard of All Saints. In the thirteenth year of the reign of Edward the Second, the holding of a fair in any churchyard was prohibited by ſtatute. The Abbot of Ely, in King John's reign, preached againſt the holding of fairs on a Sunday. In earlier times, ſpecial precautions had been taken to enforce order upon ſacred ground; and it was not unuſual, when a fair was held within cathedral precincts, to oblige every man to bind himſelf by an oath at the gate not to lie, ſteal, or cheat, till he went out again.

The right of levying toll, ſometimes even a right of coinage, like that once granted during Magdeburg fair to the church of St. Moritz, was derived by the clergy from the crown; and to this day, throughout Europe, no fair can be lawfully held, except by grant from the crown, or by preſcription ſuppoſed to ariſe from a grant, in caſes where no record of it can be found.

Since the ſmall ſize of the towns and villages of Europe during the infancy of modern nations, and the infrequent reſort of ſtrangers to any place except upon occaſions of religious feſtival, allowed few towns to become centres of trade, the fairs of the moſt popular ſaints, to which men flocked from afar in greateſt numbers, became the chief marts in every country. They proſpered eſpecially, becauſe the privileges granted by the crown to the clergy for the holding of fairs were equivalent to a conceſſion of ſome channels for free trade, through the midſt of a wilderneſs of taxes. Thus, in France, before a way was opened for trade by the fair of St. Denis, of which the origin is found in the reign of Dagobert, rights of *ſalutaticum*, *pontaticum*, *repaticum*, and *portulaticum*, abſorbed one-half of a foreign merchant's goods upon their firſt arrival and debarkation. But to the fair chartered by Dagobert, "in honour of the Lord and to the glory of St. Denys at his feſtival," traders came, exempt, not only from imperial taxation, but from many of the ordinary riſks of travel; and it became, therefore, under the name of *forum indictum* (whence *l'indict* and its corruption to *landit*) an emporium for the iron and lead of the Saxons, for ſlaves, for the jewellery and perfumes of the Jews, for the oil, wine and fat of Provence and Spain, for the honey and madder of Neuſtria and Brittany, for merchandiſe from Egypt and the Eaſt. The fair which laſted for ten days following the tenth of October, was opened by a proceſſion of monks from the Abbey of St. Denis; and, in later times, it was uſual for the Parliament of Paris to allow itſelf a holiday called

Landi, in order that its members might take part in the great marriage-feaſt of commerce and religion.

The granting of the King's "firm peace," or "firmeſt peace," to all perſons coming to, ſtaying in, or returning from a fair, was not a mere technical form. Otto the Great uſed the ſame phraſe on behalf of German fairs in the tenth century; breakers of ſuch peace were ſet under ban; and, where the right of private feud was recogniſed, it was ſuſpended during fair time. Traders, on their way to or from a fair, and in the fair, were free from arreſt, except for debts ariſing out of commerce in the fair itſelf. This immunity was defined in the caſe of the then ancient Frankfort fair, by Charles the Fourth, in the fourteenth century, as freedom to fair-goers for eighteen days before and after the fair, during which they were to fear nothing from Imperial mandate, interdict, ban, or arreſt. As further ſecurity, Frederic the Firſt had ordained that ſuch traders ſhould carry ſwords tied to their ſaddles, or faſtened to the vehicles in which they rode, "not for the hurt of the innocent, but for defence againſt the robber." Again, becauſe there was no ſettled proviſion for the feeding and lodging of a large number of travellers, who paſſed but once a year over roads uſually unfrequented, and through towns but thinly peopled, ſpecial licence was given to the inhabitants of any diſtrict ſo traverſed to convert their houſes during fair time into inns.

The Free Fairs of the continent were thoſe which invited foreign trade, for to them all merchants might enter from abroad exempt from every public impoſt, and ſecure againſt all detention of their goods; they had

ſimply to pay the tolls of the fair to the church, city, or perſon on whom they had been conferred by royal grant. But this privilege was forfeited if goods were ſold out of the fair, or if the trader did not remain during the whole fair time, ſeeking or awaiting purchaſers. There were alſo in France and Germany ſmall fairs that received only local privileges, and to which foreign trade was not brought by a free opening of ports; but the great national fairs were always centres of free trade, and the reſort to them of merchants from abroad was not only expected, but ſometimes even ſolicited. Thus in the year 1314, Philip the Second, of France, complained to our King Edward the Second, that Britiſh merchants had ceaſed to frequent the French fairs with wood and other goods, and deſired that they might be perſuaded or compelled to do ſo.

To add to the attractions of a fair, and more eſpecially to induce the rich and powerful to reſort to it with full purſes in their purſuit of pleaſure, amuſements were introduced. The beſt entertainment offered to the curious in the firſt days of modern hiſtory was to be found, not in fixed cities, but among the tents of thoſe great ſhifting capitals of trade. Thus the nobles of Languedoc betook themſelves in pleaſure parties to the fair of Beaucaire, the nobles of Normandy to that of Guibray, German princes and lords amuſed themſelves once a year at Frankfort and Leipſic, and in Bartholomew Fair there was entertainment good enough for royal viſitors.

Grant of the tolls of a fair was then a conceſſion from the crown of no mean value. It would help largely

to the eſtabliſhment and enrichment of a religious houſe, and was prudently ſecured by Rayer when he laid the foundation of his priory of St. Bartholomew. Stourbridge Fair, at one time perhaps the largeſt in the world, is traced back to Carauſius; but it was ſpecially granted by King John for the maintenance of a hoſpital for lepers, which had a chapel in the neighbourhood. Sometimes a fair was granted for the reſtoration of a town or village that had been conſumed by fire; this was, in the reign of Edward the Third, the origin of a fair held at Burley, in Rutlandſhire.

Owners and governors of fairs were bound to take care that everything was ſold according to juſt weight and meaſure; all goods ſold were ſold abſolutely, however bad the title to them of the ſeller, ſaving only the rights of the King. In every fair there was its own court of prompt juſtice, or Pie Poudre Court. Proprietors of fairs were authoriſed alſo to appoint a clerk to mark and allow weights, and to take reaſonable fees. By extortion they might loſe their franchiſe, or the franchiſe might fall by voluntary abandonment or diſuſe for ten years, and might be forfeited by revolt or excommunication, or if the market was kept open beyond the period ſpecified in the grant, a time that was to be declared at each opening by proclamation. Any perſon ſelling goods in the fair after its time was expired, forfeited double their value, one fourth of the forfeit being due to the proſecutor, the reſt to the King. Such ſtrictneſs was the more neceſſary, becauſe theſe inſtitutions, however free to thoſe uſing them, were commonly oppreſſive to adjacent traders. Not only was it unlawful

for any two fairs to be ſet up within ſeven miles of each other, but it was uſual to compel all ſhopkeepers to ceaſe from independent buſineſs in the neighbourhood of any ſuch privileged market. Thus in the year 1248, when Henry the Third ordered a fair at Weſtminſter, he compelled the city tradeſmen to ſhut up their ſhops while it was open, and even ſuppreſſed the fair at Ely for the further leſſening of competition. "Which was done," ſays Holinſhed, "not without great trouble and pains to the citizens, which had not room there, but, in booths and tents, to their great diſquieting and diſeaſe, for want of neceſſary proviſion, were turmoiled too pitifully in mire and dirt, through occaſion of rain that fell in that unſeaſonable time of year."

The fair on St. Giles's Hill, given to the Biſhop of Wincheſter by William the Conqueror for three days, and by Henry the Third for ſixteen days, cloſed the ſhops not only in Wincheſter but alſo in Southampton, which was a capital trading town. Wares ſold out of the fair within ſeven miles of it were forfeit to the Biſhop. Officers were placed on roads and bridges to take toll upon all merchandiſe travelling towards Wincheſter. The Biſhop received toll on every parcel of goods entering the city gates. In the fair itſelf was a tent of juſtice called the Pavilion, in which the Biſhop's officers had power to try cauſes for ſeven miles around. No lord of a manor could during fair time hold a court baron within that circuit, except by licence had from the Pavilion. On St. Giles's-eve the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Wincheſter gave up to the Biſhop's officers the keys of the four city gates, and while the

fair laſted the Church appointed its own mayor, bailiff, and coroner. Foreign merchants came to this fair and paid its tolls. Monaſteries had alſo ſhops or houſes in its drapery, pottery, or ſpicery ſtreets, uſed only at fair time, and held often by leaſe from the Biſhop.

Such was the place occupied in ſocial hiſtory by the firſt fairs of modern Europe. For many years after the death of Rayer they continued to be the chief reſorts of trade, and even in the ſixteenth century there was ſo little of commercial life in Engliſh towns, that ſtewards of country houſes made annual purchaſes of houſehold ſtores at fairs that might be a hundred miles diſtant from the eſtabliſhments for which they were providing.

Robbery from booths was a capital offence, for which two perſons were executed in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Many a purchaſer, however, ſuffered robbery at booths, if the complaints of old writers againſt cheating in trade be credible. Thus the monk who wrote in the fourteenth century the Viſion of Piers Ploughman, makes Covetouſneſs tell us:—Firſt I learned to lie: wickedly to weigh was my firſt leſſon. To Wye and to Wincheſter I went to the Fair, with many manner merchandiſe, as my maſter me hight, and it had been unſold this ſeven year, ſo God me help, had not there gone the Grace of Guile among my chaffer.

CHAPTER III.

Bartholomew Jugglers.

"IN the name of the holy and undivided Trinity, I, Henry King of England, William of Canterbury, and George Biſhop of London, to all Biſhops and Abbots, Counts, Barons, Juſtices, Gentlemen, and all men and faithful citizens greeting, grant to Rayer the Prior and the regular Canons, their Hoſpital free of all authority beyond epiſcopal uſage, defend all the rights of Rayer and the Canons, and forbid that any one moleſt Rayer. I grant alſo my firm peace and the fulleſt privileges to all perſons coming to and returning from the Fair of St. Bartholomew." The charter of 1133, whereof this is a ſummary, and from which the paſſage that eſpecially concerns us has already been quoted, was written in a book with other records, and eſpecially the Rental of the Priory, by Brother John Cok, in the middle of the fifteenth century. His maſſive volume (worded, of

courſe, in Latin) is ſuperſcribed "The Rental of the Hoſpital of Saint Bartholomew in Weſt Smithfield, London; of all the returns pertaining to the ſame Hoſpital, whether within or without the city of London. Compiled and written by Brother John Cok, Treaſurer of the Hoſpital, at Eaſter A.D. 1456; and in the thirty-ſixth year of King Henry the Sixth, in the time of Maſter John Wakeryngs, the thirty-fifth year of his Maſterſhip, the thirty-ſeventh of the profeſſion of the aforeſaid J. Cok, and ſixty-fourth of his age." At the end we read: "Written by Brother John Cok in the evening of his life, A.D. 1468. To whom may God be merciful. Amen." Brother Cok, therefore, ſpent twelve years in copying into one volume the charters, bulls, and other vital documents, relating to the Priory, and in the compilation of its then very extenſive rent-roll. His age was almoſt four-ſcore when he had finiſhed, and ſtill he had left the initial letters, chief ornaments of a manuſcript, to be inſerted by another hand. In Queen Elizabeth's time there was extant a manuſcript Bible, written by John Cok, aged ſixty-eight, of which Stow ſays it is "the faireſt Bible that I have ſeen." After John Cok's death, there aroſe within the Church a ſpirit of reſiſtance againſt Church corruption; and there ſeems to have been a friar in the Priory of St. Bartholomew, perhaps even a treaſurer, who had licence to complete the decorations of the Rental, and ſupplied the vacant ſpaces in a paler ink, with groteſque letters, among which are two that prove him to have been of doubtful faith. Of his initial letter to the firſt charter eſtabliſhing the power of the Prior

and the Canons, a tracing is prefixed to the ſummary at the beginning of this chapter. Having illuſtrated this document with a pike ſwallowing a gudgeon, he, on a later page, adorns a bull of Pope Honorius for the raiſing of alms from the faithful on behalf of the poor ſuſtained in St. Bartholomew's, with an initial letter H, preſenting this ſketch of a paſtoral kiſs from the fox faithfully accepted by the gooſe:

The Grace of Guile undoubtedly aſſiſted in the founding of the Priory. Even in its firſt days it contained friars who before his deceaſe ſaid that Rayer was a deceiver. Cornelius Agrippa, whom the world has denounced as a juggler, was an honeſt ſpiritual man; Rayer, whoſe fame as a ſaint nobody has queſtioned, was a juggler. Yet the honeſt man lived a waſte life, and the cheat laid the foundations of what is now one of the nobleſt charities in Europe. I can compare only the men themſelves. In old times the Church ſaved or the Church deſtroyed a reputation, but the Church was very fallible indeed, and not diſintereſted. It was by the production of falſe miracles at the feaſt and fair of St. Bartholomew, that Rayer made his inſtitution famous and drew crowds to Smithfield.

In his church, on St. Bartholomew's day, there lay among the glitter of the votive tapers wretched men, women, and children: ſome truly wretched, hoping in vain for miraculous relief; ſome noiſily wretched, who were in the preſence of God mocking his diſpenſations, and intending, with connivance of the Prior, to perform a lie before the altar. After the death of Rayer miracles became more ſcarce; "Foraſmuch," ſays the monk who in the next generation wrote their hiſtory, "foraſmuch as the beginning of great things needeth greater help, when the remembered prior was yet alive there was then plenty of miniſtered grace." He diſtinctly eſtabliſhed miracles as a means of attraction to his feaſt and fair. It was a ſolemnity, we read, "for obventions and gifts, in money, in houſehold, in corn, and in moveable goods, great number; and then after a jocund feaſt, buſy in this place was had of recovering men into health;—of them that languiſhed, of dry men, of contract men, of blind men, dumb men, and deaf men; for this cauſe when the day of his" [the ſaint's] "nativity into heaven was known," [in ancient times there had been two opinions about it] "it was ſolemniſed and honoured with great mirth and dancing on earth." The twenty-fourth of Auguſt is this day of St. Bartholomew, on which in the firſt years of the Smithfield Priory and Fair, "men preſſed hither thickly for various cauſes, and ſhouldered together," and their preſs was compared to that of the ſick men round the well, at which they waited till the angel ſtirred the waters.

Though Rayer was an impoſtor, and denounced as ſuch in his laſt days by his own people, it does not

follow that every miracle worked at the Feaſt of St. Bartholomew in his time and in the days of his immediate ſucceſſors was invented at the Priory. The cuſtoms of the feſtival offered to diſhoneſt perſons who deſired profit or notoriety direct temptation to ſtand forward as people on whoſe behalf there was a divine interpoſition. Thus, in the time of Rayer, there was a carpenter of Dunwich-by-the-Sea, profeſſing himſelf to have been contracted and twiſted in all his limbs, to have prayed to St. Bartholomew and received promiſe of help. Brought to London by a ſhipper, and received among the poor men of the Hoſpital, he gradually recovered; firſt uſing his hands in woman's work, ſuch as the making of diſtaffs, then when other limbs ſtrengthened, hewing timber with an axe, then ſquaring it with the chopping axe, until finally, bleſſing God, he exerciſed his trade of carpentry within the church in preſence of the congregation, and eſtabliſhed for himſelf a buſineſs in London. In caſes like this, it is natural to ſuppoſe that the Prior was leſs a deceiver than a man content to be deceived.

But there was a ſpecial claſs of miracles relating to the larder of the Priory, in the publication of which nobody could have been more intereſted than the Prior and the Canons. Rayer's colleague and collector, Alfuin, was apparently a man of kindred genius. We have read the Miracle of the Butcher's Meat; now let us add to it the Miracle of Malt. Alfuin, when collecting the materials for a brew of ale by the monks, went to a pious woman in the pariſh of St. Giles, Eden, the wife of Edred. This woman had but ſeven ſieves of

malt, from which, if ſhe ſpared any, her own brewing would be ſpoilt; nevertheleſs, rather than ſend the holy man empty away, ſhe meaſured him a ſieve full. Then ſhe meaſured what remained, and there were ſtill ſeven ſieves full. Surpriſed at this, ſhe tried again, and lo, there were eight ſieves full. She meaſured again, and there were nine ſieves full. She took her increaſe to the church, and publicly bore witneſs to the marvel.

A ſtiff-jointed child, who always "lacked bowablenes," was healed in the church, "and," it is added, "ſerved the Canons there in the kitchen; and, for the gift of his health, he gave the ſervice of his body."

In Rayer's time alſo the wonder-working relics viſited the provinces. A certain man of Norwich, who had not taken enough care of himſelf after bloodletting, loſt the power of ſleep for almoſt ſeven years, became lean, ſhrivelled, and diſcoloured about the mouth. Unable to work, he fell from a condition of wealth into poverty. In the ſeventh year of his misfortune, when the relics of St. Bartholomew were brought and put into the Oratory of St. Nicholas at Yarmouth, "this man drew to the ſame relics devoutly, and he found that he ſought; he rang at the door, and our porter opened to him, and ſhowed him magnificently the bowels of his mercy." He grovelled on the ground, ſlept, roſe, and was well.

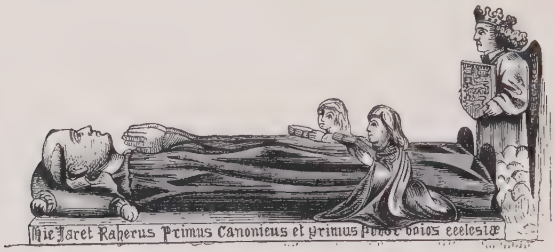
Let it ſuffice to cite, from the other miracles performed at the Feaſt of Bartholomew in Rayer's time, one piece of very clumſy jugglery. A dropſical man rolled on the pavement, and, it is ſaid, "at the laſt, in

the ſight of all men, he caſt out wonder venom, and his inwards were purged from this deadly filth, and all whole returned to his own houſe."

It is to be recorded, alſo, that the Priory, when altogether new, was furniſhed with traditions. Edward the Confeſſor had a viſion of this place, "when he was in the Church of God, replete with manifold beauty of virtue, as the book of his geſts declareth," and ſhone as a holy man, full of the ſpirit of prophecy. Alſo, three men of Greece, pilgrims, entering England of old time, deſired to viſit the bodies of ſaints; and, coming to Weſt Smithfield, proſtrated themſelves in the marſh on the ſite of the Priory, and preached to the mocking byſtanders of a temple that was to ſtand there, whoſe fame ſhould "attain from the ſpring of the ſun to the going down."

In the year 1143 Rayer died, "after the years of his prelacy twenty-two and ſix months, the twentieth of September, the ſeventh month, the clay houſe of this world he forſook," and there was left by him, ſays the record, "a little flock of thirteen Canons, as a few ſheep, with little land and right few rents; nevertheleſs, with copious obventions of the altar, and helping of the nigh parts of the populous city, they were holpen." The author of the record, written about thirty years afterwards, adds: "Soothly they flouriſh now, with leſs fruit than that time when the aforeſaid ſolemniſations of miracles were increaſed." Upon the monument raiſed over the tomb of the departed ſhepherd is an effigy that repreſents him in death, with an angel at his feet, and two of his ſheep with Bibles open at this text

in the 51ſt chapter of Iſaiah: 'The Lord ſhall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waſte places; and he will make her wilderneſs like Eden and her deſert like the garden of the Lord.'



About a year after the Founder's death, in the year 1144, and in the reign of King Stephen, who made Theobald Archbiſhop of Canterbury, Robert, Biſhop of London, admitted as Prior, Thomas Hagno, one of the Canons of St. Oſyth (Eſſex). This Prior's rule laſted for thirty years, and it was very ſoon after his death, and in the reign of Henry the Second, that the Manuſcript Hiſtory of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew's was written.

In the charter of King Henry the Firſt it had been provided, that after the death of Prior Rayer out of the ſame congregation ſhould be choſen he who was worthy; but that no one ſhould be choſen from elſewhere, whether by the demand of Pope or Prince, unleſs, on account of manifeſt crimes (which Heaven forbid), none of the houſe were found worthy of the office; in that event, they were to have power of chooſing a Prior from ſome other reputable place. We will infer no evil, however, from the fact that after Rayer's death the office of Prior remained for a whole year in abeyance, and that it was a

canon of St. Oſyth whom the Biſhop of London then confirmed in the office. In thoſe days there was civil war in the nation, and there might well be diſſenſion in a priory. If the houſehold was divided againſt Rayer when he died—and there are ſaid even to have been plots againſt his life—the Biſhop might have refuſed to accept a Prior from among its inmates; or they may have themſelves agreed to cancel in a friendly ſpirit rival claims, by chooſing from the church without their walls a ſecond Prior who was able to maintain the fame of their eſtabliſhment. The firſt prior was a lay jeſter transformed into a clerical juggler, and the ſecond prior was an improvviſatore. Prior Thomas, unlike Rayer, was a ſcholar, and he had the power of delivering himſelf copiouſly in impromptu rhyme; therefore, whenever he wiſhed to attract the people to his miniſtration, it was his cuſtom to preach in doggrel. "This Thomas," ſays the hiſtorian among the friars, "as we have found in common, was a man of jocund company and fellowly jocundity; of great eloquence and of great cunning, inſtruct in philoſophy and in divine books exerciſed; and he had it in prompt whatſoever he would utter to ſpeak meterly. And he had in uſe every ſolemn day when the caſe required to diſpenſe the word of God, and flowing to him the preſs of people from without on this account, He added to him glory who had given him this grace within. He was prelate to us meekly almoſt thirty years, and in age an hundred winter almoſt, with whole wits, with all Chriſtian ſolemnity he deceaſed and was put to our fathers the year of our Lord 1174, of the Papacy of the Bleſſed Alexander the Third the 16th year,

of the coronation of the moſt unſkunfited" (invictiſſimi—undiſcomfited) "king of England, Henry the Second, the 20th year, on the 17th day of the month of January." The flock of canons in the Priory had then increaſed to thirty-five, "increaſing with them temporal goods evenly."

The ſteady increaſe in the wealth of the eſtabliſhment had been due not merely to the learning and the rhyming of the Prior Thomas. As a rhymer and a jocund man it is juſt to believe that the Prior of St. Bartholomew's furniſhed ſomething more than pulpit oratory for the celebration of the yearly feſtival. Poſſibly he wrote miracle plays. Certainly alſo the church ſtill boaſted of its miracles, which, though leſs numerous than in the days of Rayer,—"as a plant, when it is well rooted, the oft watering of him ceaſeth," yet were in particular years eſpecially abundant.

In the year 1148, the twelfth after the death of Henry the Firſt King of England, when the golden path of the ſun brought round the deſired joys of feſtival celebration, at a new ſolemnity of the Bleſſed Apoſtle there were beheld new miracles. Feeble men loaded with various diſeaſes lay proſtrate among the lights in the church, imploring divine mercy and the preſence of St. Bartholomew. Preſently ſome were heard rejoicing at releaſe from headache, ſome from lameneſs, or from ſinging in the ears, ſome from bleared eyes; many joyed at relief from fevers, giving thanks to the honour of the Apoſtle, "certain while everywhere for ſuch thing was given applauſe and gladneſs of all the people." In the left corner of the church—I abridge but retain the ſubſtance

and the manner of the narrative—ſome were heard weeping amid the gladneſs, where lay a certain damſel deaf and dumb, whoſe parents, waiting, lay grovelling on the pavement, and ceaſed not from prayer till all things was finiſhed of the clergy that was expedient to ſo great a feaſt. When the canons ſang the ſecond evenſong, the maid became more grievouſly tormented, frothing at the mouth, beating her breaſt, knocking her head againſt the ground. When they came to the hymn of our Bleſſed Lady, where the altars ſhould be lighted, the foreſaid maid began with a ſharp voice to cry and her members ſhe ſtretched out. Anon joyfully ſkipping forth, her eyes, now new and now clear, with the linen cloth that ſhe was clothed in ſhe wiped and dried. And thus with ſtedfaſt ſtanding, when ſhe was repaired of hearing and of the acceptable light of ſeeing, ſhe ran to the table of the holy altar, ſpreading out both hands to heaven.

One Spilman, ploughman at Berwick, an epileptic, was brought to the church at the feaſt of the Apoſtle, then, receiving his health, kiſſed the altar, "and not a little he amended into devotion all that were then preſent." Others received eyeſight and bore witneſs; women were cured of the palſy; a crippled girl received the ſaint's word of healing in a dream.

In the year 1159 at the feaſt of St. Bartholomew, many tokens were ſhowed in his holy church. A certain woman, grievouſly ſick, borne to the church on a horſe litter in the vigil of the Apoſtle, about the hour of complin began to recover, roſe out of her litter and came to kiſs the high altar, the convent of the church

and many people being preſent. After the octaves of the ſame feaſt, a child was brought by its parents which had been mad ſince the feaſt of St. Lawrence, and his mother ſaid that he had been borne to many places of ſaints but had obtained no remedy. The child was cured by St. Bartholomew and ſhown to all the people on the Sunday following.

In addition alſo to the king's firm peace and the uſual privileges, there was ſuggeſted by a miracle the ſpecial care of the apoſtle over thoſe braving the perils of a journey to the Feſtival and Fair.

Thus it was taught that a Kentiſh prieſt, "coming near the gladneſs of the glorious feaſt," rode a good horſe that was dear to him, and was, with other men, bound to the ſame church. At night, they needed their inn, and found no hoſtelry, for which reaſon they camped and turned their horſes out to paſture under watch. All fell aſleep, and the prieſt's horſe broke looſe. Then there appeared to the ſleeping prieſt a certain man with ſhining cheer, and ſhook his veſtment ſoftly. The prieſt, ſo awakened, miſſed his horſe, found him two furlongs off, and ſkipped upon him. At London, he bore witneſs that the image he ſaw in the Priory was moſt like to him that waked him, and "his horſe that ſo deliciouſly he loved, and ſo negligently had loſt, mightily reſtored."

The author of the record ſays that many marvellous things for the prolixity of this treatiſe and the ſimilitude of miracles he has omitted to write, but he candidly defines the object of all theſe miraculous interpoſitions. The moral of them all is, Give, give! "that freely

they bring, kindly and joyfully, not only men but women."

A poor woman at Windſor loſt, in a murrain, all her cows but one, and that was ſick. She meaſured the animal's length for the ſize of a taper to St. Bartholomew, and immediately it recovered. — There was a peſtilence among cattle at Enfield. A pious clerk loſt nine oxen, and there remained but a ſick heifer. He vowed it to St. Bartholomew if it recovered, or the price of its ſkin if it died. Suddenly it was well and began to eat hay. It was duly ſent to Smithfield.—A woman living by the caſtle of Montfichet (that caſtle built by Gilbert de Montfichet, a follower of the Conqueror, was afterwards pulled down to make room for the great houſe of the Blackfriars), who, though ſhe ſtood in the bonds of marriage, lived as a nun, ſaw her cow in peril of life over calving. She ſaid to her ſervants that if the cow calved without hurt, ſhe would mark the calf in the ear, and when it was weaned give it to the church of St. Bartholomew. The cow ceaſed to ſuffer, and the calf was immediately born, notched already by the Saint himſelf in *both* ears.

Never did a bleſſed Saint look after the perquiſites of his office more ſtrictly, let it even be ſaid more greedily, than the Saint Bartholomew, who was magnified by the Prior and Canons in Weſt Smithfield. He would even, when it was made worth his while, conſent with thieves. Once, when the king of England beſieged Wales, a merchant had made money by extortion in his traffic with the king's army at Colcheſter, and vowed to St. Bartholomew a part of his unhallowed gains. But

the Saint's ſhare he kept by him. This man took ſhip to London, and then travelled further, till upon the way one of his fellow-travellers robbed him of his money, which he had placed under his pillow. The Saint then appeared and lectured the afflicted merchant moſt devoutly on the ſin of extortion. But to the prayers of the plundered thief he accorded the information, that he had miraculouſly cauſed the man who took his wealth to keep it undiminiſhed, and the Saint agreed to contrive its quiet reſtoration, on condition that he received for his ſhare all that had been vowed to him—and more.

A poor man, accuſtomed to come annually with his wife to the Feaſt of St. Bartholomew, and bring oblations, was ſeized as a known offender againſt the laws (wrongfully, ſays the record) by a beadle, carried off, and chained in a houſe near the Priory. There, in the night, at the ſound of the bells and hymns of the monks, his chain miraculouſly parted from its faſtening, and he was able to eſcape, dragging it after him. The beadle hearing the clank of the chain of his eſcaping priſoner, leapt out of bed, reached his door in time to ſee him running through the moonlight to the church, and was miraculouſly deprived of the power either of ſhouting or purſuing. The eſcaped man fled to the church, and then gave praiſe to the protecting Saint. Again, we are told that a man, bound by his enemies, was carried by them in a cart. When paſſing the church his bonds were looſened, he ſkipped out of the cart, entered the church, and was ſafe. The church of St. Bartholomew became only a pleaſanter and ſafer ſanctuary for the priſon-breaker when, before

the congregation, he aſcribed his eſcape to a miracle worked in his favour by its patron Saint.

London being a port, it was adviſable that the brotherhood in Smithfield ſhould lay ſtreſs on the power of their Saint to aſſiſt ſea-faring men who brought gifts to the Priory. Eleven ſhips from a port in Flanders being ſeparated in a ſtorm, one of them ran aground, and was buried half its depth in ſand. On board this veſſel, among the weepers, wailers, and miſtruſters, was one, riper and ſadder of age, who, preaching to them, ſaid: "I have heard ſpecially of one ſaint and heavenly citizen, I have heard of St. Barthilmewe, that, among the knights of the heavenly king, is worthy to be called upon, who pleaſantly condeſcendeth to the prayers of devout aſkers. Let us, therefore, lift up our hands to Heaven, and avow, with clear devotion, that, when we come whither we purpoſe, to London, we ſhall bear thither, in the honour of St. Barthilmewe, a Ship of Silver, after the form of our ſhip, made on our coſts, offering it to that church in mind of our deliverance." The vow was made, and immediately the Saint, "with his holy hand, drew forth the ſhip by the fore-end." The ſtory ends with the delivery of the ſilver to the Priory.

St. Bartholomew himſelf is elſewhere repreſented, in the midſt of the ſtorm, touting for cuſtom. A merchant was brought to the chapter-houſe, who had a ſtory for the canons. At ſea, in a ſtorm, when he and all his ſhipmates prayed to many ſaints, he "heard a voice ſaying, What cry ye upon ſo many names of ſaints, and your patron, by ſpecial privilege granted of God to you, ye

laches to call. To whom I ſaid, Who is that, my Lord? And he ſaid, Moſt bleſſed Bartholomew call ye in to you, and him ye ſhall feel moſt prompt helper in this preſent peril." They called, therefore, upon St. Bartholomew; and thereupon the elements gave way to them, and ſerved their will. The merchant, having told this ſtory, preſented his oblation.—A merchant of Flanders was taken by the ſaint from a wreck in the midſt of the ſea, and landed dryfoot on the Engliſh ſhore.—A ſailor, clinging to a maſt after a ſhipwreck, appealed to St. Bartholomew, who came to ſtill the ſtorm, told him that there would paſs a ſhip from Dover for his reſcue, and, before departing, gave him a piece of bread. This morſel of bread the ſailor produced at the church, where it was kept as a token and a relic; ſo that we muſt number this among the exhibitions popular in the firſt days of Bartholomew Fair.

It was not Saint Bartholomew alone who had a buſineſs to look after in Smithfield. In the eaſtern part of its church the Priory maintained an oratory and altar to the Virgin. To Hubert, a mild and pious prieſt, worſhipper there, once appeared "the Mother of Mercy ſaying, with a honey and ſweet mouth: Canons, ſhe ſaid, of this church, thy brethren, my darlings, in this place conſecrate to my name, ſometime paid to me ſolemn office of maſs, and devout ſervice of faithful reverence gave to me. And now hath undercrept them negligence, charity chilleth, that neither have the holy myſteries of my Son been haunted, neither to me has wonted praiſe been given. Therefore, from the high deſcenſe of heavens, by the conſent of my ſon, hither

I deſcend, for your given obſequy of honour to give thanks," &c. The comment upon this fiction was, How holy muſt the ſhrine be to which Mary herſelf came down; and thus, no doubt, there was ſecured for the Priory a ſenſible addition to its income.

I am not founding an opinion about theſe miracles on the citation of a few, but, at the riſk of being tedious, have told nearly all of them; the reader can judge, therefore, of the drift of the whole maſs. Only the monotonous details of a few healings in the church on Feſtival day will have been paſſed over when four more ſtories have been detailed. Theſe relate to the power of the Saint over the devil.

A young courtier, Robert, on the way from Northampton to London, ſlept in a wood. In dreams the enemy came to him, ſat at his head in the ſhape of a fair woman, and, before departing, put a little bird into his mouth. He awoke mad, and ran about the country until he was caught and brought to London. Him the Saint cured.—A certain knight, Radulf, of the houſehold of William de Montfichet, became mad on his way from Eſſex to London, ſlid down from his horſe, rent his clothes, ſcattered abroad his money, and threw ſtones at thoſe he met. He wandered in woods and about hills, was dangerous in crowds, and, after he had been captured, withſtood violently thoſe who conveyed him to the church of St. Bartholomew, in which, after he had dwelt two nights, he was reſtored to his whole mind again.—Wymund, who ruled St. Martin's church, ſituate in the corner of the way that leads to Weſtminſter, and dean of neighbouring churches, was

beyond equity given to voluptuous life; but he trained virtuously his illegitimate daughter, who trod all things carnal under-foot. Then the Serpent transformed himſelf into the likeneſs of a fair young man, adorned with precious ornaments, as one who was a gentleman of the king's blood, and ſuddenly ſlid into her chamber. He talked with her in vain. When the nurſe came ſhe heard the talking, but ſaw only the maid. The Serpent reappeared again and again, with increaſed beauty, and offering increaſed temptation; at laſt, being ſtill diſcomfited, he ſmote that maiden, and deprived her of her wit. A great crowd gathered where ſhe fell; when ſhe could ſpeak, ſhe explained what had happened, and was borne on a carpet to the church of St. Bartholomew. The Serpent was by her ſide, and ſaid: "Whither art thou borne? Troweſt thou that the Apoſtle ſhall deliver thee from my hands?" At the church door he redoubled his temptations; but, as ſhe reſiſted him ſtill, ſhe was tormented more than ever. By the Saint ſhe was delivered from the fiend, and this feat also "was publiſhed everywhere to his praiſe."

Of the laſt miracle recorded we are told, "there be almoſt as many witneſſes as men dwelling in the port of Haſtings." The town of Haſtings was on fire. There was a venerable matron there, named Cealia, whoſe huſband, named Helyas, having come from abroad into London, not knowing of the hurt at home, went with his offering to the church of St. Bartholomew. In the meantime, his wife Cealia at Haſtings, ſeeing the flames, called on the ſame Saint, and, having vowed lights to his church, ſhe began anon with a long thread to compaſs

the houſe, and left it there fixed. The fire flowed on to the next houſes, and did not preſume to touch the thread or the houſe it meaſured. The houſe, added the ſpinner of this yarn, is yet to be ſeen, with its pinnacles half-burnt, while new houſes cloſe by are utterly deſtroyed.

What wonder if, to ſee the miracles worked at the celebration of the Feaſt of St. Bartholomew in the firſt years after the foundation of his Priory in Smithfield, the people came from far and near, and were to be found "ſhouldering each other," as well as "dancing and rejoicing," in a concourſe at the Fair!

CHAPTER IV.

The Fair in the Priory Churchyard.

In the network of London there are few meſhes cloſer and more intricate than thoſe in which the broken fragments of the Norman Priory of St. Bartholomew now lie entangled. Tall houſes, ſome adorned with groteſque figures, bury between them narrow lanes; pent-up alleys lie in the ſhade of factory walls that were once Priory walls, or that contain ſtones from the ruin of the Priory mortared among their bricks. Within the bounds of the old Priory encloſure, approached by gateways which have loſt the fence in which they were built and even the paſſages to which they led, this diſtrict ſituated in the heart of the denſe central quarter of the town correſponds in every ſenſe to its name of Bartholomew Cloſe. One open piece there is in it, a ſmall paved ſquare from which the houſes ſeem to have been not removed, but ſwept aſide and crowded into a confuſed heap with the ſurrounding buildings. Out of the ſquare of the Cloſe, one may paſs into another part of the maze through a fragment of Priory, now a dim public thoroughfare called Middleſex Paſſage.

This looks like the cloiſter of a dungeon, but is no cloiſter at all. It is a fragment of the great crypt of

the Priory, overhung by the wreck of a great hall. The hall is broken up, divided into floors and adapted for uſe as a tobacco factory. Into ſeparated portions of the crypt there is acceſs by the doors on each ſide of the Paſſage.

In one ſection there is tobacco ſtored, and in another pickles. The way among the pickle barrels is between pointed Norman arches under a high vaulted ceiling, on ground much above the level of the ancient floor. The entrance to the crypt was by a deſcent of five-and-twenty feet until earth and rubbiſh were poured in,

and the floor thus was raiſed for the convenience of traffic. Tradition holds that at the end of the long vaulted ſubterranean hall there was a door opening into the church. But when he has come from under theſe vaults, the ſtranger may ſearch for a little time in vain before he finds the remaining fragment of the church into which that cloſed gateway was ſuppoſed to lead. Probably he will firſt reach, through an alley, a door and bit of church wall hemmed in between factories. That is an entrance by which it is moſt unlikely that he will obtain admiſſion; ſhould he propoſe then to walk round to the other ſide, he muſt needs turn his back on the church altogether, and plunge through the chaos of brick that hems it in. With trouble, if unaſſiſted, and by mere accident at laſt, he finds another gateway deep ſet among buildings, and after further ſearch he may find, or may fail to find, an iron railing fixed before the main entrance of what is now the church of a ſmall pariſh. It was the centre of the Priory; the choir from which its tower roſe. The nave is entirely gone. The laſt line of a complete ſquare of cloiſters, uſed in its later days as a ſtable, tumbled down about a ſcore of years ago. The apſe is broken off, and its place filled up with a beggarly brick wall. But there remain ſtill perfect the maſſive ſide walls, the arches and their ſtrong pillars like the pillars of a fortreſs. Half way between capital and baſe of the pillars of that oratory of the Virgin which a miracle commended once to reverence, now ſtands the floor of the veſtry of the pariſh church.

Except a window opened for himſelf by a much later Prior through which he could ſee the monks at their

prayers without croſſing the threſhold of his houſe, the walls and aiſles on either ſide of the church of St. Bartholomew the Great are as they were when Rayer cauſed them to be built. The "ampler buildings" with which in the ſecond Prior's time "the ſkin of the tabernacle was enlarged" could not have included that part of the church from which everything elſe radiated. One of the firſt miracles alſo was aſſociated with the building of the oratory. Upon this point ſtones can ſpeak. High columns and arches maſſive as rock itſelf, enriched only with the rude ornament and zigzag work uſed by the oldeſt of our Norman builders; unbuttreſſed walls, firm in their own ſolid breadth; windows raiſed far above the ground that they might afford no eaſy way of entrance to the enemy, and arcades before them on which fighting monks or knights might ſtand if danger preſſed to beat back the beſiegers; theſe, in their ſturdieſt and ſimpleſt form, are the main feature of the building.

The tomb of Rayer, under its ſtone canopy, is againſt one of the old walls, and is of younger date. Common opinion, however, holds the painted ſtone figure upon it to be older than the tomb; to be, in fact, a portrait ſtatue, executed when the features of the firſt Prior were known, by an artiſt competent to reproduce them. Undoubtedly the ſtatue has a real and individual, not a conventional face, and anſwers very well to our impreſſion of the perſon whom it repreſents. If the effigy be truſtworthy we have but to copy its head faithfully, as in the annexed ſketch, ſet it upright, and receive it as the only extant portrait of the founder of the Fair.

Saint Bartholomew choſe his ſite ſhrewdly when he aſked for ground in Smithfield. It was ſimply the beſt ſituation for a London Priory that wit could find. Rayer was not afraid to make the Saint aſk for a piece of the king's market,—the great market held every Friday for the neceſſary commerce in horſes, cattle, ſheep, pigs, and farm implements, between the country and the town. To this great weekly gathering the brotherhood could look for many of thoſe offerings to the altar, upon which they depended for a main part of their income. But that is not all. Smithfield was not only a market, but alſo the daily gathering place of Londoners in ſearch of active recreation. It was there that Rayer began his enterprize by playing with the boys and the apprentices, and inducing them, as the legend runs, to accept as a jeſt the work of filling up with ſtones the piece of marſhy ground on which he had reſolved to build. There was a daily throng to Smithfield of perſons who, when there, had leiſure to think about the wonder-working ſhrine, or to ſeek entertainment in the miniſtrations of the ſecond Prior, Thomas, when he exhorted them to godlineſs and liberality in jocund rhyme.

We need look but little farther than to the account of London, written in the year 1174, by the Norman Londoner and clerk, William Fitzſtephen, inmate in the houſe of Thomas à Becket, remembrancer in his chancery, ſubdeacon in his chapel, and eye-witneſs of his death, for ſufficient fulneſs and accuracy in deſcribing the poſition of the Priory when it firſt opened its gates beſide the king's market in Smithfield. At the ſame time we ſhall be able to make

ſome direct addition to the ſtory of the firſt days of the Fair.

London was then aſſured in her rank as the capital of England. Wincheſter, her rival, had loſt ground for ever ſince the ruin ſuffered by it in the civil wars, when Maude beſieged the biſhop in his caſtle in the town, and was herſelf beſieged by Stephen's army. The fires launched forth by the defenders of the caſtle deſtroyed much of the city, forty churches, and two abbeys. Another abbey, in which citizens ſought refuge, was ſtormed and ſacked. We may obſerve, in paſſing, that ſuch incidents ſhow what is meant by the thick walls of Norman keeps and churches. The hand of Manza, Norman biſhop, was almoſt as familiar with the ſword as with the crozier. After the breaking of the Anglo-Saxon church, biſhoprics of which the ſeat was in defenceleſs places, were transferred to walled towns, as Sherborne to Sarum, or Selſey to Chicheſter. In other places that retained their biſhops, as Durham, Rocheſter, and Exeter,—though Exeter had been upon ſimilar grounds, under half Norman influences, a transfer from Crediton,—ſtrong caſtles were ſet. In harmony with ſuch a temper of the times, the Norman churches, priories, and abbeys, were always, to ſome extent, built with a regard to ſoldiers as well as ſaints.

London included, when St. Bartholomew's Priory was newly founded, thirteen large conventual and twenty-ſix pariſh churches. Its great length was from eaſt to weſt, along the courſe of the Thames; from the Tower on the eaſt to the two weſtern caſtles, both well fortified by Baynard and Montfichet. It was a city contained on

three ſides within high and thick walls, through which there was egreſs by ſeven double gates. To the north wall, beyond which lay the Priory of St. Bartholomew, there were many towers and turrets. London had once been walled alſo on the ſouth or river ſide, but the tides had undermined and deſtroyed that defence, and it had never been repaired. Truſt was put in the Tower and the Bridge. It was but a wooden bridge until a few years after the date to which we now refer. Two miles out of town, on the weſt, the royal palace, ſaid Fitzſtephen, exalts its head and ſtretches wide, an incomparable ſtructure, furniſhed with baſtions and a breaſtwork. The palace of Weſtminſter was then, however, conſidered to be united to the city by a kind of ſuburb, as there was the village of Charing, and there were ſome river-ſide houſes of great men on the intervening ground. Outſide the city walls there were ſuburban gardens, rich in trees. The citizen who looked from the north wall with his face towards Weſt Smithfield and the Priory, would ſee open country: moorland, runlets, brooks, and pools; a larger ſheet of water; the ſmooth field, partly ſhadowed by its elms, lying between the marſhy ground and a rich landſcape of "cornfields, paſtures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with pleaſant ſtreams, on which ſtands many a mill whoſe clack is grateful to the ear." The whole was then bounded in the diſtance by the outline of the great foreſt of Middleſex (not diſafforeſted until the reign of Henry the Third), "beautified with woods and groves, and full of the lairs and coverts of beaſts and game, ſtags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." The way to

Weſt Smithfield was through Alders' Gate, or through the Cripplegate beſide which cripples aſſembled to beg alms of the pleaſure-ſeeker, for it was the gate of pleaſure haunted by remembrances of pain. Immediately outſide Cripplegate was a ſuburb of a few thatched houſes, and the church of St. Giles, lately built by Alfuin, whoſe genius as a deviſer of miracles had alſo aided Rayer in eſtabliſhing his Priory. The church was built beſide a pool. London was then a city of which the inhabitants depended ſolely for freſh water on their ſprings. Within the city itſelf ſprings bubbled up and ran as ſtreamlets to the Thames. Old Bourne roſe from the earth upon the ſite now occupied by Holborn Bars, and ran down a ſteep hill into the River of Wells at Old Bourne Bridge. Langbourne broke out in Fenchurch Street. The River of Wells was formed partly by brooks from the three great rural Wells, Holywell (afterwards made filthy by the heightening of ground for garden plots), Clement's Well, and Clerkenwell, theſe being the beſt frequented both by ſcholars from the ſchools and by the youth of the city on a ſummer's evening: partly it was fed by runlets from ſome leſſer wells near the Clerks' well, known as Skinner's Well, Fag's Well, Tode Well, Loder's Well, and Radwell. The River of Wells flowed by a bit of the path outſide Cripplegate, and entered lower down to paſs through London as a ſtream up which, as far as Fleet Bridge, ten or twelve of the ſmall ſhips then built could come abreaſt. Attached to the moor fields on one ſide, and to the partly fenny, partly firm ground of the green plain and playground of Weſt Smithfield on the other,

was a conſiderable ſheet of water, called the Horſe Pool. There the beaſts were watered at the Friday cattle market. Thither in winter went the citizens for ſport upon the ice. Fitzſtephen ſpeaks of the pool as "that vaſt lake which waters the walls of the city towards the north;" and deſcribes the ſliding on it by the youth of London when it was hard frozen, the riding on blocks of ice dragged over it as ſledges, the pulling of one another in long chains of players holding hand to hand, the ſkating upon primitive ſkates made of the leg bones of ſome animal, an iron-ſhod ſtaff being uſed by the ſkater for puſhing himſelf along "with the velocity of a bird." Sometimes the ſkaters met in playful battle, when whoever fell had his head ſplit to the ſkull or his leg broken. Citizens alſo went out through the Cripplegate on fowling expeditions with the hawk and merlin, and they had the right of hunting in Middleſex, Hertfordſhire, the Chilterns, and in Kent as far as the river Cray. Our Smithfield was diſtinguiſhed as Weſt Smithfield from Eaſt Smithfield, near the Tower. In Eaſt Smithfield, again, there was an old monaſtery, diſtinguiſhed as Eaſt Minſter from the Weſt Minſter at the oppoſite end of the town.

Of Smithfield Market, Fitzſtephen, writing in the twelfth century, tells us that there was without one of the city gates, and even in the very ſuburbs, a certain Smooth Field, ſuch both in reality and name. Here every Friday, unleſs it ſhould be a ſolemn feſtival, there was a market for fine horſes, whither came, to look or to buy, earls, barons, knights, and a ſwarm of citizens. There were prancers, draught horſes, hacks, and charging

ſteeds, the laſt named being thoſe uſed as racehorſes. There could be found a trotting horſe for an eſquire, or an ambling horſe worthy to be a knight's gift to a lady.

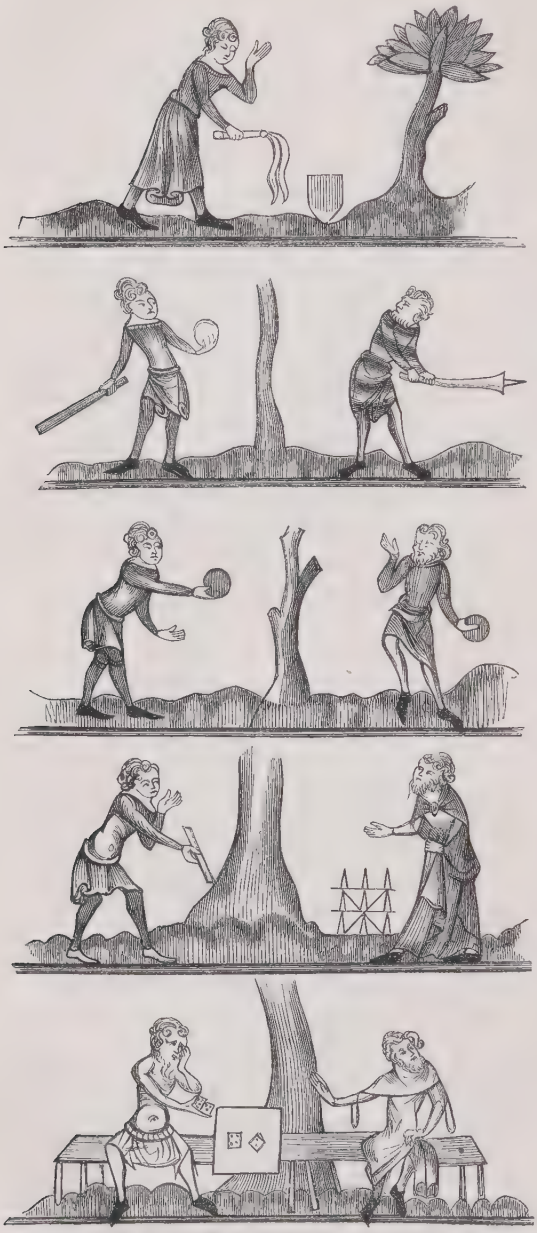
In the Friday market was another quarter for the ſale of peaſants' wares, implements of huſbandry of all kinds, pigs and cows, oxen, plough mares and cart mares, ſome with foal.

In Fitzſtephen's account of the entertainments of the town, Smithfield again occupies a conſpicuous poſition. Our citation can, on ſome points, be illuſtrated by the pencil of an almoſt cotemporary artiſt, one of the monks of the Priory, who, in its early days, illuminated a book of Decretals, from which we have extracted the above ſketch of a lady's horſe, and of which we ſhall ſay more hereafter.

Inſtead of the ancient ſhows of the theatre, to which Fitzſtephen as a ſcholar can refer, London, he ſays, "has entertainments of a more devout kind, either repreſentations of thoſe miracles which were wrought by holy confeſſors, or thoſe paſſions and ſufferings in which the martyrs ſo rigidly diſplayed their fortitude." Shrove Tueſday was a ſchoolboy's holiday. The Church had in its hands all the education of the rich, and every

cathedral was bound legally to provide free inſtruction for poor ſcholars. London had flouriſhing ſchools connected with three churches which are not named by Fitzſtephen, but which he ſays were privileged by grant and ancient uſage. They were St. Paul's, St. Peter's, Weſtminſter, and St. Peter's, Cornhill. The laſt-named ſchool was attached to the moſt ancient church in London, of which the foundation was aſcribed to Lucius the firſt Chriſtian king, who lived in the year 160. There was once a well-furniſhed library attached to that church for the uſe of ſcholars, which in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century no longer exiſted. But there was then "yet belonging to the church a ſchool wherein are taught ſuch arts and learnings as are taught at St. Peter's, Weſtminſter, muſic excepted." * On Shrove Tueſday Stow records that every boy took to the ſchool his fighting cock, "and they were indulged all the morning in ſeeing their cocks fight in the ſchoolroom." After dinner all the youth went into the field of the ſuburbs and played football, while the elders and rich men of the city went to the field on horſeback to look on. On the Sundays in Lent troops of young men, ſons of the citizens, ruſhed out at the gates with lances and ſhields to engage in ſham fights, and if the king happened to be in the neighbourhood, young men of rank who ſought advancement hovered about him and combated together in his preſence. At Eaſter there were games at ſtriking the target on the water, when many were drenched, and there was the Bridge crowded with laughing ſpectators.

* The Third Univerſitie of England, &c. &c. A pamphlet by G. B. Knt. (Sir George Buck), 1615.



On ſummer evenings the youth would run, leap, wreſtle, caſt the ſtone, or contend with bucklers, ſwords, and arrows. Maidens danced to the tabor by moonlight, boys whipped large tops, or joined in a game with bat and ball. Bowls and ninepins, (here allow for the friar's bad perſpective ☞), were among the ſports, even dice-caſting, when homes were ſcarcely habitable, ſeems to have

been accepted as an out-door game. Since theſe ſports natural to Smithfield muſt have been among the recreations ſought on the great Smithfield holiday provided by the Fair, we turn to the old friar of St. Bartholomew for pictures of the games as they were played ſix centuries ago.

Appeal was made to the ſenſe of wonder on ſuch holiday occaſions not by the monks only. Among the firſt curious feats of ſkill performed for money at the Fair may have been that of a woman, who is diſplayed among the illuminations in our gay volume of Bartholomew Decretals, balancing herſelf to the muſic of tabor and pipes, head downwards and feet in the air, by the palms of the hands, upon two ſword points.

Again, though walking upon ſtilts with boſſes on the legs to prevent them from ſinking hopeleſſly into the quagmire, was not a rare accompliſhment among

the dwellers by the great fens with which England then abounded, probably the woman ſhown in another of the monk's pictures walking on long ſtilts with an infant in her arms and a water jug balanced on her head, claimed applauſe and reward for her achievement. To us it certainly will ſeem more difficult than that of the ancient acrobat, who pipes in triumph, while he ſhows a child at work upon the alphabet of tumbling.

The volume from which theſe ſketches are taken is a manuſcript of the thirteenth century, containing the text of Gregory's Decretals, with a commentary. It is now in the Britiſh Muſeum,* but belonged originally to the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It is laviſhly adorned with pictures, which are valuable illuſtrations of the manners, arts, and literature of the time. At the foot of every page there is ſome incident depicted. Firſt, ſcripture ſtories, as of Joſeph and his brethren, or of Samſon, are told each in a ſeries of little paintings; then profane ſtories, jeſts, ſatires, legends of the ſaints. There is a ſeries illuſtrating the old ſatire of Reineke Fuchs, with many noticeable variations, which does not flinch from repreſenting Biſhop Fox as paſtor to the geeſe. Another ſeries repreſents a dog hunted, caught, tried, dragged to execution, and hung by the hares, one of whom bites his thumb in defiance of the criminal. Here again there are hares bringing a man before their court, and on another page we ſee a ſtag chaſed by a ſnail. There are pictures, illuſtrating ſtories

* King's MSS. 10 E. IV.

known and unknown; men ply their trades or play, or fight by land and ſea; knights jouſt, fair ladies ride, hawk, hunt, are courted, are attacked in caſtles,—one of them ſnips at the head of an invading knight with ſwords croſſed sciſſar-wiſe,—the mind of the pious illuſtrator dwelt with an obvious pertinacity upon the other ſex. Giants, dragons, hoſtile kings are ſlain. Wild men and women abound in theſe picture ſtories. Generally, after we have been ſhown how wicked a monk can be, the pictures go on to tell that he ran wild in the deſert until he became a ſaint, and had his rewards often in the fleſh as well as in the ſpirit. Even the large picture appended to the firſt book of theſe ſolid and grave Decretals is a caricature, having on one ſide a monaſtery, on the other ſide a fair lady's pavilion. The lady in her doorway, while her huſband peeps out of window, beckons to the monk, upon whom, as he paſſes through the monaſtery gates, there is a jar of water emptied from above. There is no denial of the ſtrength of appetite after the fleſh. On one page

a prieſt kiſſes the cookmaid while he ſteals her capon from the pot.

A monk, ſurpriſed with the miller's wife by the miller himſelf, who carries a large mallet, gets poſſeſſion of the mallet and therewith murders the miller. He runs wild, becomes firſt hairy, then holy, and is finally repreſented as a favourite of Heaven, whoſe feet wild beaſts come from afar to lick. A monk and a woman are ſhown in the ſtocks together. They both fold their hands towards the Virgin, who releaſes them, and in their places faſtens the two devils by whom they had been tempted. So it is throughout. A monk tears from a mother her child, then murders the woman, and conceals her under the high altar. He runs wild, becomes hairy, and, when he is holy, receives from the Virgin the mother and child alive again, miraculouſly revived or preſerved. To another claſs of ſtories belongs that of the knight who ſerved too weakly the lady of his love. She becomes exacting, and with every admitted exaction more imperious. He takes to the

waſh for her garments, over which ſhe holds her noſe, waſhes them, ſpins for her, makes bread for her, unlooſes the latchet of her ſhoe. Her aſpect is angrier in every picture until, in the laſt, ſhe kills him.

So it was that the friar of St. Bartholomew's drew in his cell pictures of the world to which he clung, the world to which his gates eſpecially were opened upon the three days that centered in the feaſt day of his Saint. Of ſuch matter was, in the firſt days of Bartholomew Fair, the ſpeech or ſong of the ſtory-tellers, who abounded at all holiday gatherings. We have but to give voice and life to all thoſe pictures, and we have the ſpirit of the concourſe at the Fair. Cripples about the altar, miracles of ſaints, mummings of ſinners, monks with their fingers in the fleſh-pot, ladies aſtride on the high ſaddles of their palfreys, knights, nobles, citizens, and peaſants, the toils of idleneſs and induſtry, the ſtories that were moſt in requeſt, the lax morality, the groteſque images which gave delight to an uncultivated people, the very details of the dreſſes that were worn, are told to our eyes with a wonderful fidelity.

In the next chapter of theſe memoirs, reaſon will appear for inferring that, from very early times, if not from the beginning, there were practically two Fairs held in Smithfield, one within and one without Priory bounds. The outer Fair was poſſibly compoſed of the mere pleaſure givers and pleaſure ſeekers, who attended on the company of worſhippers and traders then attracted to the Priory, and whoſe tents were pitched in the open market of Smithfield, outſide the gates, not free from toll to the church. Within the gates, and in the Priory

churchyard, the ſubſtantial fair was held. Three centuries later we learn from Stow, that there was obſerved in the Priory churchyard the ſame practice which Fitz-ſtephen thus deſcribes as having been eſtabliſhed from the firſt:—"On feſtivals at thoſe churches where the feaſt of the patron ſaint is ſolemnized, the maſters convene their ſcholars. The youth on that occaſion diſpute, ſome in the demonſtrative way, and ſome logically. Theſe produce their enthymemes, and thoſe more perfect ſyllogiſms. Some, the better to ſhow their parts, are exerciſed in diſputation, contending with one another, whilſt others are put upon eſtabliſhing ſome truth by way of illuſtration. Some ſophiſts endeavour to apply, on feigned topics, a vaſt heap and flow of words, others to impoſe on you with falſe concluſions. As to the orators, ſome with their rhetorical harangues employ all the powers of perſuaſion, taking care to obſerve the precepts of art, and to omit nothing appoſite to the ſubject. The boys of different ſchools wrangle with one another in verſe; contending about the principles of grammar, as the rules of the perfect tenſes and ſupines. Others there are who in epigrams or other compoſitions in numbers, uſe all that low ribaldry we read of in the ancients; attacking their ſchoolmaſters, but without mentioning names, with the old feſcennine licentiouſneſs, and diſcharging their ſcoffs and ſarcaſms againſt them; touching the foibles of their ſchoolfellows, or perhaps of greater perſonages, with true Socratic wit, or biting them more keenly with a Theonine tooth." The ſchoolbooks upon which theſe wits had been trained were chiefly Priſcian's grammar with the commentary of

Remigius, Ariſtotle's Logic, and the Rhetoric of Cicero and Quintilian.

Though by the cuſtom of the Normans every great houſe, noble or religious, was, to the utmoſt degree, bountiful in almſgiving, yet it was not in the power of the Priory to feed or lodge all pilgrims, merchants, and idlers who came to the feaſt of St. Bartholomew. There was wine ſold in ſhips, but otherwiſe only one houſe in London at which food could be bought ready for immediate uſe; that houſe was on the Thames bank, and there might be had ſuch dainties as ſturgeon or guinea-fowl, as well as coarſer meat. "It is a public eating-houſe," we are told with ſome pride, "and is both highly convenient and uſeful to the city, and is a clear proof of its civilization." Nevertheleſs, it was but one, and it was diſtant from the Priory. Law, alſo, however relaxed in Fair-time, was ſtrict againſt the entertainment of ſtrange gueſts in any houſe. There is a painful reminder of the civil ſtruggles and the diſtruſt ſet by them between man and man, in an edict very recent at the time of which we are now ſpeaking. It was ordained by King Henry the Second that no ſtranger ſhould be lodged for more than one night, by any man who would not be made anſwerable on his behalf, unleſs upon reaſonable excuſe, which was to be ſhown by the hoſt to his neighbours; and when ſuch a gueſt departs, let him depart, ſaid the ordinance, in preſence of the neighbours, and in daytime. On the firſt night a ſtranger lodged in a houſe was accounted unknown, on the ſecond a gueſt, and on the third a member of the houſehold.

Alſo it is to be remembered that on St. Bartholomew's Day there is, or ought to be, warm autumn weather. Reaſon enough, therefore, appears for the belief that during the three days of the fair there were many who not only played or worked by day, but ſlept by night in the encampment outſide the gates of St. Bartholomew, and that in the ſale, century after century, of certain forms of cooked meat, we have, partly, the continuance of a cuſtom that aroſe out of the neceſſities preſſing upon the fair when it was firſt eſtabliſhed.

In the churchyard of the Priory, the fair chiefly conſiſted of the booths and ſtandings of the clothiers of all England and drapers of London, who were there cloſed within walls of which the gates were locked every night and watched, for ſafety of men's goods and wares.

CHAPTER V.

Old Chronicles.

EXCEPT when they alſo conſtitute the annals of the Fair, we muſt refuſe attention to the annals of the Priory. The general proſperity of the eſtabliſhment, and a few points in the character of the Black Canons, by whom it was occupied, concern us, for the ſtrength of the Fair at firſt lay in their privileges and their power. In the days of Stephen, and of his ſucceſſor, not leſs than the king, even in England, as a ſource of power, was the Pope of Rome. Rayer, as we have ſeen, deſigned to obtain for his foundation a ſubſtantial bleſſing out of Rome, but died before his purpoſe was accompliſhed. "After his deceaſe," writes the recorder of his life, "three men of the ſame congregation, whoſe memory be bleſſed in bliſs, ſonderly went to ſonderly Biſhops of the See of Rome, and three privileges of three Biſhops obtained—that is to ſay, of Saints Anaſtaſe, Adrian, and Alexander—this church with three dowries as it were with an impenetrable

ſcutcheon warded and defended againſt impetuous hoſtility." The three ſucceſſive Popes whoſe Decretals provide, together with the firſt royal charters, the foundation of the power of the Priory, were Anaſtaſius the Fourth, Adrian the Fourth (Nicholas Breakſpear, the one Engliſh Pope), and Alexander the Third. Anaſtaſius was Biſhop of Rome in the laſt year of Stephen's reign, and the other two Popes were contemporaries of King Henry the Second.

A pleaſant note of royal patronage beſtowed upon the poor men maintained by the friars of Bartholomew in the hoſpital, which was a part of their foundation, I find in the cloſe rolls. By ſucceſſive warrants to Henry de Cigeny in 1223 and other years, Henry the Third granted an old oak from the foreſt of Windſor as fuel for the infirm in the Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew.

In the reign of the ſame king there ruled over Rome and its ſpiritual dependencies Pope Gregory the Ninth, of whom we read in Capgrave's Chronicle that "with him dwelt a friar preacher cleped Raymond. He was Penitencer under the Pope; and by his commandment the friar gathered out of many books that book which they clepe 'Decretals.' And the Pope wrote to the Doctors of Law that they ſhould in ſchool uſe this compiling." Of the text book thus impoſed upon all ſtudents of eccleſiaſtical law, a copy was made for the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It is that copy of manuſcript Decretals to which I have before referred as the ſource of the illuſtrations which, in this part of our narrative, repreſent views of life as ſketched in Smithfield by a draughtſman of the thirteenth century.

What ſort of men they were by whom, in its firſt days, the Fair was managed, this record may alſo tell. Boniface, a wrathful and turbulent man, elected to the See of Canterbury in 1244, came, during a viſitation, to the Priory of St. Bartholomew in Weſt Smithfield. He was received with ſolemn proceſſion, but, he ſaid to the friars, he paſſed not for honour; he was there to viſit them. The canons anſwered that they, having a learned Biſhop, ought not, in contempt of him, to be viſited by any other. This anſwer ſo much offended the archbiſhop, that he ſmote the ſub-prior on the face, ſaying, "Indeed! indeed! doth it become you Engliſh traitors ſo to anſwer me?" Then raging with oaths, he rent in pieces the rich cope of the ſub-prior, trod it under foot, and thruſt him againſt a pillar of the chancel with ſuch violence, that he had almoſt killed him. The canons, ſeeing their ſub-prior thus almoſt ſlain, came and pulled away the archbiſhop ſo vigorouſly that they overthrew him backward, whereby they ſaw that he was armed and prepared to fight. The archbiſhop's attendants, who were all his countrymen, born in Provence, obſerving their maſter down, fell upon the canons, beat them, tore them, and trod them under foot. At length, the canons getting away as well as they could, ran, bloody, miry and torn, to the Biſhop of London to complain, who bade them go to the king at Weſtminſter, and tell him hereof: whereupon four of them went thither, the reſt were not able from being ſo ſore hurt. When they arrived, the king would neither hear nor ſee them.

In the meantime the proceſſion of the bleeding canons had raiſed the city in an uproar, where the citizens were

ready to have rung the common bell, and to have hewed the Archbiſhop in pieces had he not eſcaped to Lambeth. Thither they purſued him, and not knowing him by ſight, cried aloud, "Where is that ruffian, that cruel ſmiter? He is no winner of ſouls, but an exacter of money, whom neither God nor any lawful or free election brought to this promotion, but the king did unlawfully intrude him. He is unlearned, he is a ſtranger, and he has a wife." But the Archbiſhop conveyed himſelf over the river, and went to the king with great complaint againſt the canons.

The control even of the Biſhop of London was by the firſt charters left open to a doubt that was not urged.

The general character of ancient fairs we find illuſtrated, when, four years later, on the 13th of October, 1248, King Henry the Third with many prelates and magnates met at London to celebrate the memory of the Tranſlation of St. Edward. The king then cauſed a new Fair to be proclaimed at Weſtminſter, which ſhould continue fifteen days, and prohibited all other fairs that uſed to be kept at that time of the year throughout England, and alſo all trading in the City of London, within doors and without, during that time; that this Fair at Weſtminſter might be the more plentifully ſtored and frequented with all ſorts of goods and people.

Upon a ſpecial point of privilege relating to the Fair of St. Bartholomew, appeal was made by Ralph Sandwich, cuſtos of the city, to King Edward the Firſt at the time when he was engaged in Scotland upon thoſe diſcuſſions which reſulted in the eſtabliſhment of Baliol as a vaſſal king. The king's taxes had by royal charters

been remitted to the traders at the Fair. The Priory took all the tolls, but there was no ſpecial exemption of it from any claim that could be put in by the city. Though the valuable wares of the clothiers and others were diſplayed within the ſhelter of the Priory walls, not only much of the concourſe at the Fair, but at leaſt alſo its traffic in live ſtock muſt have been without the ſacred bounds. As the Fair throve, its chief articles of traffic were, in the firſt inſtance, cloth, ſtuffs, leather, pewter, and live cattle. It ſpread beyond the Prior's bounds, and a claim was made therefore by the Cuſtos for a half ſhare of the tolls, the claim being urged before King Edward the Firſt at a time when the receipt of all tolls of the city had been transferred from the city to the ſovereign. The king being at Durham, and the matter being laid before him a few weeks before the uſual time of the Fair, he ſigned this order: "Dominus Rex, &c. The Lord the King hath commanded the Cuſtos and Sheriffs in theſe words: Edward, by the grace of God, to the Cuſtos and Sheriffs of London, greeting. Whereas the Prior of St. Bartholomew, of Smithfield, in the ſuburbs of London, by the charters of our Progenitors, Kings of England, claimeth to have a certain Fair there every year, during three days, viz., on the Eve, on the Day, and on the Morrow of St. Bartholomew the Apoſtle, with all Liberties and Free Cuſtoms belonging to the Fair; a contention hath ariſen between the ſaid Prior and you, the ſaid Cuſtos, who ſue for us, concerning the uſe of the Liberties of the ſaid Fair, and the Free Cuſtoms belonging to it. And Hindrance being made to the ſaid Prior, by you the ſaid Cuſtos, as

the ſaid Prior aſſerteth, to wit, concerning a Moiety of the Eve and of the whole Morrow before ſaid, concerning this, We Will, as well for Us as for the foreſaid Prior, that juſtice be done as it is fit, before our Treaſurer and Barons of the Exchequer, after Michaelmas Day next, within a month. We Command you that ſufficient ſecurity be taken of the ſaid Prior for reſtoring to us on the ſaid day the proceeds of the foreſaid fair, coming from the Moiety of the foreſaid Eve and from the whole Morrow, if the ſaid Prior cannot then ſhow ſomething for himſelf, why the ſaid proceeds ought not to belong to us. We Command you, that ye permit the ſame Prior, in the mean time, to receive the foreſaid proceeds, in form aforeſaid; and thereto you may have this Brief. Witneſs myſelf at Durham, the 9th day of Auguſt, in the 20th year of our Reign." The reply to the inquiry was unfavourable to the claim of the city, and the charter of the friars was again confirmed. The queſtion of tolls poſſibly remained in ſome degree a vexed one between City and Priory, until, after the lapſe of more than another century; it will be convenient, therefore, to reſerve for a future chapter what more has to be ſaid of the place occupied by London in the early ſtory of the Fair.

A very ſlight ſuggeſtion of the filthy ſtate of the Black Canons' quarters will ſhow what they muſt have ſuffered who were crammed within the churchyard of the Priory at Fair time. Among documents in the Patent Rolls is a licence from King Edward the Firſt, to the maſter and brethren of the hoſpital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, to cover with ſtone and wood the ſtream

of water running through the midſt of the hoſpital to Holborn Bridge, "on account of the too great ſtench proceeding from it." The licence is ſignificantly dated (in the midſt of the hot weather) on the twenty-ninth of June.

On the Eve of St. Bartholomew, the firſt day of the Fair, in the year 1305, the traders and pleaſure ſeekers, the friars and the jeſters, clothiers, tumblers, walkers upon ſtilts, hurried acroſs the graſs of Smithfield from the ſide on which the Fair was being held to the gallows under the Elms, where officers of ſtate and a great concourſe of men awaited a moſt welcome ſpectacle. The Priory was indeed built on the ſite of a gallows; but in that ſuburban gathering-place of the people,—place of executions, place of tournaments, place of markets, place of daily ſport, place of the great annual fair,—one gallows tree was not enough to ſatisfy a juſtice that loved vengeance and had ſlight regard for life. Under the Elms of which already mention has been made—Cow Lane now repreſents their ſite—under the Elms, we read in a cloſe roll, ſo early as in the fourth year of Henry the Third gallows were built "where they had ſtood before." An execution during Fair time on that ancient exhibition ground, was entertainment rarely furniſhed to the public; for the Church forbade, among other work, fulfilment of a ſentence of the law on any holy day of feſtival, and a Fair was a Saint's holiday. But on this occaſion, law was eager to aſſure the execution of its vengeance. The redoubtable Wallace, hero of the Scottiſh people, had been taken. The rugged patriot, ſtrong of heart and ſtrong of hand, had been

brought to London in his chains the day before the Fair was opened, and on the day of the opening of the Fair was arraigned and condemned at Weſtminſter as a traitor, and without even a day's reſpite, at once ſent on to his death. Under the Elms, therefore, in Smithfield, ſtood all the concourſe of Bartholomew Fair, when William Wallace was dragged thither in chains at the tails of horſes, bruiſed, bleeding, and polluted with the filth of London. The days had not yet come when that firſt part of the barbarous ſentence on high treaſon was ſoftened by the placing of a hurdle between the condemned man and the mud and flint over which he was dragged. Trade in the Fair was forgotten while the patriot was hanged, but not to death; cut down, yet breathing, and diſembowelled. Mummers and merchants ſaw the bowels burnt before the dying hero's face, then ſaw the executioner ſtrike off his head, quarter his body, and deſpatch from the ground five baſket-loads of quivering fleſh, deſtined for London, Berwick, Newcaſtle, Aberdeen, and Perth. Then all being over, the ſtilt walkers ſtrode back acroſs the field, the woman again balanced herſelf head downwards on the points of ſwords, there was mirth again round the guitar and tambourine, the clothiers went back into the churchyard, and the prieſt perhaps went through a laſt rehearſal with the man who was to be miraculouſly healed in church on the ſucceeding day.

To this we muſt add the ſtatement of Bartholomæus de Glanvilla, an Engliſhman writing at the end of the fourteenth century, that in his time men and women were publicly ſold as beaſts in the fairs of England. We may

add alſo a chronicle of the peſtilence which broke out in London at the time of Bartholomew Fair in the year 1348, and ended about Fair time in the year following. During the interval between fair and fair, ſo great had been the mortality, that, in addition to the burials in churches and other churchyards, the population of a city—fifty thouſand bodies—had been interred in a ſingle burial-ground. It was that of the Carthuſians, whoſe houſe was not built until twenty years later. The graveyard was there firſt, and as it adjoined the Fair, it muſt in that year have been the great object of intereſt and terror to the ſlender throng of men who hardly dared aſſemble, and who, miſſing from the annual crowd ſo many familiar faces, ſpoke to each other with a feeble hope of the apparent lifting of the plague. What mirth was there in that handful of the living, camped ſo near the ſilent congregation of the dead!

In the fourteenth year of the reign of Edward the Second, there was a writ iſſued inquiring by what warrant the Priory held its rights over Bartholomew Fair. The writ was part of the machinery of a general inquiſition into the rights claimed by ſubjects, which had in many caſes been alienated without licence from the crown, and gave riſe often to private oppreſſion of the people. The Prior of St. Bartholomew pleaded the royal charters of his houſe, and teſtified upon oath that his predeceſſors had held ſuch a three-day fair ſince times beyond the reach of memory. The juſtification ſatisfied the king's exchequer, and in the ſeventh year of Edward the Third, the old rights were confirmed in a new charter, which reaſſured the king's firm peace to all perſons travelling

towards, ſtaying in, or returning from Bartholomew Fair, and forbidding any ſervants of a royal or epiſcopal court to implead any of their perſons, "or without the conſent of the prior and canons on thoſe three days, that is to ſay, the Eve of the Feaſt, the Day of the Feaſt, and its Morrow, to exact tolls either without the city or within it, whether in the paſſage of roads or bridges, but let all proceeds that ariſe according to the uſage of fairs belong to the canons of the aforeſaid church." The charter again definitely excludes the claim of a moiety of the proceeds which had ſince the reign of Edward the Firſt been ſet up on behalf of the city.

In the days of Edward the Third there were a few ſuburban houſes with gardens bordering Smithfield, and there were others on the road to the Clerks' well. From brother Cok's manuſcript Rental of the Hoſpital, I learn that there was a houſe then on the ſouth ſide of a bit of ground owned by the friars, called the Bell on the Hoop, and that on the eaſtern border of the ſame plot was the garden of the Roſe on the Hoop. The whole community was party to all buſineſs contracts. Thus, in the ſame reign we find William le Fons Maſter of the Hoſpital, by conſent of its brothers, letting a piece of ground in the Spital Croſt to John Dobelyn and Joan his wife. Peter at the Gate and Fulton de Paddington were among the witneſſes to the contract, which was ſigned in Clerkenwell Street. The pious brethren were unwilling to turn money from their doors, and though they could read, in their own copy of Gregory's Decretals, admonitions againſt the ſettlement of money matters on a day of holy feſtival, they have left upon record a

receipt "in full ſettlement of all dues from the beginning of the world to the feaſt of Eaſter in the year of the reign of Edward the Third, the three hundred and fourth after the Conqueſt" (1370). The receipt was ſigned on Eaſter Sunday. Another entry ſhows how the Priory was releaſed from law of mortmain by a ſpecial decree of the ſame King Edward when, in the eighth year of his reign, Ealfrid de Catenham, painter of London, left to St. Bartholomew his houſe in Biſhopſgate, and how the teſtament and the royal releaſe were duly read in full huſtings before the citizens of London. The Hoſpital had at this time houſes and lands in many parts of London—Alderſgate, Cripplegate, Ludgate, St. Sepulchre's, St. Dunſtan's Weſt, St. Bridget in Shoe Lane, and ſo forth—and it had alſo poſſeſſions in the country. The documents copied into its rental—compiled in the middle of the fifteenth century—illuſtrate many points relating to old London. They do not relate to the Fair, and we muſt paſs them over, but the reader will pardon me for citing one that almoſt reſtores a fragment of the road by the ſtrand of the river between London and Weſtminſter as it was in the year 1337. In that year, the tenth of Edward the Third, there was a grant by the Priory to Ealfrid de Eyſtan and his wife of a houſe in the Strand, ſituated in the pariſh of St. Mary le Strand, held by Laurence the Tailor,—ſituated between the meſſuage of Robert de Aldenham on the eaſt, and that of Thomas the Linendraper on the weſt, and extending ſouthward over the high road from London to Weſtminſter. Brother Cok's volume is a collection of charters, decretals, grants, leaſes, receipts; in ſhort, of

binding documents received or iſſued by the friars. Therefore, while it includes the royal charters upon which the Fair is baſed, it contains no note whatever of the annual receipt of toll. That was a tranſaction which brought money to the Priory exchequer, but led to the production of no document requiring preſervation in the archives. It is to be obſerved alſo that, although we rightly ſpeak of Priory and Hoſpital as one foundation, they maintained two ſeparate eſtabliſhments, and it was to the Hoſpital that brother Cok was treaſurer.

We turn back from the Strand to Smithfield, acroſs the city of low wooden houſes, and through Alder's Gate, whence the eye looks upon field and moorland, rills and ſtanding pools, with churches and a few cluſters of ſuburban houſe and garden. Before us is Leyreſtowe, the burial-ground of the Jews (the ſite of Jewin Street), until late in the reign of Henry the Second the only ſpot of ground in England wherein there was reſt allowed to a dead Jew. Not far outſide the turreted north wall of London, is the Smooth-field, bounded on one ſide by the rich Priory, and noticeable for its ſheet of befouled water and its Elms. We have ſeen that Bartholomew Fair was of old aſſociated by poſition with the city play-ground and the city gallows, with the Friday market, and the burial-ground of the plague-ſmitten. There alſo great tournaments and jouſts were held. Combats in ſport for love of chivalry, combats for life in the ordeal by battle were to be ſeen in the liſts at Smithfield when the Fair was young. It was a tournament when parties of knights joined together in the conflict. In jouſts two only fought together, man againſt man. In

the year 1357 the Kings of England, France, and Scotland, were among the ſpectators of the jouſts in Smithfield. In the forty-eighth year of King Edward the Third, Dame Alice Perrers, the king's miſtreſs, as Lady of the Sun, rode through Cheap to the liſts in Weſt Smithfield, accompanied by many lords and ladies. Know that, at the day appointed, there rode forth, at a proceſſion pace, from the Tower of London, under the bright morning ſun, firſt a great number of muſicians and trumpeters, then ſixty courſers, apparelled for the jouſts, mounted by eſquires. Then ſixty ladies of honour, richly apparelled, mounted upon palfreys, every lady leading forth a knight by a gold chain. So they proceeded to Smithfield, whither the King and Queen had come from their lodging with the Biſhop of London, and where they were ſeated in chambers, amid a great company, to ſee the jouſts. The ladies that led the knights were taken from their palfreys, and went up to chambers prepared for them. The eſquires yielded up to the knights their horſes, and the knights, in good order, mounted. Then, after the helmets were ſet on their heads, and they being ready at all points, proclamation was made by the heralds, and the jouſts began.

For a long time after this date the liſts of Weſt Smithfield were in uſe. The judicial combat between Horner the armourer and his man Peter, who had accuſed him of treaſon, introduced by Shakeſpeare into the Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, actually took place in the year 1524, between William Cator an armourer of St. Dunſtan's pariſh in Fleet Street, and John David, his falſe ſervant, who afterwards was hanged for felony. The armourer, too freely plied with wine by his good friends, was ſlain, and in the Exchequer Record, printed by John Nichols, we read the order for the preparation of the ground for the duel to be held upon the thirty-firſt of January, with details of the coſt of men's labour for fetching the barriers from Weſtminſter, expenſes for bars, timber, boards and nails, for caſting away ſnow, for ruſhes and rakes, for 168 loads of ſand and gravel to make level fighting-ground. Alſo there was "paid to officers for watching of the dead man in Smithfield the ſame day and the night after that the battle was done, and for horſe hire for the officers at the execution doing, and for the hangman's labour, 11s. 6d. Alſo paid for the cloth that lay upon the dead man in Smithfield, 8d. Alſo paid for 1 pole and nails, and for ſetting up of the ſaid man's head on London Bridge, 8d."

At various times alſo after the acceſſion of Henry the Fourth, and notably during the famous days of ſpecial perſecution, women and men were burnt alive as heretics in Smithfield, and a part of the Fair was held over the aſhes of the martyrs. One of the firſt of theſe martyrs was John Bedby, a tailor, burnt in Smithfield in the year 1410. The martyr fires were uſually kindled on that

ſpot of ground outſide the Priory gates, over which the lighter portion of Bartholomew Fair ſpread, the ground occupied by the holiday makers and the tumblers, jeſters, and dancers by whom they were entertained. Among the old woodcuts in the firſt edition of Fox's Martyrs, there is one that includes a rude ſketch of the Priory of St. Bartholomew in a plan of the diſpoſal of the ground outſide at the burning of three perſons.

The martyrdom here pictured happens to be that of Anne Aſcue and others. She was burnt in Autumn, and the ground muſt have been ſtill black with the aſhes of that Chriſtian heroine, over which the dogs danced, and the devil in the miracle play jeſted not very many days later at Bartholomew Fair.

CHAPTER VI.

Literature and Commerce.

DURING the middle ages, when the infant nations of Europe waited for inſtruction at the knee of the Church, their mother, ſhe was almoſt the ſole depoſitory of thoſe germs of knowledge which expanded and bore much fruit in her children after they had come of age. Thouſands of monks, working, pen in hand, repreſented our exiſting cohorts of compoſitors, and what the printing office is, the monaſtery was. There are no great national fairs of which the origin was not eccleſiaſtical, and the beginning of them all is to be connected with two great ſervices done by the Church to ſociety. In fairs, the manlieſt form of modern imaginative literature, the dramatic, had its origin. Our playhouſe is an offſhoot from the Church. In fairs alſo, as we have already ſeen, commerce was, by the influence of the Church, looſed from many of her trammels. There was an approach made to free trade; there was prompt ſettlement of all diſputes, and a complete ſecurity as to

the validity of contract in all matters of bargain and sale. Rights of fair were indeed granted to laymen, but no layman had influence enough over the masses to establish permanently as a great popular festival the fair of which he took the tolls. To maintain her influence was the great object of the Church. In an age when men generally, whatever their vocation, seldom had a refined sense of morality, frauds began, of which some have to this day been perpetuated by tradition in the less-enlightened parts of Europe. We have seen how, on behalf of St. Bartholomew, miracles were forged, and by the fame of them crowds were attracted to the church and Fair. What other ways there were of strengthening its influence over the people, the Church energetically practised. The fair in the churchyard represented visibly the people in the fold, and there is a large truth of History to be illustrated by movements of the priests among the traders and the seekers after pleasure.

The first power of the mind revealed in every child is that of mimicry. The majority of men go to the grave mimics ; in religion, manners, language they have learnt their parts, and acquitted themselves in them more or less respectably. Nearly all child's play is essentially dramatic. Wherever there have been men, therefore, there have been mimics, and some rude kind of dramatic sport over affairs of life has been a favourite amusement. The Church, seizing upon this element of human character as means of laying a firm hold upon the people, made of Divine worship a show, established a repertory of tales for the enlivenment of sermons, and taught scripture history and scripture mysteries—after-

wards even preached ſermons on abſtract morality—in plays. From thoſe plays, performed on days of feſtival, the modern drama has its origin. Many years after our drama was mature, reminders of its old ways lingered in the places of its birth; and to Bartholomew Fair they clung ſo long that there, perhaps, took place the laſt performance of a miracle play in this country. The pariſh clerk of old, deacon in holy orders, Chaucer has painted as a jolly Abſolon, in a white ſurplice, with curly hair, red ſtockings and faſhionable ſhoes. He could bleed, clip and shave, write title-deeds and receipts, dance, ſing, play the guitar, drink, go with a cenſer on a holiday, and when he cenſed the pariſh wives look at them lovingly. The pariſh clerks of London formed themſelves into a harmonic guild, (chartered in 1233,) and their muſic was ſought at the funerals and entertainments of the great. In the year 1390 they played interludes in the fields at Skinner's Well, for three days, Richard the Second, with his Queen and court, being among the ſpectators. Again, in the year 1409, in the reign of Henry the Fourth, the clerks played at Skinner's Well for eight days "Matter from the Creation of the World," a great aſſembly of the noblemen of England being preſent. Jouſts in Smithfield then immediately followed. At this well (near Weſt Smithfield,) wreſtlings were afterwards ſubſtituted, and in part continued at Bartholomew tide. The wreſtlings were continued, as we ſhall hereafter find, in cloſe aſſociation with the Fair.

The Matter from the Creation of the World meant, doubtleſs, ſuch a cycle of ſcripture hiſtories, from the creation downwards, as we find in the extant ſets

of Miracle Plays performed at York, Chefter, and Coventry. In very early times monks acted fcripture ftories in their church. Three plays, written in Latin for fuch repreſentation by a diſciple of Abelard are extant. They are coeval with the founding of the Priory of St. Bartholomew. Such plays were the drama of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; they entertained both prince and peaſant. They came into England with the Normans, and had paſſed from Latin into French, for the amuſement of the court, before they were performed in Engliſh for the more complete entertainment and inſtruction of the people. Latin ſtage directions to the laſt bore witneſs to the clerkly character of thoſe by whom they were to be performed. Legends of ſaints were at firſt the chief ſubjects treated, and theſe formed the true Miracle Plays. Truths of Revelation, told by dramatic ſtories taken out of ſcripture were the Myſteries; and in a later day came the Moralities, which diſcuſſed moral truths upon a ſtage by the perſonification of the virtue, and by examples out of hiſtory wherewith the human intereſt in plays began, and out of which our modern drama was then rapidly developed. This rapid development took place in the age of the revival of letters, when the comedies of Plautus and the tragedies of Seneca had become known to the clerical playwrights. Thus, and thus only, did the ancient drama come to exerciſe an influence over that of the moderns, an influence which was in England but a paſſing breath. For among us there aroſe a ſtate of ſociety that helped to perfect and to force into a ripe dramatic form the expreſſion of that rare genius in which the England of

Elizabeth was rich. So it happened that, before King Herod, Pilate, and the mediæval devil had been fairly baniſhed from Weſt Smithfield, Shakſpeare had written, and Ben Jonſon was among the booths, turning Bartholomew Fair itſelf into a comedy.

It happens that at Coventry the myſteries were acted by trade guilds at the feaſt of Corpus Chriſti, each guild furniſhing its own ſtage and acting its own play. It happens alſo that the old accounts of expenditure kept by theſe guilds are extant, and, from the reſearch made into theſe ſome years ago by Mr. Sharpe, a local antiquary, much has been learnt of the general character of theſe old entertainments. The extant Engliſh plays of this deſcription do not, however, belong to the moſt ancient claſs; and, from what we have learnt of theſe, we muſt guard ourſelves againſt forming too abſolute a rule for all. Of ſuch plays, as has been ſaid, the firſt ſtage was the church pavement, upon which they were performed as a religious ſervice to awaken zeal. Setting aſide ſpecial performances for the delight of courts, the next ſtep was to act them upon ſtages in ſome field, or to preſent them on feſtival days in open fair, and upon raiſed ſtages, for the delight and inſtruction of the people. The ſtages uſed by the Coventry guilds were moveable vans, drawn from ſtreet corner to ſtreet corner, ſo that, during the feaſt, the plays, which repreſented a complete cycle of Scripture hiſtory, followed each other in every quarter of the town. Chaucer ſays of his dainty pariſh clerk, the jolly Abſolon, that, "Sometimes, to ſhow his lightneſs and maiſtrie, He playeth Herod on a ſcaffold high." Herod ſuited the fine

lady's man, as being the character that was moſt pompous in ſpeech, and moſt magnificently dreſſed. A high ſcaffold, doubtleſs, was the ſtage uſed by the pariſh clerks of London at their well, about which ſpectators ſtood and ſat upon the riſing ground; and the friars alſo on St. Bartholomew's Day muſt have thus edified the people at their Fair. Again, the laſt lines of the proclamation of performance prefixed to the ſeries of plays uſed at Coventry, have been thought to ſuggeſt that Myſtery players moved from place to place:—

> On Sunday next, if that we may,
> At ſix of the bell we 'gin our play,
> In N. town, wherefore we pray
> That God now be your ſpeed.

But it is moſt probable that this cycle of dramas, written by an old poet, was known and uſed in ſeveral parts of the country, and that N. ſtands ſimply for any town in which it was adopted by the clergy or the people. I think it reaſonable to believe that the firſt dramatic entertainment at Bartholomew Fair was on the ſtage erected by the Priory, and that this ſtage was for a long time the only one erected. Legends of ſaints everywhere preceded ſcripture hiſtories, and the firſt plays at the Fair were, therefore, preſentations of great miracles aſcribed to St. Bartholomew. There was much latitude allowed for the fancy, and much room for rude ſtage effects, in the embelliſhment of ſtories of this kind. The monks ſimply put life upon a ſtage into the pictures with which they adorned their books. I have no doubt that, when they were not repreſenting myſteries of Scripture, they ſometimes ſat in the ſtocks

on their high ſcaffold, ran wild till they became ſaints, and then retaliated on the devil. St. Dunſtan ſeized that popular character by the noſe; and perhaps even, by a well-contrived ſtage artifice, the Virgin in the picture ſtretched her hand out to hold up the painter when the envious demon broke the ladder under him. A ſcene like this, ſketched by a friar of St. Bartholomew's, in the manuſcript of Gregory's Decretals, might have been taken from the platform in the Fair. Satan, iſſuing from Hell-mouth, has been battering the gates of Heaven; but is brought into ſubjection by the Virgin, at whoſe feet he grovels in the duſt.

In ſome, if not in all theſe repreſentations, ſeparate ſtages or levels indicated the abodes of the Heavenly Father, of angels and glorified ſaints, and of men. In a corner of man's ſtage was Hell-mouth, through which fiends came up and down. It was a groteſque head, which might vary in deſign, but of which the general character is repreſented perfectly in the above ſketch, and in the initial letter to this chapter. In a manuſcript note to a Myſtery of the Paſſion in the Royal Library of Paris (cited by Hone), it is recorded that, at the repreſenting of ſuch a lay in 1437 on the plain of Veximiel, when the

chaplain of Metrange played Judas (and was nearly dead while hanging, for his heart failed him, wherefore he was very quickly unhung, and carried off), that the "Mouth of Hell" was very well done; for it opened and ſhut when the devils required to enter and come out, and had two large eyes of ſteel. The devil of the mediæval ſtage was always a comic character, and his conventional dreſs admitted of much variety in the groteſque ſhaping of the maſk, but all the forms abided cloſely by the one ſtandard conception. Thus there is cloſe likeneſs in the difference between the demon of the drawing laſt copied, and that taken from the ſame ſource, which ſerves as initial letter to the fifth chapter of this volume, or between either of thoſe and this, in which Satan is yielding a ſoul to the Virgin in the preſence of its guardian angel.

The character was repreſented in life, as the picture ſhows him, by the uſe of a leather dreſs trimmed with feathers or with hair. He was, as the Cheſter plays

deſcribe him, "the devil in his feathers all ragged and rent;" or, as the Coventry account books ſhow, a perſon carrying three pounds of hair upon his hoſe. Having once found his way into Bartholomew Fair, this perſonage never quitted it, and was to the laſt, with a few variations of coſtume, a regular performer there.

The floor of that firſt ſtage was beſtrewn with ruſhes, and the body of the ſcaffolding was concealed under a decorated cloth. At Coventry there was a canopy, with vanes and ſtreamers, and a ſtandard of red buckram. A few notes of the more characteriſtic entries from the Coventry accounts will complete a brief reminder of the character of the firſt ſtage-plays acted in the Fair. Among the properties were a gilt croſs and rope to draw it up, and a curtain to be hung before it, two pair of gallows, four ſcourges, and a pillar. A barrel for the earthquake: That was to produce the rumbling. Four gowns and hoods, jackets of black buckram with nails and dice upon them, for the executioners; four more with damaſk flowers; alſo two jackets, partly red and black, all for the tormentors or executioners. Two mitres for Annas and Caiaphas. In making the next entries no irreverence was felt, but I ſhould ſhrink from quoting them if they were not eſſential to a proper notion of the manner of theſe plays. God's coat of white leather (six ſkins). A ſtaff for the demon. Two ſpears. Chevreul (or peruke) for God. Three others and a beard, two of them (for our Lord and St. Peter) gilt. A pole-axe for Pilate's ſon. Gilt faulchion for Herod. This character, repreſented as a gorgeous boaſter, had alſo a painted head, ſurmounted by an iron creſt painted in gay colours,

and decked out with gold and ſilver foil; his gown was of blue ſatin. The contraſt to ſo magnificent a perſon ſeems to have been Pilate's wife, called alſo Procula, who was attired in worn old clothes when better were not to be borrowed. We find ſuch entries as, For mending of Dame Procula's garments, vii*d.* To reward to Mrs. Grimſby for lending of her gear for Pilate's wife, xii*d.* For a quart of wine for hiring Procula's gown, ii*d.* All the characters wore gloves. Thoſe not in maſks had their faces prepared by a painter. Among miſcellaneous items of charge are ſome for the mending of hell-mouth, for its curtain, or for keeping up the fire at it, which was a part of the ordinary ſtage effect. There is a charge for ſouls' coats, one for a link to ſet the world on fire, and "paid to Crowe for making of three worlds, ii*s.*" In one play we find, alſo, this graduation of the ſcale of payment to performers. Paid, for playing of Peter, xvi*d.*; to two damſels, xii*d.*, to the demon, vi*d.*; to Fawſton, for hanging Judas, iv*d.*; paid to Fawſton, for cock-crowing, iv*d.* Judas, as well as the demon, was a comic character; the tormentors were all broad comedians; ſo alſo were the ſoldiers who maſſacred the innocents, as well as the mothers from whoſe arms the innocents were taken; the maſſacre being preſented as an occaſion for much lively interchange of buffets and broad jeſts.

Whether Rayer at the court of Henry the Firſt, counted entertainments of this nature among the "ſpectacles, plays, and other courtly motleys," in which he took part, I am unable to ſay; but in the days of his ſucceſſor in the Priory, who was a man of wit ſo lively

that he preached rhymed ſermons to the people, Fitz-ſtephen, writing at the time (in 1174), tells us that "London for its theatrical ſpectacles, for its ſcenic plays, has plays more ſacred, repreſentations of miracles which have been worked by the holy confeſſors, or repreſentations of paſſions in which ſhone the conſtancy of martyrs." Therefore we drew only a juſt inference, when ſpeaking of Prior Thomas, in ſuggeſting that he may not only have invented miracles, but that he may alſo have written miracle plays. He muſt have ſpecially avoided the moſt obvious opportunity for the uſe of his talent, if he did not mount the clerks or brethren of his church upon a ſtage in the Fair, and teach them how, according to the cuſtom of the city, they might add to the attractions of the feſtival. Among ſome Latin ſtories written in the thirteenth century, we read of there being ſeen in a long meadow by the river-ſide, a great multitude of men aſſembled, who were now ſilent, now breaking into laughter. They were "ſuppoſed there to be celebrating the ſpectacles which we are accuſtomed to call Miracles." Solemn as were the ſubjects treated, it was neceſſary that there ſhould be in their treatment jeſt enough to provoke in a rude aſſembly frequent laughter.

Thus we have in the moſt ancient times of the Fair, a church full of worſhippers among whom were the ſick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a grave-yard full of traders, and a place of jeſting and edification, where women and men carouſed in the midſt of the throng; where the minſtrel and the ſtory-teller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the ſheriff cauſed new laws to be publiſhed by loud proclamation in

the gathering places of the people; where the young men bowled at nine pins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlers loudly magnified their wares, the ſcholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horſes neighed, and ſheep bleated among their buyers; where great ſhouts of laughter anſwered to the Ho! ho! of the devil on the ſtage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar beaters added muſic to the din. That ſtage alſo, if ever there was preſented on it the ſtory of the Creation, was the firſt Wild Beaſt Show in the Fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play, as we read in an ancient ſtage direction, was to repreſent the creation of beaſts by unlooſing and ſending among the excited crowd, as great a variety of ſtrange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by ſending up a flight of pigeons. Under foot was mud and filth, but the wall that pent the city in ſhone ſunlit among the trees, a freſh breeze came over the ſurrounding fields and brooks, whiſpering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the Fair's neighbour, the gallows. Shaven heads looked down on the ſcene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the Priory incloſure, and the poor people whom the friars cheriſhed in their hoſpital, made holiday among the reſt. The curfew bell of St. Martin's le Grand, the religious houſe to which William the Conqueror had given with its charter the adjacent moorland, and within whoſe walls there was a ſanctuary for looſe people, ſtilled the hum of the crowd at nightfall, and the Fair lay dark under the ſtarlight.

A great part of the Priory was rebuilt in the year 1410, and after this date its general plan was that which it maintained until the time of its ſuppreſſion. It became famous for poſſeſſing one of the firſt mulberry gardens planted in this country. The ſituation of this mulberry garden was to the eaſt of Middleſex Paſſage, and in later years, it was under the mulberry trees that the ſcholars, at Fair time, held their diſputations. Within the gates, the northern part of the Priory ground was occupied by a large cemetery, with a ſpacious court or yard, now the paved ſquare of Bartholomew Cloſe. The old ſite of the Cloth Fair in the cemetery is now marked by a ſtreet bearing that name.

In a former chapter it has been ſhown, how trade throve under the walls of churches, with its fetters looſened and defended from taxation by the ſovereign. Bartholomew Fair was, in the firſt centuries of its life, one of the great annual markets of the nation. It was the great gathering, in the metropolis of England, for the ſale of that produce upon which England eſpecially relied for her proſperity. Two centuries after the Conqueſt, our wealth depended upon wool, which was manufactured in the time of Henry the Second, in whoſe day there aroſe guilds of weavers. In King John's reign there was prohibition of the export of wool, and of the import of cloth. A metropolitan Cloth Fair was therefore a commercial inſtitution, high in dignity and national importance. There was trade alſo at Bartholomew Fair in live ſtock, in leather, pewter, and in other articles of commerce; but cloth ranked firſt among the products of our induſtry, and it was as an annual trade gathering of

Engliſh clothiers and London drapers, that the Fair obtained a place for itſelf in the hiſtory of commerce. Live ſtock was ſold weekly. In leather and ſkins Stourbridge Fair dealt more than that of St. Bartholomew; but Bartholomew Fair as the chief Cloth Fair of England, as long as need remained for ſuch an inſtitution, was without a rival.

In the reign of Edward the Third, by whom moſt of the guilds of London were firſt chartered, when, aſſuming a diſtinct dreſs or livery, they became Livery Companies, and exchanged the name of guilds for that of crafts or myſteries, the King himſelf became a Linen Armourer, or as it afterwards would have been called a Merchant Tailor. This he did that he might manifeſt his ſtrong deſire to eſtabliſh woollen cloth as a ſtaple manufacture of the country. King Richard Cœur de Lion was a Tailor alſo. Thus it was made a faſhion for the rich and powerful to join the Company of Merchant Tailors, or ſome other important craft that was thought worthy of eſpecial maintenance, as that of Mercers or of Skinners, who were men of mark when all the great men in the land wore robes of fur. Having compelled his people to make cloth for themſelves, of home-grown wool, and by other meaſures perfected the wool manufacture, Edward the Third (in 1361), removed the woolſtaple from Calais to nine Engliſh towns, the chief being at Weſtminſter, between Temple Bar and Tothill Fields. Cogniſance was taken at theſe markets of the five ſtaple commodities of the kingdom, wool, wool fells, leather, lead, and tin. In 1378 Richard the Second removed the woolſtaple to the ground ſtill known as Staple Inn, by

Holborn; and about twenty years later, there was begun at Blackwell Hall a weekly market for the ſale of country cloths in London. Such was the poſition taken by the cloth trade, while this Fair roſe in importance by aſſociation with it as a great annual mart, to which even the foreigner had unreſtricted acceſs.

The arms of the Merchant Tailors were engraved upon a ſilver yard, thirty-ſix ounces in weight, with which century after century members of their body were deputed to attend in Weſt Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair, and try the meaſures of the clothiers and drapers. Thus we find in their books a direction that fit perſons ſhall be appointed on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, to ſee that a proper yard-meaſure be uſed. This right of examining the yard-meaſures was maintained as long as the Cloth Fair had vigour in it. In 1566 we find that a dealer named Pullen was committed to priſon by the court, for uſing an unlawful yard, which was found in his ſhop at the time of the ſearch. Stands had become ſhops by that time, ſo important was the ſituation. And in 1612 there is note of a dinner at Merchant Tailors' Hall, "for the ſearch on St. Bartholomew's Eve." All this was done ſubject to the control and ſaving the rights of the city.

The Drapers were incorporated in the year 1364, when there was ſpecial exemption made from prohibitions of the ſale of cloth by any who are not free drapers, in favour of the king's beloved in God the Prior of St. Bartholomew's in Weſt Smithfield, and other lords who have fairs in the ſaid ſuburbs. A draper meant originally one who made the cloth he ſold, it was the London name

for clothier, very few of the members of the Drapers' Company being reſident beyond the limits of the city. Therefore, ſay the old writers, that Bartholomew Fair was frequented by "the clothiers of England, and the drapers of London." Drapers ſold their goods chiefly by the beam ſcales; mercers, by the little balance. Mercers eſpecially frequented fairs and markets, where their ſtandings were gay with haberdaſhery, toys, and even drugs and ſpices, the ſmall articles of traffic upon which they throve. Mercers attending the French fairs towards the cloſe of the thirteenth century, paid only half toll when they were not ſtall keepers, but expoſed their wares on the ground. They, and the claſs of pedlers to which they were allied, may have enjoyed a like privilege in England. But, while many of the mercers were thus of the brotherhood of Autolycus, others dealt largely in ſilk and velvet, and abandoned to the haberdaſher traffic in ſmall articles of dreſs. Whittington, thrice lord mayor of London, was a mercer.

The general nature of the court eſtabliſhed in all fairs for the judgment of cauſes ariſing out of tranſactions in the fair itſelf, has been already deſcribed. From the earlieſt times of which there is record, it has been known in England as the court of Piepowder. The court of Piepowder for Bartholomew Fair was held, of courſe, within the Priory gates, the Lord of the Fair being the Prior who ſat in the court by his repreſentative. It abided always by its original ſite, being held in Cloth Fair to the laſt. There is no record to be found of any ordinance by which the court of Piepowder was firſt eſtabliſhed in this country. There never had been

known a fair in Europe to which ſuch a court was not by uſage lawfully attached. Such courts were held in the markets of the Romans, which ſome writers regard as fairs, and in which they find the origin of modern fairs. But the *nundines* of the Romans were not fairs, they correſponded in character to our own weekly market days. It is true that the right of market was a grant from the ſtate to great lords and landowners, as the right of fair afterwards became a grant from the Crown to monaſteries, towns, or men of rank. In this reſpect, and doubtleſs alſo in the uſe of market courts, the Roman law founded a cuſtom throughout Roman Europe. A law of William the Conqueror, *de Emporiis*, ſhows that there were ſuch tribunals in the ordinary markets of the Normans. But modern fairs, as we have ſaid, had their own natural and independent origin, and are analogous to nothing in the ancient world but the aſſemblies formed during the celebration of the Public Games. There were the Greek church feſtivals, begetting fairs. Thus, a true fair was aſſociated with the Olympic Games; and we learn from Demoſthenes, that all cauſes relating to the feſtival of Bacchus were heard on the ſpot. The ſame practice aroſe out of the ſame neceſſity. Nobody can aſſert that the feſtivals of ancient Greece influenced uſages of the Normans in the tenth or eleventh century.

The court of Piepowder in Bartholomew Fair, or the correſponding court in any other fair of England, had juriſdiction only in commercial queſtions, and it tried them before a jury of traders formed upon the ſpot. It could entertain a caſe of ſlander, if it was

ſlander of wares, not ſlander of perſon. It might hold pleas for amounts fixed in later times at above forty ſhillings, and judgment could be deferred until another fair; but it could ſit only during fair time, could take cognizance only of things happening during fair time and within the fair, and could try a thief who had committed robbery in the fair only when he had alſo been captured within its bounds. The king himſelf, if he ſhould ſit in a court of Piepowder, could not extend its powers. Neither is it in the king's power to reſume a franchiſe that has once been granted; ſo that a fair once granted is, by the common law of England, good againſt the king.

But though it was not in the ſovereign's power to enlarge the juriſdiction of the courts of Piepowder, private wrong was done in their adminiſtration; ſtewards and commiſſioners of the Lords of Fairs abuſed their power in the courts, to their own advantage. They tried cauſes which they had no right to try, and by the connivance of unprincipled accomplices, perſecuted honeſt fairgoers upon whom extortion might be practiſed. The abuſe of theſe courts, in the ſeventeenth year of the reign of Edward the Third, was diminiſhing the reſort of men of buſineſs to our great fairs; when the evil was met by a ſtatute which, for the firſt time, placed upon the ſtatute-book a formal recital of the nature of the courts of Piepowder and of the limitation of their privileges.

By the ſtatute 17 Edward the Fourth, it was provided, "that whereas divers fairs be holden and kept in this realm, ſome by preſcription, allowed before juſtices in Eyre, and ſome by the grant of our Lord the King that

now is, and ſome by the grants of his predeceſſors, and to every of the ſame fairs is of right pertaining a court of Piepowders, to miniſter in the ſame due juſtice in this behalf, in which court it hath been at all times accuſtomed, that every perſon coming to the ſaid fairs ſhould have lawful remedy of all manner of contracts, treſpaſſes, covenants, debts, and other deeds, made or done within any of the ſame fairs, during the time of the ſame fair and within the juriſdiction of the ſame, and to be tried by merchants being of the ſame fair; which courts at this day be miſuſed by the ſtewards, under-ſtewards, bailiffs, commiſſioners, and other miniſters holding and governing the ſaid courts of the ſaid fairs, for their private profit; holding pleas by plaints as well of contracts, debts, treſpaſſes, and other feats, done and committed out of the time of the ſaid fair or juriſdiction of the ſame (whereof, in truth, they have no juriſ-diction), ſurmiſing the ſame debts, treſpaſſes, &c., to be done within the time of the ſaid fair, and within the juriſdiction of the ſame, (where of truth they were not ſo), and ſome time, by the device of evil-diſpoſed people, ſeveral ſuits be feigned, and trouble them to whom they bear evil will, to the intent that they for lucre may have favourable inqueſts of thoſe that came to the ſaid fairs where they take their actions; and whereas divers perſons coming to the ſaid fairs be grievouſly vexed and troubled by feigned actions, and alſo by actions of debt, treſpaſs, deeds, and contracts made and committed out of the time of the ſaid fair, or the juriſ-diction of the ſame, contrary to equity and good conſcience; whereby the Lords of the Fairs do loſe

great profit by the not coming of divers merchants to fairs, which by this occaſion do abſtain, and alſo the commons be unſerved of ſuch ſtuff and merchandiſe, which otherwiſe would come to the ſaid fairs;" therefore it is enacted, that the Plaintiff ſhall ſwear that the cauſe in declaration happened during fair time.

Such was the character of the Tribunal of Commerce, known to fair-goers as the court of Piepowder. Its name is corrupted from the French for "duſty feet." Spelman thought this was becauſe juſtice is adminiſtered in it more quickly than duſt can be ſhaken from the feet. In Manley's edition of Cowel it is ſuppoſed that, becauſe fairs were uſually held in ſummer, feet were duſty. Blackſtone adopts Daines Barrington's obſervation, that Pied puldreaux was the old French name for a pedler. Dr. Pettingall* was troubled with a theory of his own about a "curia ruſticorum," and derived the name from the dirty boots which ruſtics got among their clods, propping his theory with Plutarch, who ſays that the Epidaurians called country folk κονιποδες, which the French tranſlator repreſents by *pieds poudreux*. Yet Dr. Pettingall while he ſets up one theory demonſtrates another, and ſupplies us with a claſſical quotation apt to it, when he quotes from Cicero on Invention, "If we ſee a man with much duſt on his ſhoes, it is probable he came off a journey." A trader travelling through any place, or ſelling his wares in it without poſſeſſing houſe or land upon the ſoil, might be, at Bartholomew Fair,

* On the Courts of Pypowder; by John Pettingall, D.D. Read before the Society of Antiquaries, March 4, 1762.—*Archæologia*, vol. i. pp. 190—203.

one of the ſmall pedlers, or one of the great cloth merchants. He was a traveller, whoſe part in the ſoil was no more than the duſt upon his foot. He was a Piepowder, or as Dr. Pettingall ſhews us that he was formerly called in the old Scotch Borough Laws, a Duſtifute. The plural ending to the name of the court was ſubſequently dropped, but in the preamble of the Act juſt recited, it may have been obſerved that it was known as a court of Piepowders in former time. A court for men who travelled from many parts to a certain ſpot on which they had no reſidences, and there traded during certain days; for whom therefore it was neceſſary to decide by a tribunal of their own, held on the ſpot during the brief time of their ſojourn, ſuch queſtions of property as might ariſe among themſelves.

From ſeveral paſſages relating to "fairand man or to the Duſtifute" in the Scotch Borough Law (publiſhed by Skene with the Regiam Majeſtatem), it is enough for our purpoſe to take this clear definition of the name: "Gif any ſtranger marchand travelland throw the realm, havand no land, nor reſidence nor dwelling within the ſherifdome, but vagand from ane place to ane other,—qwha therefore is called pied poudreux or Duſtifute." A definition like this ſets at reſt all doubt as to the meaning of a Court of Piepowders.

CHAPTER VII.

The City Fair.

The queſtion of the right of the city to the tolls ariſing from uſe of its ground outſide the Priory in Weſt Smithfield, had been decided in or before the year 1445. Weſt Smithfield was juſt within the confines of the city liberties, their limit in that direction being Smithfield Bars. In the year named—the twenty-third of King Henry the Sixth—it is on record that four perſons were appointed by the Court of Aldermen as keepers of Bartholomew Fair and of the court of Pie-powder. In that court, therefore, the city was then repreſented as joint lord of the Fair with the Priory; the lordſhip of the city being founded on its right over the ground beyond the juriſdiction of the Canons.

In the firſt charter granted by King Edward the Fourth to the City of London, dated on the ninth day of November, in the ſecond year of his reign (1462), there is this clauſe: "We have alſo granted to the ſaid mayor, commonalty, and citizens, and their ſucceſſors for ever, that they ſhall and may have yearly one Fair in the town aforeſaid, for three days; that is to ſay, the 7th, 8th, 9th days of September, to be holden, together

with a court of Piepowders, and with all the liberties to ſuch fairs appertaining: And that they may have and hold there at their ſaid courts, before their ſaid miniſter or deputy, during the ſaid three days, from day to day, hour to hour, and from time to time, all occaſions, plaints, and pleas of a court of Piepowders, together with all ſummons, attachments, arreſts, iſſues, fines, redemptions, and commodities, and other rights whatſoever, to the ſame court of Piepowders in any way pertaining, without any impediment, let, or hindrance of Us, our heirs or ſucceſſors, or other our officers and miniſters ſoever."

Some writers upon the hiſtory of London have referred to this charter as containing a grant of a city fair in Weſt Smithfield—a Bartholomew Fair conceded to London, which was held a few days after that of which the Priory received the tolls. But the "town aforeſaid" is Southwark. "To take away from henceforth and utterly to aboliſh all and all manner of cauſes, occaſions, and matters whereupon opinions, ambiguities, varieties, controversies, and diſcuſſions may ariſe," in its previous clauſe the charter had "granted to the ſaid mayor and commonalty of the ſaid city who now be, and their ſucceſſors, the mayor and commonalty and citizens of that city, who for the time being ſhall be for ever, the town of Southwark, with the appurtenances."

Thus was eſtabliſhed Southwark Fair—our Lady Fair—of which the glory is that it was once dwelt upon by the genius of Hogarth, and of which the ſhame became ſo great after it had ceaſed to be a reſort of trade that it

was ſuppreſſed before the cloſe of the laſt century. This was the firſt great fair granted in whole poſſeſſion to the city of London. There were other London fairs yielding no profit to the city : St. James's Fair, granted by Edward the Firſt to the Hoſpital of St. James, an inſtitution founded by the citizens of London for the maintenance of fourteen women, pious lepers. That hoſpital, with its ground, being ſurrendered to King Henry the Eighth, was adopted by him as the ſite of St. James's Palace and Park. There was a fair upon Tower Hill, granted by Edward the Third to the "maſter, brothers, chaplain, and ſiſters of St. Katherine's, to be held upon the king's ground in all places thereof, oppoſite the Abbey of Graces, next the Tower." The ſame king had ordained on behalf not only of the city, that "merchant ſtrangers," coming to England to ſell merchandiſe, ſhall be obliged to diſpoſe of it in forty days, and that they ſhall not keep houſes, but ſojourn with the citizens. Thus, the foreign Duſtyfoot, his buſineſs done at the fair, was remitted back to his own land, and was not allowed to enter into ſettled competition with the Engliſh traders. This had been a city cuſtom in the days of Athelſtan, but was a point upon which Norman legiſlation often varied.

While we ſpeak of the other London fairs, it may be as well alſo to name and diſmiſs May Fair, held by a grant to the Abbot of Weſtminſter, with revelry for fourteen days, which began on May Day in Brook Field, on the ſite of Curzon Street. It was preſented as a nuiſance by the grand jury of Weſtminſter in 1708, aboliſhed for a time, revived and finally aboliſhed in the

reign of George the Second, after a peace officer had been killed in the attempt to quell a riot.

A city fair is a city market of a certain kind, every fair being a market, although only a few markets are fairs. For many years before and after the Conqueſt, traffic was carried on by a great ſyſtem of marketing. The Saxon laws directed all bargains to be made in open market, called in Norman deeds market ouvert, and in the preſence of the boroughreeve or ſome truſtworthy perſon. The Normans maintained the ſame rule, and thus it was eſtabliſhed as a principle in common law that no tranſfer of goods is binding againſt third parties unleſs made in market ouvert. Nearly the whole trade of the city of London was in Saxon times tranſacted in a great chepe or market that ran through the town from Tower Street to Newgate, and was known as Eaſt and Weſt Chepe. The ſites of different branches and diviſions of this central market, which ran as an alimentary canal through the midſt of the city that was to be nouriſhed, are to this day remembered in the names of ſtreets. The hill on which the corn-market was held uſed to be called, and now is called, Cornhill. Poulterers kept market in the Poultry. Bakers, from that old capital of the bread trade Stratford at Bow, came daily with their loaves in long carts to their market-ground in Bread Street. At London, ſays Active-Life, in the Viſion of Piers Ploughman, "there was a careful commune when no carts came to town with bread from Stratford." The woodmongers were in Wood Street; milk was ſold daily in Milk Street; there was a fiſh-market in Old Fiſh Street; and in Old Change were the

moneyers. Of this great market ouvert, Cheapſide was the centre. On the ſite of the Manſion Houſe ſtood then a pair of ſtocks in a market named after them, the Stocks Market, uſed firſt for meat, and afterwards for wool, and at a much later date for herbs and vegetables.

At the time of the Conqueſt nearly all the cities and towns of England were poſſeſſed by the king or his nobles, as private property or in demeſne. They paid fixed rents in kind and ſervice; and in each the ſuperior, whether king or inferior lord, impoſed various tolls, duties, and cuſtoms to be paid by thoſe attending the fairs or markets he eſtabliſhed, ſuch demands being made at the lord's diſcretion during the firſt years of Norman rule. To evade the oppreſſion of an arbitrary tax, cities and boroughs ſought to compound with the king by payment of a fixed rent inſtead of the tolls, which tolls they then levied upon themſelves that the lord's rent might be ſatiſfied out of the produce. Toll is a generic term, of Gothic origin, which includes every kind of tribute levied upon the movement from place to place of goods or perſons. The term formerly included a multitude of charges, every charge being conſidered due for ſervice rendered, as the proviſion of a trading place, a ferry or a bridge, a wharf or a ſet of public ſcales known as a beam or tron. But the infliction of theſe tolls, whether by the king's officers, or by the king's favourite to whom they might have been given, or by the ſpeculator who had with a large price bought of the king the right of farming them, was uſually cruel. How cruel we may infer from the fact, that in the reign of Edward the Firſt, it had been ſought to reſtrain

the greed of collectors by a ſtatute threatening ſevere penalties; and in the reign of Edward the Third, parliament was petitioned that thoſe extortioners, the officers of the king's beam, might ſuffer death for their exactions. The collection of such of the king's tolls as were not farmed, was entruſted by the Norman ſyſtem to the ſheriff, who thus became an officer with fiſcal powers of such vaſt intereſt to the Crown, that his appointment was no longer entruſted to the people.

When Bartholomew Fair was annexed to the Priory by Henry the Firſt, Weſt Smithfield was the king's market, and though the Fair might treſpaſs beyond church-bounds, it was not for the city then to claim a moiety of toll ariſing from it. The ſame king who gave his firſt charter to the Prior Rayer, granted the firſt real charter to the city of London, and thereby founded its Corporation. That charter granted Middleſex to farm at 300*l.* a year, and gave to the citizens certain freedoms, which included a free paſſage exempt from tolls and cuſtoms over any part of England. In 1197, Richard the Firſt ſold to the city for 1500 marks the conſervancy of the Thames. In 1199 King John, for 3000 marks confirmed its ancient rights, and reſtored the fee farm of Middleſex, which had been revoked by Matilda. But at this time, the rent of the London Exchange was a branch of the royal revenue, farmed to a man who in 1202 was more than a thouſand pounds in the king's debt. The city chamberlain was appointed by the king, and paid, beſides a heavy entrance fine, 100 marks a year for his office. It was not until 1215 that the citizens even received liberty to chooſe for themſelves

their mayor. Until that date he had been always nominated by the Crown. Thirty years later, the citizens were paying to King Henry the Third more than ſeven hundred pounds in yearly duties, of which eighty-four were raiſed by market tolls. It was at this time that the king ſet up the fair at Weſtminſter, which cloſed the ſhops of London for a fortnight. A repetition of that trouble was bought off by a heavy payment; but five years afterwards the ſame device was again adopted, and the Londoners were obliged for a fortnight to ſhut up their ſhops, and in the middle of winter expoſe themſelves and their goods in Tothill Fields, to the inclemency of all weathers, on a ſtinking or frozen marſh. After enduring various exactions, the citizens in 1266 obtained from this king, for 20,000 marks, enjoyment of their rights and liberties, with title to receive the rents and profits of their lands and tenements. In 1288 Edward the Firſt, upon a quarrel with the city, ſeized its liberties and did not reſtore them fully until twelve years afterwards. It was during this time that Ralph Sandwich, appointed cuſtos by the king, firſt aſſerted the right of the city to divide with the Priory of St. Bartholomew the tolls of Bartholomew Fair. It was not until the year 1399 that there was granted to the citizens of London, by King Henry the Fourth, the office of gathering the tolls in Smithfield. Forty-ſix years later we find the city firmly eſtabliſhed in its right to the Fair tolls outſide the Priory inclosure, and appointing, as it has been ſtated at the outſet of this chapter, four perſons as keepers of Bartholomew Fair and repreſentatives of city juriſdiction in the court

of Piepowder. Before the ſame tribunal the two eldeſt clerks in the city Sheriffs' court came as attorneys.

The ſketch here given of the gradual ariſing of the intereſt of London in the tolls of Smithfield is incomplete, for the firſt title to them reſts upon preſcriptive right, not upon extant evidence. Of the city juriſdiction over the Fair in Weſt Smithfield, I do not ſay that it began only in the year 1445; but that certainly it was eſtabliſhed then, if not before. There were ſeveral early recognitions of the city's hold over the ſoil in Smithfield. Thus in the eleventh year of Henry the Third, the king granted to the widow, Katherine Hardell, a recluſe, twenty ſquare feet of land outſide the Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew, whereon to build herſelf a hermitage. The mayor and ſheriffs of London were commanded to aſſign the ſaid ground to the lady, who, as an anchorite among the fair-goers, muſt in her time have been one of the Bartholomew-tide ſpectacles.

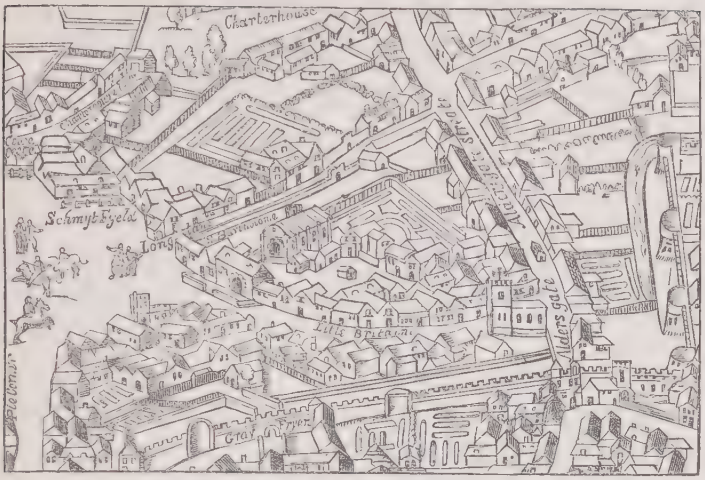
CHAPTER VIII.

A Change of Maſters: London and Lord Rich.

Croyland Abbey, which contained the ſcourge of St. Bartholomew, was founded for the honour of God, the Virgin, and St. Bartholomew of whom the anchorite Guthlac, parent of the abbey, was eſpecially a ſervant. It was a cuſtom at Croyland on Bartholomew's day, in memory of the Saint's death by flaying, to give knives—Bartholomew knives—to all ſtrangers who came. The abbey was rich. A chief cook in it had given forty pounds—when forty meant in money, what we ſhould now call four hundred—to provide milk of almonds for the brethren upon fiſh days; but Abbot Wiſbech, about the year 1475 aboliſhed the practice of diſtributing Bartholomew knives, "a piece of great and needleſs expenſe. Beſides this, he obtained a bull of diſpenſation from the Pope, which permitted the eating of fleſh at Septuageſima." As a ſign of the changed temper of ſociety, this ready ſuppreſſion of old cuſtom in the abbey may not have been altogether inſignificant. Leſs reverence for old form, and more hunger for ſolid meat, was becoming every year more ſurely a part of the public mind. Thouſands of

men were looking for emancipation from a ſpiritual Lent.

The laſt prior of St. Bartholomew who was acknowledged by a king of England, died in office, and was the laſt prior but one for the Black Canons in Weſt Smithfield. He was a faſtidious man, who ſeemed to be the head of a luxurious and proſperous community. He repaired the church and opened into it an elegant window marked with his rebus, a bird-bolt in a tun for his name Bolton (there is an inn in London ſtill named after it, the Bolt-in-Tun); he built anew the manor at Iſlington belonging to the Canons of St. Bartholomew, and known as Canonbury. He lived in a handſome priory houſe behind the monaſtery church, was ſumptuouſly hoſpitable in a dining-hall not leſs fit for a prince than for a prior, and ruled within the precincts of the religious houſe, not only over the friars in it, but alſo over a ſmall colony of cooks and other lay attendants. The ſpace within the priory incloſure ranked in London as an independent pariſh—that of Great St. Bartholomew—and there was a vicar in it, having ſpecial charge over the lay pariſhioners. In the ſame way, the adjoining hoſpital, built on the ſouth ſide of Smithfield, though a main part of St. Bartholomew's eſtabliſhment and cloſely bound by charters to the Priory, was in its own incloſure; was under rule of its own officers, who were answerable to the Prior; had its own church; and ranked as the diſtinct pariſh of Little St. Bartholomew. We turn to the moſt ancient map of London extant, Ralph Aggas's (?) *Civitas Londinum*, 1533, and in the part which repreſents Weſt Smithfield with the Priory and Hoſpital



we have a rude picture of the arrangement of the ground when it was on the point of passing out of the hands of the monks. It is evident that the constructor of the map kept very bad proportion in his sketches, and we may not be absolutely sure that there were no houses where none are shown. On the whole, however, this map is a valuable witness. It tells us that the Priory wall abutting on Long Lane, was not built against in the time of the Black Canons; that they raised no permanent houses along the line of Cloth Fair, but that they had, north of the church, for the annual use of the trades, an oblong space of ground containing only graves. The houses have throughout the map conventional forms; but a structure of unusual size indicates sufficiently the site of the great dining-hall above the crypt, and the square enclosed by cloisters is defined, though we are not shown the ecclesiastical character of the buildings that surround it. There are the houses fronting

outwards upon Smithfield and Little Britain, let to lay tenants and parishioners. We are shown the site of the several detached buildings and outhouses, behind which there was a considerable garden; this was the Mulberry Garden, in which, at Fair time, the young scholars of London held grammatical disputes under the trees. On the southern side of the angle of Smithfield occupied by the Friars, with Duck or Duke Street between it and the Priory, we see the old hospital with its church that is still known as the church of St. Bartholomew the Less.

The thirteenth Act of the thirty-first year of King Henry the Eighth (May, 1539) confirmed the surrender of religious houses dissolved since the passing of the previous Act, and empowered the king to extend its provisions at pleasure to those that remained standing. The Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew then passed through the king's hands, and were for ever sundered from each other. By the same social law that destroyed one, the other was developed.

Rayer had founded the Hospital connected with his Priory for the sick and infirm, for lying-in women, and for maintenance of infants born within its walls until the age of seven. King John, in the fifth year of his reign, had confirmed the bond between the Hospital and Priory. There had been many royal grants and charters to sustain the place; tenements had been given by the pious to secure prayer for their souls. Shortly before the dissolution of the monasteries the Hospital received from rents in London, Middlesex, Essex, Berks, Northampton, Somerset, and St. Albans, after deducting payments to be made, about three hundred pounds,

equivalent to not much leſs than three thouſand in money of the preſent day. The ſuppreſſion of religious houſes threw upon the roads and ſtreets many ſick, lame, and impotent people; for the place occupied by almſgiving in the ſyſtem of the Roman Church was one means of its happy adaptation to the wants of a more barbarous time, and when the endowed aſylums maintained by the Church on behalf of ſick and poor ceaſed to exiſt in England, ſudden thought had to be taken for the diſcharge of a new duty impoſed upon men, not as ſons of the Church, but as citizens. Anticipating the suppreſſion of religious hoſpitals in London, Sir Thomas Greſham, the lord mayor, with the aldermen and citizens, in the year 1537 prayed to the king for the governance of the three hoſpitals of St. Mary, St. Thomas, St. Bartholomew, and the new abbey at Tower Hill, "founded of good devotion by ancient fathers, and endowed with great poſſeſſions and rents, only for the relief, comfort, and aid of the poor and indigent people not being able to help themſelves; and not to the maintenance of prieſts, canons, and monks, carnally living as they of late have done, nothing regarding the miſerable people lying in the ſtreet, offending every clean perſon paſſing by the way with their filthy and naſty ſavours."

In 1544 the king, in order that there might be comfort to the priſoners, viſitation to the ſick, food to the hungry, drink to the thirſty, clothes to the naked, and ſepulture to the dead, eſtabliſhed on the old ſite a new hoſpital of St. Bartholomew, under a maſter, who was a prieſt, and four chaplains, namely, a vice-maſter, a curate, a hoſpitaller, and a viſitor of priſoners in New-

gate. But the place was neglected and miſmanaged. The king offering to give the city charge of hoſpitals, if it would provide a portion of the neceſſary funds, the Corporation at once paſſed a proſpective and conditional vote of five hundred marks a year. At laſt the Biſhop of Rocheſter announced the king's gift and the purpoſe of it in a ſermon at St. Paul's Croſs; and on the 27th of December, 1546, a month before the king's death, the indenture was ſigned between Henry the Eighth and the city of London, which gave to the city, with other places, Little St. Bartholomew, to be "the Houſe of the Poor in Weſt Smithfield, in the ſuburbs of the city of London, of King Henry the Eighth's foundation." In the pariſh of Little St. Bartholomew there was to be a vicar and a hoſpitaller. London was to give reſidence and income to the vicar; and to lodge and tend in the Hoſpital a hundred poor men and women, maintaining one matron, with twelve women under her, for neceſſary ſervice to the poor, a ſteward, a receiver and collector, porter, butler, cook, as well as eight beadles, who were to traverſe London and fetch in the poor, ſick, lame, and impotent found in the city and ſuburbs, but to expel valiant and ſturdy vagabonds and beggars. A phyſician and ſurgeon alſo were to be maintained, with proviſion of apothecary's wares. In conſideration of this charge, the city took the lands of the endowment with a right to acquire lands to the value of another thouſand marks. All profit of the eſtabliſhment was to be ſpent on the poor. There was no profit, but there was a brave outlay of money and exertions. The Hoſpital was in diſrepair, and applied to the uſe only of a few women with their

infants born there under queſtionable circumſtances. It is no part of this narrative to tell how the mayor and corporation were abuſed becauſe the London ſtreets were not at once cleared of all objects of miſery. They acquired St. Thomas's for the city; the citizens cheerfully bore a tax that was in fact a poor's rate. The noble work was nobly done. The hoſpitals for the ſick then formed have grown with the growth of ſociety, and—thanks, in no ſmall meaſure, to the enlightened liberality with which their principle has been ſupported by the medical profeſſion—they now rank among the ſoundeſt inſtitutions of the land.

While the Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew was being thus diſpoſed of, courtiers and others eagerly put forward their requeſts to purchaſe houſes and lands taken from the ſeveral religious bodies; and among theſe was Sir Richard Rich, Knight, Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, and in the reign of the next king, Lord Chancellor. He it was who, as Solicitor-General, gave a turn with his own hand to the rack by which Anne Aſcue was tortured. Sir Richard Rich was the ſon and grandſon of two thriving London mercers. He was born in the city, was in youth light of his tongue and quick of wit, a great dicer and gameſter, and not of any commendable fame. He bore no good character for honeſty as a law ſtudent in the Middle Temple, but was eſteemed for the quickneſs of his parts, and throve as a practitioner. In 1532 he was appointed for life Attorney-General of Wales, and in the year following Solicitor-General to the King. He had an eaſy conſcience in the ſervice of the crown—betrayed his friends and ſerved his ſovereign.

In 1535 he was rewarded with a valuable ſinecure, and two years afterwards he was made Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, in which office he was the king's abject flatterer, and an important agent in the reconcilement of the Commons to the ſuppreſſion of the greater monaſteries. When the king had taken their eſtates, they were put under the management of a royal commiſſion, with Sir Richard Rich, under the ſtyle of Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, at its head. He proceeded to ſecure the reward of his ſervice in the augmentation of his fortunes, and the firſt bargain he made was the purchaſe (for 1064*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*) of the Priory in Weſt Smithfield, with all that was upon the ground within its encloſure, and all rights thereto pertaining. Among his other bargains made within the next two years, upon the lands ſubject to his commiſſion, were the manor and rectory of Little Badowe, in Eſſex; the manor of Newarks, in Goodeſter (Eſſex), with its tithes; and the tithes of Newland Fee, of the rectory of Goodeſter, and of four prebends late of St. Peter's, Weſtminſter. He received alſo four manors in Eſſex that had belonged to Canterbury Cathedral, one that had belonged to the monaſtery of St. Oſyth, and four Eſſex marſhes that had belonged to Holywell. Theſe and other acquiſitions, with the grant of the diſſolved priory of Leeze in Eſſex, enabled him to endow ſufficiently the two earldoms acquired by his deſcendants. The love of money grew upon him. He was made Treaſurer of the King's Wars in France and Scotland. After the king's death he became as Lord Rich an Engliſh baron, and in October, 1547, Lord Chancellor of England.

This was the man who proſpered in the day of change, when a new world was opened to the minds and hearts of men—when the way of ſociety was not the leſs ſurely forward and upward, becauſe it was marching with ſoiled feet upon a miry path. The monks mingle no more with the fairgoers. The Fair has not departed from the Priory; the Priory itſelf melted away, and has been loſt out of the midſt of the aſſembly of the people.

The Prior's houſe was made into Lord Rich's town manſion in Great St. Bartholomew, and there he lived as Lord Chancellor: for there had been aſſigned to him, his heirs and aſſigns for ever, the ſite and capital meſſuage and manſion houſe of the late monaſtery or priory of St. Bartholomew in Weſt Smithfield, and alſo the cloſe of the ſaid late monaſtery or priory, called Great St. Bartholomew Cloſe, and all the limits and precincts of the ſaid Cloſe; alſo, all thoſe cloſes, houſes, and edifices, called the fermery, the dorter, the frater, the cloiſters, the galleries, the hall, the kitchen, the buttery, the pantry, the old kitchen, the woodhouſe, the garner, and the prior's ſtable, of the ſaid late monaſtery within the churchyard; and all thoſe houſes (fifty-one tenements), gardens, void grounds, land and ſoil whatever, within the ſaid cloſe to the ſaid ſite of the ſaid late monaſtery and priory belonging; and alſo all that water, and the aqueduct and water-courſe coming from the conduit head of St. Bartholomew in the manor of Canonbury. By the ſame letters patent, the king farther granted to Sir Richard Rich, knight, his heirs and aſſigns, "all that Our Fair and Markets, commonly named and called Bartholomew Fair, holden and to be holden every

year within the aforeſaid cloſe, called Great St. Bartholomew Cloſe and in Weſt Smithfield aforeſaid, to continue yearly for three days, viz. on the Eve of the day of St. Bartholomew the Apoſtle, on the Day . . . and on the Morrow . . . ; and alſo all the ſtallage, piccage, toll and cuſtoms of the ſame fair and markets ; and alſo all our courts of Piepowders within the fair and markets aforeſaid" . . . . (I omit only the legal waſte of words) ; "and all our rights . . . whatever, of ſuch court of Pie powders . . . : and alſo, all the ſcrutiny, emendment, and correction of weights and meaſures . . . and of other things whatſoever expoſed to ſale . . . and alſo the aſſize and aſſay of bread, wine, and ale, and other victuals . . . and all and ſingular fines . . . iſſues, profits, and other rights . . . as fully, freely, and entirely, and in as ample and the like manner and form as William Bolton, formerly prior . . . or any of his predeceſſors . . . have or hath held or enjoyed, or in anywiſe ought to have, hold and enjoy, . . . as fully and entirely and freely as all and ſingular the premiſes came to our hands by reaſon or pretext of the diſſolution of the ſaid late monaſtery or priory of St. Bartholomew."

This grant, it will be obſerved, ſaves all the rights of the city to the Fair outſide St. Bartholomew's encloſure. It gave, however, to the family of Lord Rich the tolls of the Cloth Fair, and of all that part which was contained within the pariſh of St. Bartholomew the Great.

CHAPTER IX.

To the Year Sixteen Hundred and Fourteen.

We need not aſk what characters of men, what combinations of events that make up the details of hiſtory, produced the change in England that ſet Lord Rich in the place of Prior Bolton as joint Lord with London over the tolls of Bartholomew Fair. Here it is out of the midſt of the Fair only that we may look at hiſtory, and we can ſee nothing but the lawful end to which tended the frauds narrated in the early pages of theſe Memoirs. The Fair was nurtured upon fraud, joined to a Church worldly or weak enough to ſeek proſperity through falſehood. The Church was as the men were who ſuſtained it, good men whom the advance of knowledge and experience through many Chriſtian centuries had not raiſed to the higheſt ſenſe of Chriſtian honour. Chivalrous knights in thoſe old days did not feel infamy in any falſehood that was not a breach of their troth openly plighted. Let us be grateful to our forefathers for all they did, and blame thoſe of them only who ſank lower than the ſpirit of their age. But, at the ſame time, there is to be drawn the ſharpeſt line between our ſenſe of error and our judgment of the

erring. One, when it is certain, ought to be immutable and ſtern; the other, wavering, and full of tenderneſs. No allowance for a difference of age in man or nation makes a lie other than a lie; yet who does not know that a child's falſehood may be but a fault for an hour's ſorrow, while in the man falſe words are a life's infamy. Lies rot the ſubſtance to which they belong. It falls to pieces, and the truths in it muſt join again to form a purer and leſs periſhable compound. The people muſt be very wanting in perſiſtent energy who, after long and gradual advance, needed more than the diſcovery of printing, and the conſequent activity of intercourſe among all reaſoning men, the ſowing of old knowledge broadcaſt by the printers and a briſk ſuggeſtion of new knowledge by the thinkers, to get rid of the more palpable deluſions that had been aſſociated with the higheſt form of truth. Engliſhmen are not lazy, and they are not fickle; therefore, the Priory, in good time, vaniſhed from the Fair. But the Fair loſt alſo the form and the laſt veſtige of the ſoul of a religious gathering. The reformed Church took no tribute from it, and paid to it no more heed than to other aſſemblages of men in purſuit of gain or pleaſure. The Fair was a truth ſtill, and it lived. It repreſented at the time of the change, and for a ſhort time afterwards, the true need of ſuch a gathering-place of traders as Cloth Fair and the Cloſe were then affording. It repreſented then, and for a long time afterwards, the true need of amuſement by the people; and we ſhall ſee how, as knowledge advanced and refinement ſpread, better enjoyments than it could offer drew away from it, beginning from above,

claſs after claſs, till ſuch pleaſure as it was in its nature to afford became a true thing only to the loweſt. When, even to theſe, there were offered and made acceptable purer ſources of enjoyment, Bartholomew Fair no longer repreſented any living truth; and as it had long ceaſed to be a place of worſhip or a haunt of trade, ſo, alſo, it was outgrown by the people as a haunt of pleaſure. Thereſore, become worthleſs in its laſt poſſible form, it has, in our own time, vaniſhed from the midſt of London.

Grotwell, or Cartwell, was the name of the man—himſelf a hangman—who was hanged, with two others, in Henry the Eighth's time, for robbery of a booth at Bartholomew Fair. They were executed in the wreſtling-place at Clerkenwell.

Lord Rich, as a proſperous political adventurer, having become maſter of the ground within the old Priory encloſure, thought was ſoon taken for converſion of the ſoil to its moſt profitable uſe as a ſource of revenue. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, that part of London not being deſerted by the rich and powerful, the owner of the pariſh lived in it while Lord Chancellor. There alſo lived, ſoon afterwards, Sir Walter Mildmay, in Queen Elizabeth's day Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was preſently found that the lines of trade marked at Bartholomew Fair by the ſtandings of the clothiers and others, would yield more money as ſtreets of houſes than as ſtreets of booths; and before the cloſe of the century we have Stow telling us, that "now, notwithſtanding all proclamations of the prince, and alſo the Act of Parliament, in place of booths within

this churchyard (only let out in the Fair time, and closed up all the year after) be many large houses built, and the north wall towards Long Lane taken down, a number of tenements are there erected for such as will give great rents." The line of trading-houses was substituted for a profitless dead wall bordering Long Lane, in spite of any one of the many powerless Acts

which have been paſſed by Parliament againſt too much building in London. Parallel with it, through the ground vacant of building north of the church, which that wall had encloſed, parallel alſo with one of the church walls, a ſtreet of conſiderable houſes occupied the ſite and kept the name of the Cloth Fair. The cloth had been expoſed in a line of booths, cloſe under the ſhadow of the church; and the ſketch facing this page ſhows how, on one ſide of the ſtreet, the backs of the old houſes built in Cloth Fair by Lord Rich and his immediate ſucceſſors, crowd in the ſame line againſt the ſacred building. Of ſeveral of theſe houſes the frontage on the roadway of Cloth Fair has been moderniſed. Their backs are unaltered, and ſo rotten that the other day a woman fell into the yard through the over-hanging floor of one of them. The filling up of the pariſh with houſe after houſe, and that ſmothering with houſes of the piece of Priory retained as church, to which we have already referred, began with the rule of the new maſters of the land.

The diſputations, held at Fair time, of the ſcholars in the mulberry garden ceaſed at the ſuppreſſion of the Priory. John Stow witneſſed them in his youth. He ſays, "As for the meeting of the ſchoolmaſters on Feſtival Days at Feſtival churches, and the diſputing of their ſcholars logically, &c., whereof I have before ſpoken, the ſame was long ſince diſcontinued; but the arguing of the ſchoolboys about the principles of grammar hath been continued even till our time; for I myſelf, in my youth, have yearly ſeen, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew the Apoſtle, the ſcholars of divers

grammar ſchools repair unto the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, the Priory in Smithfield, where upon a bank boarded about under a tree, ſome one ſcholar hath ſtepped up, and there hath oppoſed and anſwered till he were by ſome better ſcholar overcome and put down; and then the overcomer taking the place, did like as the firſt. And in the end, the beſt oppoſers and anſwerers had rewards, which I obſerved not but it made both good ſchoolmaſters, and alſo good ſcholars, diligently againſt ſuch times to prepare themſelves for the obtaining of this garland. I remember there repaired to theſe exerciſes, amongſt others, the maſters and ſcholars of the free ſchools of St. Paul's in London, of St. Peter's at Weſtminſter, of St. Thomas Acon's hoſpital, and of St. Anthonie's Hoſpital; whereof the laſt named commonly preſented the beſt ſcholars, and had the prize in thoſe days. This Priory of St. Bartholomew being ſurrendered to Henry the Eighth, thoſe diſputations of ſcholars in that place ſurceaſed; and was again, only for a year or twain, revived in the cloiſter of Chriſt's Hoſpital, where the beſt ſcholars, then ſtill of St. Anthonie's ſchool, howſoever the fame be now fallen both in number and eſtimation, were rewarded with bows and arrows of ſilver, given to them by Sir Martin Bower, goldſmith. Nevertheleſs, however, the encouragement failed, the ſcholars of Paul's, meeting with them of St. Anthonie's, would call them Anthonie's Pigs, and they again would call the other Pigeons of Paul's, becauſe many pigeons were bred in St. Paul's church, and St. Anthonie was always figured with a pig following him; and mindful of the former uſage, did for a long ſeaſon

diſorderly provoke one another in the open ſtreet with '*Salve tu quoque, placet mecum diſputare?*'—'*Placet.*' And ſo proceeding from this to queſtions in grammar, they uſually fell from words to blows with their ſatchels full of books, many times in great heaps, that they troubled the ſtreets and paſſengers; ſo that finally they were reſtrained with the decay of St. Anthonie's ſchool."

The ſatchels full of books, with which the boys belaboured one another, really were the weapons that had put an end to the old practice of inceſſant oral diſputation. Schoolmaſters and men of learning, years before, had also taken to the thraſhing of each other with many books; and books ſcattered abroad "many times in great heaps," were the remains alſo of their new way of controverſy. If a man had learning, ſociety no longer made it in any degree neceſſary for him to go bodily in ſearch of the general public to a Fair, or in ſearch of the educated public to the great hall of a Univerſity. Writing was no longer a ſolemn buſineſs, and writing materials were no longer too coſtly to be delivered over to the herd of ſchoolboys for habitual uſe and deſtruction. Written, inſtead of ſpoken exercíſes, occupied the 'pigs' and 'pigeons,' who ran riot over the remains of a dead ſyſtem.

There is a famous digreſſion in Holinſhed to the ſtory of a murder that in his time by its numerous ſtrange details ſeized upon men's minds, a ſtory vigorouſly told by the old chronicler, and diluted alſo into a play, which has been improperly enough aſcribed by ſome critics to Shakeſpeare. Five acts of Shakeſpeare would at any rate not have been feebler than ten columns of Holin-

ſhed. The date of the ſtory is the year 1551, not long after the ſuppreſſion of the monaſteries; and one part of it illuſtrates the poſition held by Bartholomew Fair under its two ſeparate lordſhips. When Arden of Feverſham, that tall and comely perſonage, matched with a gentlewoman, young, tall, and well-favoured of ſhape and countenance, but ill-favoured of heart, after many marvellous and unconſcious eſcapes from the traps laid for his life, had at laſt been murdered at his own hearth by his wanton wife, her tailor Moſbie, Black Will, and the reſt of her aſſociates, his body was carried out by the aſſaſſins into St. Valentine's Fair. Maſter Arden's garden at the back of his houſe was ſeparated only by a field and by a graveyard from Feverſham Abbey, which King Stephen founded, and in which King Stephen had been buried. The fair had been about the abbey, but the tolls for that part of the fair beyond the abbey ground had belonged to the town of Feverſham. "The fair," Holinſhed writes, "was wont to be kept partly in the town, and partly in the abbey; but Arden for his own private lucre and covetous gain, had this preſent year (1551), procured it to be wholly kept within the abbey ground which he had purchaſed; ſo reaping all the gains to himſelf, and bereaving the town of that portion which was wont to come to the inhabitants, got many a bitter curſe." By the ruſhes ſticking in the dead man's ſlipper, it was ſeen that Arden had been murdered in a houſe; the footſteps in the ſnow ſhowed that it was out of the door of his own houſe that he had been brought. Within the houſe was other evidence againſt the guilty. Having told this, and related the puniſhments inflicted

on the murderers, the chronicler returning to the ſcene at the fair ſays, "This one thing ſeemeth very ſtrange and notable touching Maſter Arden, that in the place where he was laid, being dead, all the proportion of his body might be ſeen two years after and more, ſo plain as could be, for the graſs did not grow where his body had touched; but between his legs, between his arms, and about the hollowneſs of his neck, and round about his body and where his legs, arms, head, or any other part of his body had touched, no graſs growed at all of all that time. So that many ſtrangers came in that mean time beſide the townſmen, to ſee the print of his body there on the ground in that field. Which field he had (as ſome have reported) moſt cruelly taken from a woman . . . for which ſhe not only exclaimed againſt him, in ſhedding many a ſalt tear, but alſo curſed him moſt bitterly even to his face, wiſhing many a vengeance to light upon him, and that all the world might wonder on him. Which was thought then to come to paſs, when he was thus murdered, and lay in that field from midnight till the morning; and ſo all that day, being the Fair day, till night, all the which day there were many hundreds of people came wondering about him." His body ſeems to have been left there, as the miraculous print of it was maintained, among the wonders of the Fair, for the well-being of thoſe who profited by its attraction.

Arden had been the Lord Rich of that Valentine Fair, of which we are informed that the tolls had of old time been divided between town and abbey. Lord Rich would gladly have procured the whole Bartholomew

Fair to be held on the church ground he had purchaſed; but this being impoſſible, he made the moſt of what he had. The old market tolls of Smithfield remained without alteration for three centuries; and it is probable that the tax levied on the tranſit of goods through any of the gates of Bartholomew the Great in Fair time in the days of Strype, was that which had been taken from the firſt: it was a penny for every burthen of goods brought in or carried out; and to that end, Strype ſays, "there are perſons that ſtand at all the entrances into the Fair; and they are of late years grown ſo nimble, that theſe blades will extort a penny, if one hath but a little bundle under one's arm, and nothing relating to the Fair." Then there were the charges paid inſide for houſe-rent, piccage, and ſtallage.

Stallage at fairs is the rent paid for ground on which a ſtall is ſet for the diſplay of wares, or on which any temporary ſtructure is erected; piccage is payment for the liberty of picking holes into the ground for a ſecure planting of props in the erection of ſtall or booth. They are, of courſe, a kind of toll, but ſimple toll is the due paid upon things taken into the Fair and ſold there. If there was no ſale, there was no toll due. Thus, there was a charge upon each animal or ſcore of animals ſold from the live ſtock expoſed in the City Fair, and there might be tolls upon various commodities, as there is toll in country markets of perhaps a penny or two upon each baſket of butter and eggs diſpoſed of in the market-place. Such toll is legally regarded as payment for value received in the witneſſing of ſales. Thus, in the Smithfield Horſe-market, that uſed to be held on

Fridays, and in the Smithfield Hay-market, held on Tueſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays, there was a collector paid by a fixed ſalary, and ſupplied with a houſe free of rent and taxes, who was liable at all times to be called upon to witneſs and regiſter ſales, eſpecially of horſes, and to keep a regiſter of all ſales of hay and ſtraw, open to be read by any one on payment of a penny. The toll on the ſale was the fee paid for its regiſtration. As to ſuch matters there is but one law for fairs and markets. Very jealouſly have the dues taken as toll by ſubjects been watched over by Parliament, leſt they ſhould be abuſed into a ſimple tax levied by ſubject upon ſubject. No private perſon has a right to levy taxes. All authority to exact market-tolls is, therefore, given in the moſt guarded form. If the amount of toll be not ſpecified in the grant, it muſt be aſcertained by reference to the preſcription of long uſage. If there be neither a ſpecific grant from the crown nor a ſcale of tolls fixed by preſcription, then the fair or market may be held, but no tolls can be taken. Lords of a fair or market may not increaſe the eſtabliſhed rate of tolls. They may diminiſh it, as men may abandon that which they poſſeſs, but they may not ſeize what is not theirs. So jealouſly is this principle upheld, that when the Corporation, having ſpent a hundred thouſand pounds upon improvement of their old market in Smithfield, aſked leave of Parliament, by an increaſe of toll, to be repaid half that ſum in forty years by thoſe for whoſe advantage the improvement had been, ſuch power was denied to them by a majority of four or five to one. When, in September, 1568, the ſheep-pens in Smith-

field were let by the city to Richard Selby on a leaſe for one-and-twenty years, he was bound by a ſpecial clauſe never to increaſe any toll; and while markets were farmed, ſuch a clauſe was inſerted in all leaſes, with a penalty of ten pounds upon every infraction of it. This main point in the law concerning toll taken at markets and at fairs we ſhall hereafter have occaſion to remember. It is, in fact, a main point in the conſtitution of this country. Edward the Firſt, who confirmed Magna Charta eleven times during his reign, was the firſt king who by a definite ſtatute (De Tallagio non Concedendo) decreed that no tax ſhould be laid or impoſt levied without the joint conſent of Lords and Commons. At the Revolution of 1688 this principle was rooted firmly in our ſoil.

In the grant to Sir Richard, afterwards Lord Rich, of the diſſolved priory of St. Bartholomew, there was reſerve made of the pariſh church, of which the living was placed under Sir Richard's patronage. "Whereas, the great cloſe of St. Bartholomew hath been before the memory of man uſed as a pariſh church within itſelf, and diſtinct from other pariſhes; and the inhabitants thereof have had their pariſh church within the church of the late monaſtery and priory and to the ſame church annexed, and have had divine ſervice performed by a curate from the appointment of the prior and convent; and whereas, a certain chapel, called the Pariſh Chapel, with part of the great pariſh church, have been taken away, and the materials ſold for our uſe; nevertheleſs, there ſtill remains a part fit for erecting a pariſh church, and already raiſed and built: we do grant to the ſaid

Richard Rich, Knt., and to the preſent and future inhabitants within the Great Cloſe, that part of the ſaid church of the ſaid late monaſtery or priory which remains raiſed and built (namely, the ſtill exiſting choir, taken according to this grant) to be a pariſh church for ever, for the uſe of the ſaid inhabitants, ... and that all the void ground, eighty-ſeven feet in length and ſixty feet in width, next adjoining the weſt ſide of the church, ſhall be taken for a churchyard." Richard Rich was appointed the firſt patron; John Deane the firſt rector. King Edward the Sixth confirmed all grants to Rich, who had paid 1064*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* for his ſucceſſion to the Black Canons in Smithfield. Queen Mary, however, in the ſecond year of her reign, reſtored the church of St. Bartholomew to Rome, by granting it to the Black Friars; they uſed it as their conventual church until the reign of Elizabeth who, in the firſt year of her reign turned them out; the grants of King Edward were then confirmed by parliament, and the pariſh has remained until the preſent day, retaining nothing of its ancient conſtitution except the poſſeſſion of ſome ſmall privileges which, when it was brought within the city bounds, were not withdrawn. Of the Black Canons, as individual men, there was no memory. They were gone and their place knew them no more. I am told by the rector, that it is a cuſtom in the pariſh on Good Friday for the churchwardens to proceed to a certain grave and place upon it twenty-one ſixpences, which are to be taken up again by twenty-one poor people. A like ſum of twenty-one ſixpences is then paid to the miniſter. Not only was the origin of that cuſtom

forgotten before modern memory begins, but the very name of the man who is buried in that grave has not been known. There is no document accounting for the uſage.

The heirs of Richard, Lord Rich, to whom the lordſhip of the old Priory Fair deſcended, were the Earls of Warwick and Holland.

So complete was the change, that in Queen Elizabeth's reign, roods and church images were the victims of the martyr fires; and Bartholomew's Day, in France choſen as the day of triumph for the Catholics, by a great maſſacre of Proteſtants, was kept in England as a day of triumph for the Proteſtants, on which the bookſellers diſplayed in their ſhop-windows nothing but bibles.

The old days, when it was conſidered a great honour for London to contain one eating-houſe, were paſſed away, taverns abounded in the town, and were eſpecially numerous among the houſes which encroached upon the border of the once void ſpace of Smithfield. By the frequenters of the weekly markets, taverns were needed. The moſt famous, and one of the oldeſt of thoſe opened outſide the cloſe, was a corner houſe, at the Smithfield end of Knightrider, or Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet, the main way into Smithfield, along which, of old time, proceſſions of knights and ladies, ſometimes with kings in their company, had come to the jouſts. At the ſign of the Pie—the bird, not the baker's-work ſo called—there was ſuch notable entertainment, that Pie-corner became a familiar name, bearing the name of the inn long after its place was occupied by other houſes. Within the cloſe there were inns alſo, of which the chief was one that claimed

alliance with the cloth trade and the merchant tailors, by the ſign it bore, "the Hand and Shears." It was in one of the chambers of this inn that the court of Pie-powder was held.

But there was other trade to be done in Elizabeth's day with the frequenters of Smithfield. After the gallows had gone weſt to Tyburn, the ground from Hoſier-lane to Chick-lane was rapidly built upon. The ſite was valuable, and when Pennant in his account of London "cannot help indulging himſelf with the mention of William Pennant, an honeſt goldſmith, his great, great, great, great, great, great uncle," he ſupplies us with a not unintereſting ſocial fact, in telling how this goldſmith "at his houſe, the Queen's Head in Smithfield, acquired a conſiderable fortune in the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, and the beginning of that of James the Firſt." Bartholomew Fair was upon no unfaſhionable ground when it was poſſible for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to reſide in Cloth Fair, and for a goldſmith to make a large fortune by his trade in Smithfield. Yet the worſt horrors of Smithfield were ſometimes revived to ſcare the daylight. Upon the old ground in the year 1575, Elizabeth being queen, two Dutchmen, anabaptiſts, were burnt "with roaring and crying."

There was that horror before God, and there was the horror before man of deadly peſtilence, that ſometimes turned Smithfield, when it ſhould have been a place of mirth, into a place of dread. In the year 1593, the keeping of Bartholomew Fair as a reſort of ſmall dealers and holiday makers, was for the firſt time ſuſpended by the raging of the plague; and the terms of the proclama-

tion of Elizabeth then made, not only prove that the Fair ſtill maintained its character as a great place of commerce, but alſo furniſh us with a few points of ſpecial information as to the nature of the traffic carried on in it, and the ground allotted to ſome branches of its trade. It is ordered by the queen that, "whereas, there was a general reſort of all kinds of people out of every part of her realm to the ſaid Fair, that in the uſual place of Smithfield there ſhall be no manner of market for any wares kept, nor any ſtalls or booths for any manner of merchandise, or for victuals, ſuffered to be ſet up, but that the open ſpace of the ground called Smithfield, be only occupied with the ſale of horſes and cattle: and of ſtall wares, as butter, cheeſe, and ſuch like, in groſs, and not by retail, the ſame to continue for the ſpace of two days only.

"And for the vent of woollen cloths, kerſeys, and linen cloth, to be all ſold in groſs and not by retail; the ſame ſhall be all brought within the cloſe yard of St. Bartholomew's, where ſhops are there continued, and have gates to ſhut the ſame place in the nights, and then ſuch cloth to be offered to ſale, and to be bought in groſs, and not by retail, the ſame market to continue but 3 days, that is to ſay, Even, the Day of St. Bartholomew, and the Morrow after.

"And that the ſale and vent of leather be kept in the outſide of the ring of Smithfield, as hath been accuſtomed, without erecting of any ſhops or booths for the ſame, or for any victualler or other occupier of any wares whatſoever.

"And for notice hereof to be given to ſuch of her

Majeſty's good ſubjects as for lack of knowledge of this her Majeſty's princely ordonnance might reſort to London to ſell or buy ſmall wares by retail, and there receive infection, and carry the ſame into their countries, her Majeſty commandeth that the Lord Mayor of London ſhall cauſe this her Majeſty's proclamation to be preſently publiſhed in all the uſual places of the city, in the time of two or three market-days, and to be alſo proclaimed by the ſheriffs of Middleſex, Kent, Surrey, and Eſſex, in ſome places of thoſe counties near to the ſaid city, whereby none may reſort to the city at this feaſt of St. Bartholomew, by pretence of any Fair, but ſuch as ſhall have cauſe to ſell or buy the commodities in groſs." Impriſonment without bail, during the queen's pleaſure, or further puniſhment, was the penalty for infraction of this ordinance, made about three weeks before fair time, on the 6th of Auguſt, in the 35th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The cardinal inference to be drawn from this proclamation is, that Bartholomew Fair, as a place of wholeſale commerce, was not to be ſuppreſſed without more injury to trade than fear of plague would force the queen's adviſers to inflict. But this conſideration muſt be qualified by the fact, that the chief riſk came from the throng of pedlers, hawkers, ſtall-keepers, ſhowmen, and holiday makers from the country round about; and that the ſoberer reſort of merchants to the Fair, while it was certainly in one reſpect a greater good, was in the other reſpect alſo a leſſer evil. Alſo, there was a wealthy nobleman at court, unwilling to part with a year's tolls from the Cloth Fair and the cloſe, and able to urge

actively from motives of ſelf-intereſt, conſiderations that were, at the ſame time, not wanting in juſtice.

In the year 1596, a formal agreement was made between Lord Rich and the London corporation, eſtabliſhing a compoſition of the tolls of Bartholomew Fair, and as to juriſdiction in the Fair, placing both parties exactly in the relative poſition occupied by the Corporation and the Priory in Henry the Sixth's time.

Two years later, Bartholomew Fair was viſited by the firſt man who has taken the trouble to deſcribe what he there ſaw. Paul Hentzner was a German tutor, travelling in the year 1598 through Germany, France, Italy, and England, who wrote an "Itinerarium" that after his return home was publiſhed in ſucceſſive editions at Breſlau and Nuremberg. He wrote for a ſtay-at-home public, in the ſpirit of a ſtay-at-home, to whom all foreign things are ſtrange. A tranſlation of the part of this Itinerary in which England is deſcribed was made by Bentley for Horace Walpole, and printed in 1757 at Strawberry Hill. It was included afterwards in the ſecond volume of Dodſley's collections. Hentzner went to Bartholomew Fair. Of courſe he alſo ſaw and deſcribed Queen Elizabeth "in the fifty-ſixth year of her age (as we were told), very majeſtic: her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes ſmall, yet black and pleaſant; her noſe a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the Engliſh ſeem ſubject to from their too great uſe of ſugar). . . . . She wore falſe hair, and that red; her boſom was uncovered, as all the Engliſh ladies have it till they marry; her hands were ſmall, her fingers long, and her ſtature neither tall

nor low; her air was ſtately; her manner of ſpeaking mild and obliging." Yet under the rule of ſuch a queen, Paul Hentzner counted more than thirty traitors' heads rotting upon the tower of London Bridge. He went to the play, and may have ſeen Shakeſpeare acting, as he did that year, in Ben Jonſon's 'Every Man in his Humour.' He ſpeaks of the excellent muſic, variety of dances, and exceſſive applauſes in an Engliſh theatre—of the coming round of oranges, nuts, apples, ale, and beer; and we ſhall preſently have Ben Jonſon's authority for applying to the ſhows and booths of Bartholomew Fair what Hentzner ſays about one habit of the audiences at the plays, with a proviſion, indeed, that it is their habit every where elſe: "At theſe ſpectacles, and everywhere elſe, the Engliſh are conſtantly ſmoking tobacco in this manner."—Truly it is a whimſical thing to look back to the time when, of all countrymen in the world, a German looked upon tobacco with aſtoniſhment, and told his neighbour how the Engliſh were accuſtomed to make uſe of that new thing.—"In this manner: they have pipes on purpoſe made of clay, into the farther end of which they put the herb, ſo dry that it may be rubbed into powder; and putting fire to it, they draw the ſmoke into their mouths, which they puff out again through their noſtrils, like funnels, along with plenty of phlegm and defluxion from the head." The Engliſh of thoſe days, we are told, were ſerious like the Germans, lovers of ſhow, liking to go followed by troops of ſervants; good dancers and muſicians; politer in eating than the French, taking leſs bread, more meat, and much ſugar

in their drink; quick of body and wit, good ſailors and better pirates. Three hundred of them were ſaid to be hanged yearly in London. They were much troubled with ſcurvy—one of the diſtinguiſhed things, by-the-bye, which was ſaid to have come in with the Norman conqueſt. "They are powerful in the field—ſucceſsful againſt their enemies,—impatient of anything like ſlavery; and" [as Bartholomew Fair could witneſs] "vaſtly fond of great noiſes that fill the ear, ſuch as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells; ſo that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glaſs in their heads, to go up into ſome belfry, and ring the bells for hours together, for the ſake of exerciſe."

It is through the eyes of this German obſerver that we have the following glimpſe of Bartholomew Fair in the year 1598.

"It is worthy of obſervation, that every year, upon St. Bartholomew's Day, when the Fair is held, it is uſual for the mayor, attended by the twelve principal aldermen, to walk in a neighbouring field, dreſſed in his ſcarlet gown, and about his neck a golden chain, to which is hung a golden Fleece, and, beſides, that particular ornament which diſtinguiſhes the moſt noble order of the Garter. When the mayor goes out of the precincts of the city, a sceptre and ſword and a cap are borne before him, and he is followed by the principal aldermen in ſcarlet gowns with gold chains, himſelf and they on horſeback. Upon their arrival at a place appointed for that purpoſe, where a tent is pitched, the mob begin to wreſtle before them, two at a time;

the conquerors receive rewards from the magiſtrates. After this is over, a parcel of live rabbits are turned looſe among the crowd, which are purſued by a number of boys, who endeavour to catch them, with all the noiſe they can make. While we were at this ſhow, one of our company, Tobias Salander, Doctor of Phyſic, had his pocket picked of his purſe, with nine crowns, which, without doubt, was ſo cleverly taken from him by an Engliſhman, who always kept very cloſe to him, that the Doctor did not perceive it." Thus, the firſt ſketch of Bartholomew Fair, made by a mere obſerver, meagre as it is, does not omit the pickpocket.

Five years before Hentzner's viſit, general reſort to the Fair was forbidden by reaſon of the plague. Five years after, the plague cloſed the Fair again. James I. then was king, and he firſt iſſued a proclamation, dated at Windſor, July 11, 1603: "For the fair which hath been uſed to be kept on the fields near our houſe of St. James and city of Weſtminſter, commonly called St. James's Fair, about the day of our coronation and for ſome days after; to be forborne for eight or ten days after the firſt day of the uſual holding thereof, the ſame to be held then as uſed to do." St. James's Fair, therefore, after the Palace had been ſubſtituted for the Leper Houſe, was kept in courtly faſhion, not on the anniverſary of a ſaint's coronation as a martyr, but on the coronation day of his moſt ſacred Majeſty. This order for the poſtponement of the courtly Fair was followed by another proclamation, dated July 29, 1603, to the effect that "The ſolemnities of our coronation being now performed," the nobility of Scotland and all

Engliſh noblemen and gentry, not the king's ſervants in ordinary, are commanded to repair homewards into the country, to prevent the ſpreading of the contagion of the plague. The knight-marſhal is to prevent perſons from infeſting the court, and petitions of ſuitors are to be received at Kingſton. This was followed on the 8th of Auguſt by a proclamation dated from Hampton Court, ordaining for the "deſire of preventing an univerſal contagion among our people," that Bartholomew Fair and Sturbridge Fair ſhall not be holden, "nor anything appertaining unto them, at the times accuſtomed, nor any time till they ſhall be licenſed by us."

The next record we find concerns the Fair for the year following, and officially deſcribes ſome of the ceremonies which helped to impreſs Paul Hentzner with his admiration of the dignity and ſplendour of the lord mayor and the aldermen of London. It is a part of the "order of my lord mayor, the aldermen, and the ſheriffs, for their meetings and wearing of their apparel throughout the year 1604.

"ON SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S EVEN FOR THE FAIR IN SMITHFIELD.

"The aldermen meet my lord and the ſheriffs at the Guildhall Chapel, at two of the clock after dinner, in their violet gowns lined, and their horſes, without cloaks, and there hear Evening Prayer; which being done, they take their horſes and ride to Newgate, and ſo forth to the gate entering in at the Cloth Fair, and there make a proclamation"——

Here I break the text of the order, that the proclamation itſelf may be heard.

THE TENOUR OF THE PROCLAMATION MADE ON BARTHOLOMEW EVE, IN THE AFTERNOON, AT THE GREAT GATE GOING INTO THE CLOTH FAIR, SMITHFIELD.

"The Right Honourable Lord Mayor of the city of London, and his right worſhipful brethren the aldermen of the ſaid city, ſtreightly charge and command, on the behalf of our ſovereign lady the Queen, that all manner of perſons, of whatſoever eſtate, degree, or condition they be, having recourſe to this Fair, keep the peace of our ſaid ſovereign lady the Queen.

"That no manner of perſons make any congregation, conventicles, or affrays, by the which the ſame peace may be broken or diſturbed, upon pain of impriſonment and fine, to be made after the diſcretion of the lord mayor and aldermen.

"Alſo, that all manner of ſellers of wine, ale, or beer, ſell by meaſures enſealed, as by gallon, pottle, quart, and pint, upon pain that will fall thereof.

"And that no perſon ſell any bread, but if it keep the aſſize, and that it be good and wholeſome for man's body, upon pain that will fall thereof.

"And that no manner of perſon buy nor ſell, but with true weights and meaſures, ſealed according to the ſtatute in that behalf made, upon pain that will fall thereof.

"And that no manner of perſon, or perſons, take upon him, or them, within this Fair, to make any manner of arreſt, attachment, ſummons, or execution, but if it

be done by the officer of this City thereunto aſſigned, upon pain that will fall thereof.

"And that no perſon or perſons whatſoever, within the limits and bounds of this Fair, preſume to break the Lord's Day in ſelling, ſhowing, or offering to ſale, or in buying or offering to buy, any commodities whatſoever, or in ſitting, tippling, or drinking in any tavern, inn, ale-houſe, or cook's-houſe, or in doing any other thing that may lead to the breach thereof, upon the pain and penalties contained in ſeveral acts of Parliament, which will be ſeverely inflicted upon the breakers thereof.

"And finally, that whatever perſon ſoever find themſelves aggrieved, injured or wronged by any manner of perſon in this Fair, that they come with their plaints before the ſtewards in this Fair, aſſigned to hear and determine pleas, and they will miniſter to all parties juſtice, according to the laws of this land, and the cuſtoms of this City. God ſave the Queen!"

The mayor, ſheriffs, and aldermen ſitting on horſeback, robed in their violet gowns, having made this proclamation at a point between the city Fair and that owned by the Warwick or Holland family, as the reſt of the official rule details, "the proclamation being made, they ride through the Cloth Fair, and ſo return back again, through the Churchyard of Great St. Bartholomew's to Alderſgate, and ſo ride home again to the Lord Mayor's houſe."

"ON BARTHOLOMEW DAY FOR WRESTLING.

"So many aldermen as dine with my lord mayor and the ſheriffs, be apparelled in their ſcarlet gowns

lined, and after dinner their horſes be brought to them where they dine, and thoſe aldermen which dine with the ſheriffs, ride with them to my lord's houſe, to accompany him to the wreſtling. Then when the wreſtling is done, they take their horſes, and ride back again through the Fair, and ſo in at Alderſgate and ſo home again to the ſaid lord mayor's houſe.

"The next day, if it be not Sunday for the ſhooting, as upon Bartholomew's day, but if it be Sunday, the Monday following."

Tradition declares that the mayor, when he had read the proclamation, drank ale from a ſilver flagon, and that thereupon the buſtle and the buſineſs of the Fair began. The proclamation above cited was abbreviated at a later time, and may have been originally ſhorter than it there appears. It muſt have been ſhorter in the days of Queen Elizabeth, unleſs (as was quite poſſible) the city of London exerciſed a ſtricter than the general rule in the ſuppreſſion of all traffic upon Sundays. For againſt one clauſe in the proclamation we muſt ſet an advertiſement, made in the ſeventh year of Elizabeth's reign for due order in the public adminiſtration of Common Prayers, enjoining that "in all Fairs and Common Markets, falling upon the Sunday, there be no ſhowing of any wares before the ſervice be done."

Up to this time the old Priory Encloſure, reconſtituted as a pariſh, had not been reckoned among city pariſhes. It was beyond the precincts. It was not until the 20th of September, 1608, that in a charter granted by King James the Firſt to the city of London, the circuit, bounds, liberties, franchiſes, and juriſdictions of the city

were ſo extended as to include the ground of the late diſſolved Priories of St. Bartholomew near Smithfield, (and of its Hoſpital) Trinity near Aldgate, of the Blackfriars within and at Ludgate, of the Order of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel, called Whitefriars, and the Inn or Liberty of Cold Harbour Lane.

In the year following, a new queſtion of juriſdiction was raiſed in connection with the Smithfield Fair. Immediately after Bartholomew Fair, on the 28th of Auguſt, in the year 1609, the Drapers queſtioned the right of ſearch exerciſed by the Merchant Taylors. The Company's books ſhow that its clerk was "ordered thereon to attend Drapers' Hall, on the next court day, with a meſſage to the following purport, viz., That the Merchant Taylors' Company had right to ſearch, and that they had quietly enjoyed the ſame ſince the 27th of Henry the Sixth, being above 150 years paſt, and ſtill earlier, as by the Merchant Taylors records appeared, wherein is mentioned a lengthened lawſuit between them and the Drapers, about the same queſtion of right of ſearch, when a ſentence was paſſed for the Merchant Taylors."

In 1611 the aſhes of the laſt martyr-fire in Smithfield ſmouldered out. The victim was Bartholomew Leggatt, a pious Unitarian, burnt for diſtruſt of the Athanaſian and Nicene creeds by James the Firſt, at the ſentence of John King, newly made biſhop of London. Then in the year 1614, between Fairtime and Fairtime, Smithfield was firſt paved.

CHAPTER X.

In Ben Jonſon's Time.

Smithfield, three years after the laſt martyrdom, ceaſed to be a broken plain of mud, and of the filth of men and beaſts. Rain, and the cattle brought thither for ſale, had made the place often almoſt impaſſable; and ſo foul had been its general ſtate, that there were many who would even doubt the power of art to transform it into hard and level ground. Bartholomew Fair, in a wet Auguſt before the year 1614, muſt have been a ſlough of pleaſure, difficult indeed to ſtruggle through. But a king's letter having ordered the Lord Mayor to pave the place, and thereby to remove the ſcandal brought upon the city by its ruinous and dangerous condition, in the year 1614 Smithfield was no longer, in that reſpect, a public nuiſance. At an expenſe of ſixteen hundred pounds the paving was accompliſhed. The ground was greatly raiſed in the middle, whereby it became a clean and ſpacious walk; channels were made to drain away the water; and a ſtrong railing was ſet round about the market-place for the ſecurity of foot paſſengers from the danger of coaches, carts, horſes, and other cattle, of which Smithfield was then ſeldom empty.

The horſe-pool was decayed, and the ſprings being ſtopped up, only the land water fell into a ſmall bottom, encloſed with brick, and called the Smithfield Pond. Cow-lane, in which was the old houſe of the Prior of Semperingham, was a lane of houſes, not all of them new, built over the ſite of the ancient gallows. The laſt elm had been cut down. Hoſier-lane, and Chick-lane, were newly become permanent reſorts of trade. Long-lane was being lined with tenements for brokers, tipplers, and the like. There were brewhouſes, inns, "fair and comely buildings" on the weſtern ſide of Smithfield, as far as the Bars; all theſe erections conſtituting an encroachment upon, and a reduction to about three acres of, the ancient ſpace, whereby, ſaid Stow, writing in thoſe times, "remaineth but a ſmall portion for the old uſes."

Returning to Smithfield ſtones, we ſhould add, it was about this time that the citizens, who were alſo firſt enjoying a more ample water ſupply than was furniſhed by the ſprings on their own ſoil, began to pave the margins of the ſtreets before their doors with broad flag-ſtones for the convenience of foot paſſengers. Theſe Memoirs at the ſame time eſcape from the ſlippery ill-lighted region over which they have been at pains to keep a ſteady footing. In the year of the paving of Smithfield, Ben Jonſon repreſented in a Comedy, what Bartholomew Fair, then a moſt ancient London feſtival, was in his time. Therefore, we alſo have at laſt got even ground to go upon.

From its birthplace by the church, and in the fair, the Engliſh drama had departed, growing into inde-

pendent life in the wide world, but leaving in the old home many recollections of its childhood. From Myſteries and Miracle plays the drama, ſtill in its childhood, had grown to Moralities, with perſonated virtues to teach morals, and a comic Vice to help the devil's work in raiſing laughter. The Moralities, as they grew older, learnt to enliven their more abſtract dialogues or doctrine with examples illuſtrative of their theme, and ſo included monitory ſcenes from human hiſtory, ſuch as the fortunes of Antony and Cleopatra, Damon and Pythias, or the Siege of Troy. The Vice put on the dreſs of the Elizabethan clown. All this was in the childhood of the drama, whereof memories clung to its birth-place long after it had gone out mature into the world, and had begotten ſons equal in dignity with the beſt poets that have ever laid their ſpell upon mankind. The Fair, like an old Nurſe who once carried the infant child of a great houſe upon her arms, and was not then too ignorant to be its oracle and guide, looks from a lowly hut upon the palace of her nurſling, and croons over to herſelf the old ditties, tells over to herſelf the old ſtories that once ſatisfied the lord of the great houſe, who is ſo tall and ſtately, and ſo choice in mirth, and ſo far-reaching in knowledge.

Once only that bright foſter-ſon croſſed the old woman's threſhold in the days of his great wealth and honour, and ſat chattering and laughing at her feet. She could afford then to be laughed at, for her houſe after all, though dirty and ruinous, was a good houſe. She was a moſt reſpectable ſhopkeeper, ſhe had a wholeſale trade, and no lack of cuſtom as a retailer of toys and

hardware. He was a wayward wilful lad in his ſwaddling-clothes, and in his handſome manhood he might laugh at his old nurſe, and welcome. In the name, therefore, of Ben Jonſon, Engliſh drama paid a viſit to the Fair in Smithfield. Ben Jonſon's comedy of Bartholomew Fair, though by no means his greateſt work, has among his writings one particular diſtinction. It is the moſt perfect example of his moſt peculiar character among the poets of his time, and it may even be ſaid of any time. He had a muſe that dwelt in London. His tragic muſe frequented London libraries ; his comic muſe paſſed from the court to the city, dropping in at London houſes by the London ſtreets. In his comedy of Bartholomew Fair, he is in a denſe centre of London life. So much about one bit of town life as we find in it, is not contained in any other extant play. The burly, kindly man, with "his mountain belly and his rocky face," a poliſhed ſcholar and a poliſhed wit; ſo noble in the outſpoken honeſty that has outweighed—at laſt—huge maſſes of detraction ; the one man who in that day felt to the quick Shakeſpeare's commanding genius, and in the word of a friend's love expreſſed a perfect ſenſe of it, was not a London poet in the vulgar ſenſe. He did not, as a thouſand men have done, talk of all things out of a mind bound down to the perception of but one ; but, with the full ſoul of a poet and a wide prerogative, he choſe to make a ſocial being of his muſe, and live with her as the enlivener of his own dwelling-place. Moreover, he was a bold ſatiriſt, whoſe ſatire being to the town, was of the town. Satire againſt the abſent or the diſtant was for feebler men. There are other of Ben Jonſon's plays,

which in one ſcene mention a greater variety of London places than are named in the whole comedy of Bartholomew Fair, where the Fair is all in all, and where we are ſo hemmed in with town follies and vices, that the only hint we get of the exiſtence of ſuch a thing as tree in nature, is the mention of an arbour of green boughs, uſed as a booth for eating pig in. Thoſe arbours of green boughs, which diſappeared from the Fair, as in courſe of time London expanded, remind us that in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, they who croſſed Smithfield with their faces to the country very ſoon were in the open fields. From one ſide of it country people entered the Fair through lanes but little built upon, from paths by the brookſide, and over moor and meadow.

Another very noticeable thing in this comedy is the vivid painting of the characters through whom the ſatiriſt amuſes himſelf with the follies of the Fair. They are many and various, yet every one of them is defined ſharply, and they all go through a maze of miſadventure without cauſing the leaſt confuſion to the witneſs of their huge bewilderment. In this particular reſpect Bartholomew Fair is not excelled by any of Ben Jonſon's works.

Through the centre of the action there moves Adam Overdo, judge of the court of Piepowders. (We obſerve in paſſing that the final s had in thoſe days not yet fallen from the court of Wayfaring traders.) That man of power upon whoſe ſole juriſdiction not King James himſelf may intrude, is poſſeſſed with the freak of a Haroun Alraſchid. He will walk the Fair in diſguiſe and, habited as a fool, become for himſelf ear-witneſs and eye-witneſs

of the enormities that need correction. The watchmen look for him in vain: "How now neighbour Haggiſe," ſays one to another who has been on a vain errand, "what ſays Juſtice Overdo's worſhip to the other offenders?"—Why," anſwers Haggiſe, "he ſays juſt nothing; what ſhould he ſay, or when ſhould he ſay? He is not to be found, man; he has not been ſeen in the Fair here all this livelong day, never ſince ſeven o'clock in the morning. His clerks know not what to think on't. There is no court of pie-poudres yet."

No court yet, on this four-and-twentieth of Auguſt; and it is late in the day, for there has been Puppy the wreſtler faſt aſleep before the booth of fat Urſula the pigwoman,—"a ſtrong man, a mighty man, my lord mayor's man and a wreſtler." "He has wreſtled ſo long with the bottle there, that the man with the beard"—that is the bearded face once common on ſtoneware mugs—"has almoſt ſtruck up his heels," and ſome time ago "there has been the clerk of the market to cry him all the Fair over for my lord's ſervice." Now the wreſtling before the lord mayor is upon Bartholomew Day in the afternoon. The north country clothier has finiſhed his day's work, and cried out too late "I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the eale's too meaghty," when he already was "e'en as vull as a paiper's bag."—"My northern cloth," as Puppy, the weſt country wreſtler ſaid for him before he was floored, "do zhrink i' the wetting, ha!"

This ſodden north countryman, defined as one "who do's change cloth for ale at the Fair here," is the only anceſtor of the merchants of Leeds, Mancheſter, and Bradford who in Ben Jonſon's play indicates the

exiſtence of the ſtill conſiderable Cloth Fair in Smithfield. The Pleaſure Fair is the ſcene of the ſtory, and it contains only this one fooliſh ſtraggler from the body of ſubſtantial clothiers who were doing buſineſs among themſelves upon Lord Rich's ground. To the Cloth Fair, therefore, ſome credit is given in the Play, for it yields to the vice and folly of the day only a ſtray ſimpleton; but the ſtagekeeper in the Prologue diſcuſſing what might have been written, does not credit the north countryman with want of keenneſs: "Ho! an Maſter Tarleton had lived to have played in Bartholomew Fair, you ſhould have ſeen him have come in, and have been cozened in the Cloth Quarter ſo finely!"

The Horſe Fair has a repreſentative in Maſter Daniel Knockem Jordan the horſe courſer. A horſe courſer was the man who bought and ſold horſes already in uſe, a horſe dealer was he who traded in horſes of his own rearing and training. The horſe courſers, with ribbons ſet about the manes and tails of their beaſts, for ornament and ſign of their being on ſale, had their own ground in Bartholomew Fair, and made its dregs the fouler for their preſence. Knockem or Captain Jordan, captain of the roarers, bully in ſword, boot and feather, is a man whoſe breath reeks of the ſtable. He is a knight of the knife, a child of the horn thumb; (a horn on the thumb was uſed to receive the edge of the knife with which purſes were cut;) he is a vapourer who can cut halfpenny purſes or ſteal little penny dogs out of the fair; brutal companion, alſo, to the weak among his infamous aſſociates of the other ſex.

To take tolls and manage for its proprietors the

general buſineſs of the Fair there was the Clerk of the Market. To maintain, on the part of the law, order and juſtice among the keen traders, cutpurſes, and their confederate balladſingers, pigwomen, coſtard (apple) mongers, bullies and whatever worſe people the Fair contained,—alſo among the crowd of precocious, eager boys that duly appear in the play, rioting in the wake of ſome odd perſon who is ſo unhappy as to fix their attention,—there was not only the Piepowder Court, with its juſtice and clerks, and the marſhals its ignorant and ſtarveling ſatellites, eyes of the criminal law, but there were the ſtocks in the Fair, and there alſo was a whipping poſt. The pond too was large enough for Urſula the pigwoman to be ducked in, whale as ſhe was.

"Many," ſaid Adam Overdo, "are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whoſe courts of Piepoudres I have had the honour, during the three days, ſometimes to ſit as judge. But this is the ſpecial day for the detection of thoſe enormities. I am reſolved to ſpare ſpy money hereafter, and make mine own diſcoveries." Diſguiſed, therefore, as a fool and paſſing with the Fair goers for "mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations"—to Arthur of Bradley there were in thoſe days many popular alluſions, and he was the ſubject alſo of a merry ballad—Adam Overdo mixed with the people of the Fair.

But it ſo happened that the juſtice's wife, Miſtreſs Overdo, was eaſily perſuaded to taſte what innocent pleaſure ſhe could as the companion of her ſimple brother Bartholomew Cokes (Cokes was a name once anſwering to the character of this its bearer), who called

the Fair his Fair, becauſe of Bartholomew. Cokes meant to be married to Miſtreſs Grace Wellborn, the juſtice's ward, and he had ſent his man Waſpe to Proctor Littlewit's to get the marriage licenſe on his day, Bartholomew Day. He muſt ſhow his Fair to Miſtreſs Grace, who is a diſcreet maiden as ſober as ſhe is handſome and caſts a reſtrained ſcorn upon all his behaviour and ſpeeches. But ſhe has been ſold to Juſtice Overdo as a king's ward and cannot help herſelf. Before the abolition of the Court of Wards in the twelfth year of Charles the Second, the heir of the king's tenant, holding lands in capite, was during nonage ward of the king, who might ſell or preſent the right of guardianſhip and beſtowal in marriage. King's favourites had made fortunes by traffic in the marrying of wealthy wards. Juſtice Overdo has bought the wardſhip of Grace Wellborn, and ſhe is doomed by what ſhe calls "a common calamity" to marry his wife's brother, or ſhe can eſcape only by paying forfeit of her land. There was legal remedy in caſe of diſparagement, which was a matching below the bride's rank, or againſt decency; and this is referred to by the gameſter in the Fair, to whom the poor girl is led to explain her poſition, when he ſays, "Is there no device of diſparagement, or ſo? Talk with ſome crafty fellow, ſome picklock of the law: would I had ſtudied a year longer in the Inns of Court, an't had been but in your caſe." Cokes, then, attended by his man Waſpe, takes Grace and his ſiſter Overdo into Bartholomew Fair, though Grace truly has "no ſuch fancy to the Fair nor ambition to ſee it; there's none," ſhe adds, "goes thither of any quality or faſhion."

But is not Proctor John Littlewit, of the court of

Arches (kept in Bow Church, Cheapſide, which as the firſt church in the city raiſed upon ſtone arches, was called St. Mary de Arcubus, or le Bow), is not John Littlewit, one of the Arches, that dwells about the hoſpital, and one of the pretty wits of Paul's, a perſon of ſome quality? Now Proctor Littlewit goes to the Fair with all his family, namely, Win—not chriſtened Winifred, but Win-the-Fight—his newly married wife, and his wife's faintly mother, Dame Purecraft, with the dame's friend, the reverend elder ſet over againſt the meat of Littlewit, the Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Land Buſy. They lived juſt after the days of ſword and buckler men, who claſhed their bucklers, and affected to ſeek quarrel in the Fair. Kindheart, the tooth-drawer, was a celebrity of the day juſt gone by: and Bartholomew Fair had been welcoming the Reformation and defying Spain, with a well-educated ape who would leap over a chain in the name of a king of England, and leap back again for an Engliſh prince; but who ſat on his tail ſcornfully, and would not budge, for the Pope or the king of Spain.

Their viſit to the Fair happened in this way. Mr. Littlewit, who has a luck to ſpin out fine conceits, and, like a ſilk-worm, out of himſelf, was pleaſed by the perception of a pleaſant quibble in the drawing out of a licenſe on Bartholomew Day, the twenty-fourth of Auguſt, for a Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o' the Hill, in the county of Middleſex, eſquire; and being in good humour with himſelf and all things, was well pleaſed to ſee his wife, Win, come into his room in her velvet cap and her fine high ſhoes, like the Spaniſh lady. He could challenge all Cheapſide to ſhow ſuch

another : Moorfields, Pimlico-path, or the Exchange in a ſummer evening. He was in love with his bright wife and his bright wit. He was none of your Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid men. Other men have wives as fine as the players, and as well dreſt. Other men have their works too. Maſter Littlewit was author of a puppet play—a Motion—which was to be performed on that day for the firſt time at the Fair. A bachelor friend, Maſter Winwife, happening to call at this time—for he was a ſuitor to Mrs. Littlewit's mother, the Dame Purely, —found the happy pair in love with one another, and with all the world, except perhaps Dame Purely and the Rabbi, who kept rule over their houſehold. Maſter Winwife was warned by them, that the widow had been to the cunning man in Cow-lane, who had foretold that ſhe ſhould never have a happy hour if ſhe did not within that very week marry a madman ; t'other man of Moorfields, ſaid it muſt be a gentleman madman. Winwife was adviſed to be a little madder than his friend the gameſter, Maſter Quarlous, who had alſo an affection for the dame's ſix thouſand pounds. The widow herſelf, he was told, inquired at Bedlam twice a day, and was ſtudying the old Elder, come from Banbury, a ſuitor that put in at meal-tide, to praiſe the painful brethren, or pray that the ſweet ſingers might be reſtored. Preſently, Maſter Quarlous alſo looked in upon Littlewit, and was reminded by the dangerouſly briſkwitted proctor, of a promiſe made over their cups laſt night, to join them in a viſit to the Fair. "Before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember when you are ſober, John, what you promiſe drunk, John ; I ſhall

take heed of you, John." The next comer was Maſter Bartholomew Cokes's man, wanting the licenſe, a terrible teſty old fellow, and his name was Waſpe, too. He muſt not be kept waiting; he hath both eggs on the ſpit, and irons in the fire; more buſineſs than the buying of gingerbread there in the Cloiſter, or a gilt pouch in the Fair. He has charge of his maſter: "You are an aſs. I have a young maſter, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His fooliſh ſchoolmaſters have done nothing but run up and down the country with him to beg puddings and cake-bread of his tenants, and almoſt ſpoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to ſing catches, and repeat 'Rattle Bladder, rattle!' and 'O, Madge!' I dare not let him walk alone for fear of vile tunes, which he will ſing at ſupper and in the ſermon times. If he meet but a carman in the ſtreet, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whiſtle him and all his tunes over at night in his ſleep! He has a head full of bees! Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of piece than you think for: but nineteen years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the head, God bleſs him! We have been but a day and a half in town, gentlemen, and yeſterday in the morning, we walked London to ſhow the city to the gentlewoman he ſhall marry, Miſtreſs Grace; but afore I will endure ſuch another half-day with him, I'll be drawn with a good gib-cat through the great pond at home, as his uncle Hodge was. Why we could not meet that heathen thing all the day but ſtaid him; he would name you all the ſigns over, as he went, aloud; and where he ſpied a

parrot or a monkey, there he was pitched, with all the little longcoats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would have run mad o'the black boy in Bucklerſbury, that takes the ſcurvy, rogue's tobacco there." But what inſult to the truſty Humphrey Waſpe, the faithful Numps,—to ſeek him! He muſt come after him to Proctor Littlewit's; Cokes himſelf, with Grace, and his ſiſter, Miſtreſs Overdo. What the miſchief! do they think he changed their fourteen ſhillings worth of ſmall ware—the licenſe—for hobby-horſes in the Fair! But to the Fair, Maſter Cokes was bound. "The Fair, Numps, the Fair."—"Would the Fair, and all the drums and rattles in it, were in your belly for me! they are already in your brain. He that had the means to travel your head now, ſhould meet finer ſights than any are in the Fair, and make a finer voyage on't; to ſee it all hung with cockle-ſhells, pebbles, fine wheat-ſtraws, and here and there a chicken's feather and a cobweb. Gentlemen, if he go to the Fair, he will buy of everything to a baby there" (the dolls there were called Bartholomew babies); "and houſehold ſtuff for that too. If a leg or an arm on him did not grow on, he would loſe it in the preſs. And then he is ſuch a ravener after fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t'other day to compound a buſineſs between a Cather'ne pearwoman and him, about ſnatching: 'tis intolerable, gentlemen."—"O, but you muſt not leave him now to theſe hazards, Numps".—"Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him preſume: Well, ſir, will you go now? If you have ſuch an itch in your feet to foot it to the Fair, why do you

ſtop, am I o' your tarriers? Go! *Will* you go, ſir? Why do you not go?"

Of courſe he goes. And Proctor Littlewit muſt needs go; for, as he tells his wife, "I have an affair in the Fair, Win, a puppet play of mine own making,—ſay nothing,—that I writ for the Motion man, which you muſt ſee, Win."—"I would I might, John, but my mother will never conſent to ſuch a profane motion, ſhe will call it." But John is a huſband with a wit. He has ideas, "Win, long to eat of a pig, ſweet Win, in the Fair, do you ſee; in the heart of the Fair, not at Pye corner." Roaſt pig was from time immemorial the dainty of the Fair, and to long for Bartholomew Pig was a device common even among married women of a later generation than that to which Mrs. Littlewit belonged. Davenant cites this as part of his impreſſion of the Fair when he has told how

> London's Mayor, in saddle new,
> Rides to the Fair of Bartlemew;
> He twirls his chain and looketh big,
> As if to fright the head of pig
> That gaping lies on every ſtall—

waiting the call of any one in Mrs. Littlewit's poſition. Dame Purecraft fought in vain againſt her child's deſire for the unclean beaſt, pig, and ſhe would do anything to ſatisfy the longing. But faithful juſtification of our zealous brother Buſy might prevail. Buſy was ſought and found faſt by the teeth in the cold turkeypie in the cupboard, with a great white loaf on his left hand and a glaſs of malmſey on his right. Preſently, when he had cleaned his beard, he came. This was the Banbury man

—Banbury being in thoſe days a ſtronghold of the Puritans.

Here let me ſay at once, what there are few now who doubt, that throughout the ſeventeenth century in England the ſincere Puritans were the trueſt gentlemen and beſt maintainers of the country's honour. But there is nothing ſo eaſy, nothing ſo profitable for a raſcal as the feigning of religious zeal. Let, therefore, nobody now read the character of Zeal-of-the-Land Buſy as deriſion againſt the whole body of Puritans, who had already declared war againſt the Playhouſe and the Fair. It is a fierce ſatire againſt Religious Hypocriſy. It is an Engliſh Tartuffe, expoſed to a more paſſionate ſcorn than any Frenchman ever has invoked againſt fraud in religion. Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair now reach a period in which the Puritans muſt occupy a chief poſition in the narrative; and it is in Ben Jonſon's comedy that upon records of the Fair they firſt make their appearance.

The Rabbi Buſy is the perſon in the play who belongs moſt eſſentially to this part of our hiſtory. "He is more than an elder, he is a prophet. He was a baker, ſir, but he does dream now and ſee viſions. He has given over his trade, out of a ſcruple he took that in ſpiced conſcience, thoſe cakes he made, were ſerved to bridals, maypoles, morrices, and ſuch profane feaſts and meetings. His chriſtian name is Zeal-of-the-Land, a notable hypocritical vermin. One that ſtands upon his face more than his faith at all times: ever in ſeditious motion, and reproving for vain glory; of a moſt lunatic conſcience of ſpleen, and affects the violence of ſingularity in all he does. A fellow of a moſt arrogant and

invincible dulneſs, by his profeſſion he will ever be in the ſtate of innocence and childhood, for he derides all antiquity, defies any other learning than inſpiration, and what diſcretion ſoever years ſhould afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance." That deſcription doubtleſs was meant for a more general cenſure on the Puritan; but when the particular Buſy, having purified his beard, enters to give his counſel to the widow and widow's daughter, he ſnuffles out the language of the Hypocrite alone: "Verily, for the diſeaſe of longing it is a diſeaſe, a carnal diſeaſe or appetite, incident to women; and as it is carnal and incident, it is natural, very natural: now pig, it is a meat, and a meat that is nouriſhing and may be longed for, and ſo conſequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten; but in the Fair, and as a Bartholomew Pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a Bartholomew Pig, and to eat it ſo, is a ſpice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better than one of the high places. This, I take it, is the ſtate of the queſtion: a high place."—"Good Brother Zeal-of-the-Land, think to make it as lawful as you can."—"Yes, ſir, and as ſoon as you can, for it muſt be, ſir."—"Surely, it may be otherwiſe, but it is ſubject to conſtruction, ſubject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a veil put over it, and be ſhadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked; the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in the midſt of the profane, ſo it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with ſobriety and humbleneſs; not gorged in with glut-

tony or greedineſs, there's the fear: for, ſhould ſhe go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dreſſing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or luſt of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good."

"Nay," ſays Littlewit, "we'll be humble enough, we'll ſeek out the homelieſt booth in the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it on the ground." "Ay," adds Dame Purecraft, "and I'll go with you myſelf. Win-the-fight, and my brother, Zeal-of-the-Land, ſhall go with us too, for our better conſolation." Then ſays the Rabbi, "In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and propheſy; there may be a good uſe made of it too, now I think on't: by the public eating of ſwine's fleſh, to profeſs our hate and loathing of Judaiſm, whereof the brethren ſtand tax'd. I will therefore eat, yea, I will eat exceedingly." So theſe alſo ſet off to the Fair.

In the Fair, as I have ſaid, is Juſtice Overdo, ſolemnly eſtabliſhing himſelf as a fool for the benefit of public morals. There are the booths and ſtalls. There is proſperous Lanthorn Leatherhead, the hobby-horſe man, who cries "What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horſes, babies o' the beſt, fiddles of the fineſt!" He is a too proud pedler, owner alſo of a famous puppet-ſhow, the manager indeed for whom Proctor Littlewit has ſacrificed to the Bartholomew Muſes. Joan Traſh, the gingerbread woman, keeps her ſtall near him, and the rival traders have their differences. "Do you hear, ſiſter Traſh, lady of the baſket? ſit farther with your gingerbread progeny

there, and hinder not the proſpect of my ſhop, or I'll have it proclaimed in the Fair, what ſtuff they are made on."—"Why, what ſtuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholeſome, I aſſure you."—"Yes, ſtale bread, rotten eggs, muſty ginger, and dead honey, you know."—"I defy thee, and thy ſtable of hobby-horſes. I pay for my ground as well as thou doſt. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread! Will your worſhip buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread?"

The cries of the Fair multiply, "Buy any ballads! new ballads! Hey?

> "'Now the Fair's a filling!
> O, for a tune to startle
> The birds o' the booths here billing,
> Yearly with old Saint Bartle!'

"Buy any pears, pears, fine, very fine pears!"—"What do you lack, gentlemen? Maid, ſee a fine hobby-horſe for your young maſter; coſt you but a token a week his provender." (Tokens were farthings coined by tradeſmen for convenience of change, before farthings were publiſhed as King's money by Charles the Second, in 1672.)

"Have you any corns on your feet and toes?"

"Buy a mouſetrap, a mouſetrap, or a tormentor for a flea?"

"Buy ſome gingerbread?"

"What do you lack, gentlemen? fine purſes, pouches, pin-caſes, pipes? what is't you lack? a pair o' ſmiths to wake you in the morning? or a fine whiſtling bird?"

"Ballads, ballads! Fine new ballads:

" ' Hear for your love, and buy for your money.
A delicate ballad o' the ferret and the coney.
A Dozen of Divine Points, and the Godly Garters:
The Fairing of Good Counſel, of an ell and three-quarters.'

" What do you lack, what do you buy, miſtreſs? a fine hobby-horſe, to make your ſon a tilter? a drum to make him a ſoldier? a fiddle to make him a reveller? What is't you lack? little dogs for your daughters? or babies, male or female?"

" Gentlewomen, the weather's hot; whither walk you Have a care of your fine velvet caps, the Fair is duſty. Take a ſweet, delicate booth, with boughs, here in the way, and cool yourſelves in the ſhade; you and your friends. The beſt pig and bottle-ale in the Fair, ſir. Old Urſula is cook, there you may read:

"HERE BE THE BEST PIGS AND SHE DOES
ROAST THEM AS WELL AS EVER SHE DID."

(There is a picture of a Pig's head over the inſcription, and) " the Pig's head ſpeaks it."

" A delicate ſhow-pig, little miſtreſs, with ſhweet ſauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire, la! Tou ſhalt ha' the clean ſide o' the table-clot, and di glaſs vaſh'd with phaterſh of Dame Annesh Cleare." (A favourite well near Hoxton, that of Agnes le Clare.)

With Dame Urſula, the pigwoman, more groſs than her own pigs, even Ben Jonſon's rich colouring ſhall not tempt us to make any intimate acquaintance. Juſtice Overdo has her miſdeeds on record in the Piepoudres. Her booth, gay in front with its ſign-board, and arbour, and, on the other ſide, ſmoky with the fire at which the

pigs roaſt, is a den of infamy, and uſed as the head quarters of a gang of thieves, headed by Ezechiel Edgworth, the civil cut-purſe, a polite young gentleman, in whom the diſguiſed Juſtice Overdo, believing him to be an honeſt, ſimple, and miſguided youth, takes a benign intereſt. Knockem the horſe-courſer is of the ſame company, and ſo is Nightingale the ballad-ſinger, whoſe vocation it is to collect crowds, in which Edgworth and his friends can operate, and, as a man not open to ſuſpicion, to receive, when they can be paſſed to him, the purſes cut. Edgworth and he are great friends, never aſunder. He chooſes good places near the fulleſt paſſages to ſing in, and ſays his friend to him, "in your ſinging you muſt uſe your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purſe to a mark ſtill, where 'tis worn, and on which ſide; that you may give me the ſign with your beak, or hang your head that way in the tune." What countryman can ſuſpect the man who ſings him a Fairing of Good Counſel, of an ell and three-quarters; or is warning him with all his lungs to mind his pockets, in a Caveat againſt Cut-purſes. Cokes cannot doubt his honour.

Cokes and his friends have had adventures. Cokes has had his pocket picked by Edgworth of his ſmall change, but he has his purſe of gold, and jingles it, and openly defies all rogues in the fair to take it. He goes through the fair with his hand in his pocket, firmly graſped about his gold, a delicate fine trap, he thinks, to catch the cut-purſe nibbling. He has been purchaſing largely, and has already loaded the back of his man Waſpe with toys. "Would I had been ſet in the ground," ſays Waſpe, "all but the head on me, and had my brains

bowled at, or threſhed out, when I firſt underwent this charge." Winwife and Quarlous meet him with his load, "Are you removing the Fair, Numps?"—The voice of Cokes, in barter, here breaks in with, "Thoſe ſix horſes, friend, I'll have,—and the three Jews' trumps; and half a dozen o' birds, and that drum, (I have one drum already,) and your ſmiths; I like that device of your ſmiths very pretty well; and four halberts—and, let me ſee, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for ſtate, I'll have." The frantic Waſpe cries, "No, the ſhop; buy the whole ſhop, it will be beſt, the ſhop! the ſhop!" and Cokes is conſidering of that, when the gingerbread woman calls off his attention. "Is this well, goody Joan," the toyman aſks, "to interrupt my market in the midſt, and call away my cuſtomers? Can you anſwer this at the Piepoudres?" But Cokes is ready to buy ſhop and baſket. The toyman thus appraiſes his eſtabliſhment: "Sir, it ſtands me in ſix and twenty ſhillings and ſeven-pence halfpenny, beſides three ſhillings for my ground." Gingerbread woman thus appraiſes hers: "Four ſhillings and eleven-pence, ſir, ground and all, an't like your worſhip." Whereunto Cokes anſwers, "It does like my worſhip very well, poor woman; that's five ſhillings more: what a maſque ſhall I furniſh out, for forty ſhillings, twenty pound Scotch, and a banquet of gingerbread! there's a ſtately thing! Numps? ſiſter?—and my wedding gloves too! that I never thought on afore! All my wedding gloves gingerbread? O me! what a device will there be, to make 'em eat their fingers' ends! and delicate brooches for the bridemen and all! and then I'll have this poeſie put to

them, *For the beſt grace*, meaning Miſtreſs Grace, my wedding poeſie."

Miſtreſs Grace anſwers, "I am beholden to you, ſir, and to your Bartholomew wit." Then whiſpers the civil cut-purſe to the ballad-ſinger, "Yonder he is, buying of gingerbread; ſet in quickly, before he part with too much of his money." Nightingale the ballad-ſinger therefore comes near, and to the tune of Pagginton's Pound, begins:

"My maſters, and friends, and good people draw near."

"Ballads! hark! hark! pray thee, fellow, ſtay a little; good Numps, look to the goods. What ballads haſt thou?—a Caveat againſt Cut-purſes! a good jeſt i' faith, I would fain ſee that demon, your cut-purſe, you talk of, that delicate-handed devil; they ſay he walks hereabouts, I would ſee him walk now."

Nightingale ſings:

"My maſters and friends and good people draw near,
And look to your purſes, for that I do ſay;
And though little money in them you do bear,
It coſts more to get than to loſe in a day.
You oft have been told,
Both the young and the old,
And bidden beware of the cut-purſe ſo bold;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the curſe,
Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purſe.
Youth, youth, thou hadſt better been ſtarved by thy nurſe,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purſe!"

There are three other verſes, and while they are being ſung, the civil cut-purſe, tickling Cokes in the right ear with a ſtraw, has cauſed him, when off his guard, to take his right hand from his pocket. While he rubs his ear the purſe is gone. Winwife and Quarlous at the edge of the crowd ſee the theft committed. In Whalley's

edition of Ben Jonſon's works, that is the ſcene illuſtrated by the annexed engraving. There is one etching on

Barthelemew Fair. *Lud Du Guernier inv. et Sculp 1739.*

copper before each play, the etchings all uniform and done by the ſame Louis du Guernier, were firſt publiſhed

with the work that contained them in the year 1756. I know not what ſmall printſeller afterwards turned the plate to account by re-iſſuing prints from it inſcribed afreſh by himſelf, as a ſketch of "Barthelemew Fair. 1739." The woodcut here given is a facſimile of the re-iſſued picture.

Soon afterwards Cokes is a victim to the trick, then common, of pear-throwing. The coſtermonger overſets his pears, Cokes joins in the cry, "A muſs! a muſs!" and is eaſed of his hat and cloak during the ſcramble. So far ſtripped, he becomes an object for the attention of the ſmall boys of the Fair, who diligently follow in his wake.

The ſtolen goods find their way, for diviſion at night among the confederates, to the booth of Urſula. What entertainment there is for the public in the "pig-box," we may learn from Urſula's directions to her tapſter, who muſt help alſo to wipe the pigs and mend the fire that they drop not, and baſte and roaſt them until they are paſſionate, and have wept out their eyes. "How can I hope that e'er he 'll diſcharge his place of truſt, tapſter, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I ſay to him? but look to 't ſirrah, you were beſt. Threepence a pipe-full, I will have made, of all my whole half-pound of tobacco, and a quarter of pound of coltsfoot mixt with it too, to eke it out. I that have dealt ſo long in the fire, will not be to ſeek in ſmoke, now. Then ſix an' twenty ſhillings a barrel I will advance on my beer, and fifty ſhillings a hundred on my bottle-ale; I have told you the ways how to raiſe it. Froth your cans well in the filling, at length, rogue, and jog

your bottles, ſirrah, then ſkink out the firſt glaſs ever, and drink with all companies, though you be ſure to be drunk; you'll miſreckon the better, and be leſs aſhamed on't. But your true trick, raſcal, muſt be, to be ever buſy, and miſtake away the bottles and cans in haſte, before they be half drunk off, and never hear anybody call, (if they ſhould chance to mark you,) till you have brought freſh, and be able to forſwear them. Give me a drink of ale . . . . . Look who's there, ſirrah: five ſhillings a pig is my price, at leaſt; if it be a ſow pig, ſixpence more; if ſhe be a wife, and long for 't, ſixpence more for that." Here was enormity for Juſtice Overdo to overhear in his character of mad Arthur of Bradley, to whom—becauſe a fool's handſel is lucky—Urſula gave a ſixpenny bottle of ale. "Mad Arthur of Bradley that makes the orations. Brave maſter old Arthur of Bradley, how do you do? welcome to the Fair! When ſhall we hear you again to handle your matters with your back againſt a booth, ha? I have been one of your little diſciples in my day." The Juſtice preſently beholds what tempts him to hold forth upon bottle-ale and tobacco. Tobacco, "it cauſeth ſwearing, it cauſeth ſwaggering, it cauſeth ſnaffling and ſnarling, and now and then a hurt." In the Streights and the Bermudas, intricate haunts of London pirates, "where the quarrelling leſſons is read, how do they entertain the time but with bottle-ale and tobacco? Then for a ſuit to drink in, ſo much—and, that being ſlavered, ſo much for another ſuit, and then a third ſuit, and a fourth ſuit! and ſtill the bottle-ale ſlavereth, and the tobacco ſtinketh." The irritated Waſpe falls upon Overdo, who

cries to him, "Hold thy hand, child of wrath, and heir of anger, make it not Childermas day in thy fury, or the feaſt of the French Bartholomew, parent of the maſſacre!"

In the mean time the watchmen of the Fair are fetched from place to place, but ſo buſy about beggars that they have no leiſure for gentlemen thieves. Beſides there was one of them, Toby Haggiſe, falling under juſt reproach of his comrade Davy Briſtle, "You ſaid let's go to Urſula's indeed; but then you met the man with the monſters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave ſeeing yet!" A monſter, according to the derivation of the word, means in the firſt ſenſe a ſhow, a thing to be pointed at, and in that firſt ſenſe it was then uſed in Bartholomew Fair with a tie of the word to living wonders, ſuch as the dog Toby, the dogs that dance the morrice, the eagle, the black wolf, the bull with five legs,—he was a calf at Uxbridge fair two years agone,—the Hare of the Tabor,* and the great hog, all of which we find named in the play.

The mention of the hog recals to us the Brother Buſy who, leading his flock into the Fair, exhorted them to "walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to

* The Hare that played the Tabor was an ancient monſter, for this ſketch of him is from an illuminated MS. of Hours of the Virgin, painted three centuries before Ben Jonſon's time. Strutt firſt copied it, and his rough copy has been ſeveral times recopied. I need hardly add, that for the above ſketch the draughtſman has gone to the MS. itſelf.

the right hand, nor to the left, let not your eyes be drawn aſide with vanity, nor your ear with noiſes." The traders cry, what do you lack? but the Rabbi exclaims, "Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is Smithfield, or the field of ſmiths, the grove of hobby-horſes and trinkets, the wares are the wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the ſhop of Satan: they are hooks and baits, very baits, that are hung out on every ſide to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the noſtrils, as the fiſher doth; therefore you muſt not look nor turn toward them." Was he driving his flock into the pens, that he would let them look on nothing? Littlewit, reproved by Dame Purecraft for reading the board over Urſula's booth, aſks how they ſhall find pig if they do not look about for it. Will it run off the ſpit into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland, and, and cry "Wee, wee!" "No," anſwers the Rabbi Zeal-of-the-Land. "No, but your mother, religiouſly wiſe, conceiveth it may offer itſelf by other means to the ſenſe, as by way of ſteam, which I think it doth here in this place—huh—huh, yes it doth. [*He ſcents after it like a hound.*] And it were a ſin of obſtinacy, great obſtinacy, high and horrible obſtinacy, to decline or reſiſt the good titillation of the famelic ſenſe, which is the ſmell. Therefore be bold—huh, huh, huh, follow the ſcent: enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and ſatisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be ſatisfied; your zealous mother, and my ſuffering ſelf, will alſo be ſatisfied."

"Mooncalf!" the horſe-courſer ſhouts, "entertain within there; the beſt pig in the booth, a pork-like pig.

Theſe are Banbury bloods, o' the ſincere ſtud, come a pig-hunting."

"Sippers!" grumbles Urſe, "ſippers o' the city; they look as they would not drink off two pen'orth of bottle-ale amongſt 'em."

And Mooncalf opines that a body may read that in their ſmall printed ruffs.

But Knockem has a wider knowledge of the world than the old hermit of the pig-box, "Away," he ſays, "thou art a fool, Urſe, and thy Mooncalf too: in your ignorant vapours now! hence! good gueſts, I ſay, right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and ſet a couple o' pigs on the board, and half a dozen of the biggeſt bottles afore 'em. I do not love to hear innocents abuſed; fine ambling hypocrites! and a ſtone puritan with a ſorrel head and beard! good mouthed gluttons; two to a pig, away." "Are you ſure they are ſuch?" "O' the right breed, thou ſhalt try 'em by the teeth, Urſe."

The horſe-courſer, retired within the booth, waits upon Buſy for converſion. As they come out together, Knockem is a profeſſed convert, who will take good counſel, cut his hair and leave vapours. He ſees that tobacco, and bottle-ale, and pig, and very Urſula herſelf are all vanities. "Only pig," ſays the Rabbi, "was not comprehended in my admonition, the reſt were: for long hair, it is an enſign of pride, a banner; and the world is full of thoſe banners; very full of banners. And bottle-ale is a drink of Satan's, a diet-drink of Satan's, deviſed to puff us up, and make us ſwell in this latter age of vanity; as the ſmoke of tobacco, to keep us in miſt and error." "Win," ſays Dame Purecraft, "is again longing."

"For more pig," cries the Rabbi hungrily. "There is no more, is there?" Not for more pig, but to ſee ſome ſights of the Fair.

"Sifter, let her fly the impurity of the place ſwiftly, leſt ſhe partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the ſeat of the beaſt, O Smithfield, and I will leave thee! Idolatry peepeth out on every ſide of thee!"—Says the man of the ſtables, "now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the jade. I'll in, and joy Urſula, with telling how her pig works; two and a half he ate to his ſhare; and he has drunk a pailful. He eats with his eyes, as well as his teeth." The toyman cries: "What do you lack, gentlemen? what is't you buy? rattles, drums, babies——"

"Peace," roars Buſy, "peace with thy apocryphal wares, thou profane publican; thy bells, thy dragons, and thy Tobie's dogs. Thy hobby-horſe is an idol, a very idol; a fierce and rank idol; and thou, the Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of the Fair, that ſett'ſt it up, for children to fall down to, and worſhip.

"What is a drum? It is the broken belly of the beaſt, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and theſe pipes are his throat, thoſe feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnaſhing of his teeth."

"And what's my gingerbread, I pray you?" aſks Dame Traſh.

"The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy baſket of popery, thy neſt of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

"The ſin of the Fair provokes me," cries the Rabbi, "I cannot be ſilent.

"Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in ſpirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair; to proteſt againſt the abuſes of it, the foul abuſes of it, in regard of the afflicted ſaints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandiſe of Babylon again, and the peeping of popery upon the ſtalls here, here, in the high places. See you not Goldylocks, the purple woman there, in her yellow gown and green ſleeves? the profane pipes, the tinkling timbrels? a ſhop of relicks!"

The jeſt is typical. This Rabbi Buſy was, in Ben Jonſon's age, the character moſt dwelt upon and enjoyed by the ſpectators of the play. The other characters were of all generations; he was a man of the day itſelf, and yet more of the day next coming, as the play-writer well knew. More than an idle jeſt was meant when the Rabbi fell on the toys, overthrew the gingerbread baſket in his zeal and glory to be thus exerciſed, and to thoſe, who ſending him to the ſtocks, cried, "Stop his noiſe," ſhouted, "Thou canſt not; 'tis a ſanctified noiſe: I will make a loud and moſt ſtrong noiſe, till I have daunted the profane enemy." At the ſtocks,—"the pigeon-holes,"—he cried, "No, miniſter of darkneſs, no; thou canſt not rule my tongue; my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your Bartholomew abominations, till you be made a hiſſing to the neighbouring pariſhes round about." And in the ſtocks he declares himſelf, "One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and ſitteth here to propheſy the deſtruction of Fairs and May games,

Wakes, and Whitſon-ales, and doth ſigh and groan for the reformation of theſe abuſes."

Set free, and engaged in a new battle againſt the puppets, the Rabbi ſpeaks indeed prophetic words: "I look for a bickering ere long, and then a battle." He is a hypocrite trailing through mud upon the ſkirts of a great Truth. The Rabbi's real character, as well as her own, Dame Purecraft reveals to one whom ſhe has found in the Fair, and takes for her appointed madman:

"Good ſir, hear me. I am worth ſix thouſand pound, my love to you is become my rack; I'll tell you all and the truth, ſince you hate the hypocriſy of the party-coloured brotherhood. Theſe ſeven years I have been a wilful holy widow, only to draw feaſts and gifts from my entangled ſuitors: I am alſo by office an aſſiſting ſiſter of the deacons, and a devourer, inſtead of diſtributor of the alms. I am a ſpecial maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as alſo our poor handſome young virgins, with our wealthy bachelors or widowers; to make them ſteal from their huſbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their cuſtodies. And if I have not my bargain, they may ſooner turn a ſcolding drab into a ſilent miniſter, than make me leave pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-Land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of the land, making himſelf rich by being made a feoffee in truſt to deceaſed brethren, and cozening their heirs by ſwearing the abſolute gift of their inheritance."

The uncared-for madman, then a neceſſary figure in every true picture of a public feſtival, is a diſcharged ſervant of the piepowder court, "mad child of the Pie-poudres," who flits through the Fair with no thought but of Juſtice Overdo, and the tremendous efficacy of his warrant. Ingenious uſe is made of him in the elaboration of the ſtory of the Comedy. Of the ſtory, however, in this place, only that part concerns us, which belongs eſſentially to the portrayal of the Fair. We need not even look at Juſtice Overdo comforting himſelf with philoſophy as he ſits alſo in the ſtocks. The ſole buſineſs of this chapter is to contain all that the play tells us of the Fair in Smithfield, in Ben Jonſon's time; and we have now only to walk into the puppet ſhow, before we part from our rare guide.

Lanthorn Leatherhead has left his hobby-horſes, and is dreſſed as a puppet ſhowman: he is the proſperous mechanic, who makes all the puppets in the Fair. (Inigo Jones, ſay acute commentators.—Let no one be "ſo ſolemnly ridiculous as to ſearch out, who was meant by the gingerbread woman, who by the hobby-horſe man, who by the coſtard-monger, nay who by their wares," ſays Ben Jonſon.) Leatherhead appears before his booth with his two men; one plants a flag, and rolls out the ſign of his invention, while the other beats the drum. "All the dirt in Smithfield will be thrown at our banner to day, if the matter does not pleaſe the people. O the motions that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to, in my time, ſince my maſter Pod died! Jeruſalem was a ſtately thing, and ſo was Nineveh, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and

Gomorrah, with the riſing of the prentices upon Shrove-Tueſday; but the Gun-powder plot, there was a get-penny! I have preſented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoon. Your homeborn projects prove ever the beſt, they are ſo eaſy and familiar; they put too much learning in their things now o' days: and that I fear will be the ſpoil of this. Littlewit! I ſay, Micklewit! if not too mickle! look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher."—"I warrant you, ſir."—"An there come any gentlefolks, take two-pence apiece, Sharkwell."—"I warrant you, ſir, three-pence an we can."

Sharkwell and Filcher then deliver handbills of "The Ancient Modern Hiſtory" (a jeſt at the old ſchool of Lamentable Tragedy . . . . mixt full of pleaſant mirth,) *The Ancient Modern Hiſtory of Hero and Leander, otherwiſe called the Touchſtone of true Love, with as true a Trial of Friendſhip between Damon and Pythias, two faithful friends o' the Bankſide.*" "Pleaſe you come near, we'll take your money within." "Two-pence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent motion."—"Shall we have fine fireworks?" aſks one as he enters.—"Two-pence apiece, ſir, the beſt motion in the Fair." Cokes hurries in of courſe, leaving his train of Bartholomew boys at the door. He looks over the baſket full of puppets, and then aſks, referring to Marlowe's tranſlation of the Hero and Leander from Muſæus, "But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that."—"By no means, ſir."—"No! how then?"—"A better way, ſir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what *Helleſpont* is, *guilty*

of true love's blood? or what *Abydos* is? or *the other Seſtos hight?*"—"Thou art in the right; I do not know myſelf."—"No, I have entreated maſter Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar ſtrain for our people."—"How I pray thee, good maſter Littlewit?" The author then explains: "It pleaſes him to make a matter of it, ſir; but there is no ſuch matter, I aſſure you: I have only made it a little eaſy, and modern for the times, ſir, that's all. As for the Helleſpont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's ſon about Puddle-wharf: and Hero a wench o' the Bankſide, who going over one morning to Old Fiſh-ſtreet, Leander ſpies her land at Trig-ſtairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphoſed himſelf into a drawer, and he ſtrikes Hero in love with a pint of ſherry; and other pretty paſſages there are of the friendſhip, that will delight you, ſir, and pleaſe you of judgment."

This burleſque puppet play, which had been written by Ben Jonſon ſome time before, is then pleaſantly interwoven with the general ſtory. Its jeſts lie in the abſurd reduction of the higheſt old thoughts, to the loweſt new ones, in the confuſion of plot, the multitude of perſonal encounters,—even Damon and Pythias muſt needs belabour one another,—and in the liberal uſe of language moſt in accordance with the taſtes of the fouleſt people in the Fair. Upon the puppet play Zeal-of-the land Buſy, eſcaped from the ſtocks, ſuddenly falls in with a ſhout, "Down with Dagon! down with Dagon! 'tis I, I will no longer endure your profanations."

"What mean you, ſir?" aſks the ſhowman.—"I will remove Dagon there, I ſay, that idol, that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may ſay, a beam, a very beam,—not a beam of the ſun, nor a beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance, neither a houſe-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beam, an exceeding great beam; ſuch as are your ſtage-players, rhymers, and morrice-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the brethren, and the cauſe; and been borne out by inſtruments of no mean countenance."—"Sir, I preſent nothing but what is licenſed by authority."—"Thou art all licence, even licentiouſneſs itſelf, Shimei!"—"I have the Maſter of the Revels' hand for't, ſir."—"The maſter of the rebels' hand thou haſt: Satan's! Hold thy peace, thy ſcurrility, ſhut up thy mouth, thy profeſſion is damnable, and in pleading for it thou doſt plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped; I have gaped as the oyſter for the tide, after thy deſtruction: but I cannot compaſs it by ſuit or diſpute; ſo that I look for a bickering ere long, and then a battle."

Buſy then offers controverſy, and Leatherhead undertakes that his puppet Dionyſius ſhall argue for him. The argument conſiſts wholly of recrimination, and at the end of it, to the great delight of the audiences of Ben Jonſon's day, Buſy cries out "I am confuted, the cauſe hath failed me." Then ſays the puppet, "Be converted, be converted." "Be converted, I pray you," urges alſo the ſhowman, "and let the play go on." "Let it go on," ſays Buſy, "for I am changed,

and will become a beholder with you." It was well; but a time came when Lord Buckhurſt had to write a comment upon this:—

> Many have been the vain attempts of wit,
> Againſt the ſtill prevailing hypocrite.
> Once, and but once, a poet got the day,
> And vanquiſhed Buſy in a puppet play.
> But Buſy rallying, filled with holy rage,
> Poſſeſſed the pulpit, and pulled down the ſtage.

The ſtrength of the Puritans in Banbury dates from a time yet earlier than the induction into the vicarage of Thomas Braſbridge, who in 1590, for Puritan reaſons, ceaſed to be vicar. In 1602 the Zeal of the town cauſed the deſtruction of its public croſs, and the defacing of the ornaments of the cathedral. Banbury had ſent Anthony Cope, and other Puritan members to Parliament; its member for the Parliament of 1623, Sir Eraſmus Dryden, was the grandfather of John Dryden the poet. The vicar of Banbury when Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair was written,—for the four years before, and ſix-and-twenty after that date,—was the famous William Whately, a Cambridge man, and a ſcholar, eminent for bounty to the poor from little means, who had a moſt able body, and ſuch ſound lungs, that for his ſtyle of preaching he was called "the Roaring Boy of Banbury." Scudder, his diſciple and biographer, tells that "according as his matter in hand and his auditory needed, he was both a terrible Boanerges, a ſon of thunder, and alſo a Barnabas, a ſon of ſweet conſolation." Fuller probably identified this contemporary vicar of Banbury with Rabbi Buſy, when he ſaid, "Indeed he

was a good linguiſt, philoſopher, mathematician, divine; and (though a poetical, ſatirical pen is pleaſed to paſs a jeer upon him) free from faction." Whately was in the habit of ſtirring up the faithful at Stratford on Avon, by a periodical lecture. In one ſenſe he was Ben Jonſon's fellow worker, for his publiſhed works include two volumes of ſermons againſt hypocrites. A doughty brother labourer with Whately was his ſiſter's huſband, Robert Harris of Hanwell. He alſo gave at one time, fortnightly lectures to the people of Stratford on Avon, and beſides preaching in his own church, lectured at Deddington and Banbury. We are told that troops of Chriſtians came on Sundays many miles from all quarters to hear Harris at Hanwell, and on the morrow were in like manner "entertained at Banbury, by Mr. Whately. What a Fair of Souls," cries Durham, the biographer of Harris, "was then held at Hanwell and Banbury by theſe two brothers! How did religion flouriſh! how did profeſſors thrive!" Againſt any ſuch Fair of Souls Bartholomew Fair whiſtled its fifes, rolled its drums, and ſqueaked its trumpets of defiance.

CHAPTER XI.

Oliver's Day.

On the fourth of Auguſt in the firſt year of the reign of Charles the Firſt, (A.D.) 1625, "the king's moſt excellent Majeſty, out of his princely and chriſtian care of his loving ſubjects, that no good means of Providence may be neglected to ſtay the farther ſpreading of the great infection of the Plague, doth find it neceſſary to prevent all occaſions of public concourſe of his people for the preſent, till it ſhall pleaſe Almighty God, of His goodneſs, to ceaſe the violence of the contagion, which is very far diſperſed into many parts of the kingdom already; And therefore, remembering that there are at hand two Fairs of ſpecial note, and unto which" (let this conſideration be obſerved) "there is uſually extraordinary reſort *out of all parts of the kingdom*, the one kept in Smithfield, near the City of London, called Bartholomew Fair, and the other near Cambridge, called Stourbridge Fair, the holding whereof at the uſual times, would in all likelihood be the occaſion of further danger and infection to other parts of the Land, which yet, by God's mercy, ſtand clear and free, hath, with the advice of his Majeſty's Privy Council, thought

good, by this open declaration of his pleaſure and neceſſary commandment, not only to admoniſh and require all his loving ſubjects to forbear to reſort for this time to either of the ſaid two Fairs, or to any other fairs within fifty miles of the ſaid City of London, but alſo to enjoin the Lords of the ſaid Fairs, and others intereſted in them, or any of them, that they all forbear to hold the ſaid Fairs, or anything appertaining to them, at all times accuſtomed or at any time, till by God's goodneſs and mercy the infection of the Plague ſhall ceaſe, or be ſo much diminiſhed, that his Majeſty ſhall give order for holding them; upon pain of ſuch puniſhment as, for a contempt ſo much concerning the univerſal ſafety of his people, they ſhall be adjudged to deſerve, which they muſt expect to be inflicted with all ſeverity, his Majeſty's deſire being ſo intentive for preventing the general Infection threatened, as he is reſolved to ſpare no man that ſhall be the cauſe of diſperſing the ſame. And to that purpoſe doth hereby further charge and enjoin, under like penalty, all citizens and inhabitants of the ſaid City of London, that none of them ſhall repair to any fair held within any part of this kingdom, until it ſhall pleaſe God to ceaſe the infection now reigning amongſt them: His Majeſty's intention being, and ſo hereby declaring himſelf, that no Lord of any Fairs, or others intereſted in the profits thereof, ſhall by this neceſſary and temporary reſtraint, receive any prejudice in the right of his or their fairs, or liberties thereunto belonging, anything before mentioned notwithſtanding." This proclamation, given at the court at Woodſtock, beſt tells its own ſtory.

Again, on the firſt of Auguſt in the year 1630, the Plague being in Cambridge and then threatening London and Southwark, the King remembered that there were "at hand three great Fairs of Special note, unto which there is extraordinary reſort from all parts of the kingdom," and forbade the holding of Bartholomew, Stourbridge, and Our Lady (or Southwark) Fair.

A zeal in the land that was not hypocriſy had been buſy to ſome purpoſe between the year 1614, in which Ben Jonſon's Comedy of Bartholomew Fair was firſt preſented before James the Firſt, and the year 1641, the date which next concerns us in the preſent narrative. The king's "princely and Chriſtian care of his loving ſubjects" was in queſtion. There was a diſeaſe in the land, for the abatement of which not the king, but the People, had ſent forth a proclamation.

In the year 1641 Charles the Firſt aſſented to the bill for the attainder of Strafford, and Strafford died on the ſcaffold in the preſence of a hundred thouſand perſons.

At Bartholomew Fair time in that year the King was in Scotland, and the Commons were nominating commiſſioners, who, in the name of honourable attendance, were to watch the monarch who had forfeited all truſt. The ſtate of Bartholomew Fair is repreſented by the oldeſt of the extant tracts profeſſing to deſcribe it, a ſmall quarto of four leaves, containing five pages of print appended to this title-page:

BARTHOLOMEVV FAIRE

OR

Variety of fancies, vvhere you may find a faire of vvares, and all to pleaſe your mind

With

The ſeverall Enormityes and miſdemeanours, which are there ſeene and acted

LONDON

Printed for *Richard Harper* at the *Bible* and *Harpe* in Smithfield, 1641.

"Bartholomew Fair," we are here told, "begins on the twenty-fourth day of Auguſt, and is then of ſo vaſt an extent, that it is contained in no leſs than four ſeveral pariſhes, namely, Chriſt Church, Great and Little Saint Bartholomews, and Saint Sepulchres. Hither reſort people of all ſorts, high and low, rich and poor, from

cities, towns, and countries; of all ſects, Papiſts, Atheiſts, Anabaptiſts, and Browniſts; and of all conditions. . . . And now that we may the better take an exact ſurvey of the whole fair, Firſt let us enter into Chriſt Church Cloiſters, which are now hung ſo full of pictures, that you would take that place, or rather miſtake it, for Saint Peters in Rome; only this is the difference, thoſe there are ſet up for worſhip, theſe here for ſale." (It will be remembered that the diſputations of the ſcholars were held in theſe cloiſters, ſtill therefore within the Fair, when they were held at all after the diſſolution of the Priory.) "But by the way," goes on the tract, "I'll tell you a tale of a preciſe Puritan, who came in all haſte from Lincoln to London, purpoſely to ſee the fair, where he had never been before, and coming out of Newgate Market, through Chriſt Church into the Cloiſters, and elevating the ſnowballs of his eyes, he preſently eſpies the picture of Chriſt and his twelve Apoſtles, with the Virgin Mary and many other Saints departed; at which ſight the very thought and ſtrong conceit of ſuperſtition ſet ſuch a ſharp edge upon the pure metal of his inflamed zeal, that very manfully, like a man of valour and ſon of Mars, he ſteps to a ſtall well ſtored with twopenny halberds and wooden backſwords, where, having armed himſelf *cap-à-pie* (as he thought) he begins in a violent paſſion to exclaim againſt the Idolatry of the times, that it was grown abominable; proteſting that the woman of Babylon was crept into Chriſt Church, and that the good motions of the ſpirit had brought him to town, to make a ſacrifice of thoſe idle Idols to his juſt anger and holy indignation, which

begot no ſmall laughter to the multitude which thronged about him, that put him into ſuch a chafe, inſomuch that at the laſt, like Roſicleare, the Knight of the Sun, or Don Quixote, moſt furiouſly he makes an aſſault and battery upon the poor innocent pictures, till the ſhop-keepers apprehending him, had him before a conſtable, who forthwith committed my little hot fury to the ſtocks, where we will leave him to cool his heels, whilſt we take a further view of the fair. And now being arrived through the Long Walk, to Saint Bartholomew's Hoſpital; that place (methinks) appears to me a ſucking Exchange." A devil's mart, truly; exchange of filth for baubles of the fair. "Let us now make a progreſs into Smithfield, which is the heart of the fair, where in *my* heart, I think there are more motions in a day to be ſeen, than are in a term in Weſtminſter Hall to be heard. But whilſt you take notice of the ſeveral motions there, take this caution along with you, let one eye watch narrowly that no one's hand make a motion into your pocket, which is the next way to move you to impatience. The fair is full of gold and ſilver drawers: Juſt as Lent is to the fiſhmonger, ſo is Bartholomew Fair to the pickpocket; it is his high harveſt, which is never bad, but when his cart goes" (Tyburnia way) "up Holborn. The City marſhals are as dreadful to theſe youngſters as the Plague is to the London Actors. That reſtrains them from playing, and they hinder theſe from working; you may quickly know theſe nimble youths, and likely find them very buſybodies in a quarrel which nothing concerns them. . . . Some of your cut purſes are in fee with cheating coſtermongers, who

have a trick now and then to throw down a baſket of refuſe pears, which prove cloake pears to thoſe who ſhall loſe their hats or choaks" (I cannot ſay that the miſprints are not meant to be funny, therefore reproduce them,) "in ſtriving who ſhall gather faſteſt. They have many dainty baits to draw a bit, and (if you be not vigilant) you ſhall hardly eſcape their nets: fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime twig, with which they catch dotterels. They are excellently well read in Phyſiognomy, for they will know how ſtrong you are in the purſe by looking in your face; and for the more certainty thereof, they will follow you cloſe, and never leave you till you draw your purſe, or they for you, which they'll be ſure to have (if you look not to it) though they kiſs Newgate for it.

"It is remarkable and worth your obſervation, to behold and hear the ſtrange ſights and confuſed noiſes in the fair. Here a Knave in a Fool's Coat, with a trumpet ſounding, or on a drum beating, invites you and would fain perſuade you to ſee his puppets; there a Rogue like a Wild Woodman, or in an antick ſhape like an Incubus, deſires your company to view his motion; on the other ſide Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbon in's hand, ſhowing his art of Legerdemain to the admiration and aſtoniſhment of a company of cockoloaches. Amongſt theſe you ſhall ſee a gray gooſe-cap (as wiſe as the reſt,) with a What do ye lack? in his mouth, ſtand in his booth ſhaking a rattle, or ſcraping on a fiddle, with which children are ſo taken, that they preſently cry out for theſe fopperies; And all theſe together make ſuch a diſtracted noiſe, that you would think Babel

were not comparable to it. Here there are alſo your gameſters in action; ſome turning of a whimſey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly diſſolve a round ſhilling into a three half penny ſaucer.

"Long Lane at this time looks very fair, and puts out her beſt clothes with the wrong ſide outward, ſo turned for their better turning off; And Cloth Fair is now in great requeſt: well fare the Ale houſes therein; yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the Pig market, alias Paſty nook or Pie Corner, where pigs are all hours of the day on the ſtalls piping hot, and would cry (if they could ſpeak) Come eat me; but they are . . . . dear, and the reckonings for them are . . . ſaucy. . . . . Theſe unconſcionable exactions, and exceſſive inflammations of reckonings made that angle of the fair too hot for my company; therefore I reſolved with myſelf to ſteer my courſe another way, and having once got out, not to come again in haſte.

> "Now farewell to the Fair; you who are wiſe,
> Preſerve your Purſes, whilſt you pleaſe your eyes.
>
> FINIS."

Of the commercial importance ſtill at this date attached to fairs, I find an indication in the warden's accounts of expenditure preſerved among the records of the Skinners' Company.* In 1606 there is an item, "To the Wardens for their allowance in riding to Stourbridge

* Thanks are due to Mr. Kenſit, the Clerk of the Skinners' Company, for his courteſy in giving me information, and permitting me to refer to records that might have contained matter eſſential to this Hiſtory.

Fair, £3 6*s.* 8*d.*, and 13*s.* 4*d.* to me the Renter Warden for my pains." But ten years afterwards the beginning of a change may be implied by the fact that the wardens ceaſed to go in perſon to the fairs. It is the accountant who receives, "in allowance towards his charges in riding to Stourbridge Fair, £6," and for the journey to Briſtol Fair, £6 13*s.* 6*d.*

St. Bartholomew's Cloth Fair, well ſupplied with alehouſes, was at this date ſtill a place of much reſort; and of the family receiving toll from it we muſt now trace the line, for in due time we ſhall reach a Lady of the houſe, whoſe name became, for the reſt of the Fair's life, known only too well to the dwellers about Smithfield.

Of Richard Rich, the Lord Chancellor, firſt Lord and founder of the family, by whom the tolls of Bartholomew Fair, formerly due to the Priory, were bought for himſelf and his heirs, we have already ſpoken. He died in 1568, leaving behind him ill-fame and a maſs of treaſure.

His ſon Robert, ſecond Baron Rich, was one of the friends of Eſſex, who went with him in his expedition to Ireland in 1573, and ſhared ſome of his "miſery, by plague, famine, ſickneſs, continual toil, and continual wants of men, money, carriages, victuals, and all things meet for great attempts." He died in 1581, to be ſucceeded by his ſon and heir, another Robert, the third Baron Rich.

The third Baron was alive, and was ſtill only Lord Rich on that 31ſt of October 1614, when Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair was firſt produced at the Hope theatre in Bankſide. He procured the rank of Earl of

Warwick, two or three weeks before the Fair time, four years afterwards. What do you lack? what do you buy? was the cry of the Stuarts, reckleſs and bankrupt traders, huckſter-kings. James the Firſt invented baronetcies as a way of raiſing money, charging £5000 for a baronetcy, and £20,000 for an earldom.

This was the Lord Rich who had married the Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Eſſex, the bright Stella who had Sidney for an Aſtrophel. The dying hope of Eſſex was, that if God ſo moved their hearts, Sidney might be the huſband of his eldeſt daughter, then about fifteen years old. She grew to be a lady of ſurpaſſing beauty, and was by her friends ſold into unwelcome marriage with Lord Rich, "a man" ſays Heylin, "of an independent fortune, and a known eſtate, but otherwiſe of an uncourtly diſpoſition, unſociable, auſtere, and of no very agreeable converſation to her." Aſtrophel then ſang of her:—

> "Rich in all beauties that man's eye can ſee,
> Beauties ſo far from reach of words that we
> Abaſe her praiſe ſaying ſhe doth excel:
> Rich in the treaſure of deſerved renown,
> Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
> Rich in thoſe gifts which give the eternal crown;
> Who though moſt rich in theſe and every part
> Which makes the patents of true worldly bliſs,
> Hath no misfortune but that RICH ſhe is."

Of her ſang alſo Spenſer, when as Colin Clout he praiſed the beauties of the Engliſh Court:

> "Ne leſs praiſeworthy Stella do I read,
> Though nought my praiſes of her needed are,
> Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepherd lately dead,
> Hath praiſed and raiſed above each other ſtar."

As Lady Rich, tolls of Bartholomew Fair helped to adorn her perſon. But this exalted lady was a falling ſtar, who did not ever remain "rich in the riches of deſerved renown." Even at the altar ſhe had made proteſt againſt her unhappy marriage. Afterwards, loved much abroad and little loved at home, the heart that Lord Rich never aſked for, ſhe gave to another. There was an actual before there was a judicial ſeparation from her huſband. After three months of ſecond marriage, ſhe was left the widow of Montjoy, Earl of Devonſhire, whoſe fair fame periſhed at the Court, when he reſolved to end in ſacred honour what he had begun in ſhame. King James was even ſlow to forgive Laud for having tied that ſecond knot. Poor lady,

> "Wit's ornament, earth's love, love's paradiſe,
> A ſaint divine, a beauty fairly wiſe,"—

ſhe was a woman of bright wit and noble temper, ſet with a dry cruſt in the midſt of all temptations of the banquet. Robert Lord Rich took in ſecond marriage a full-purſed Lancaſhire widow,—two years after the firſt acting of Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair,—and was ſaid, a year afterwards by Chamberlain, "to be in great perplexity, or rather crazed in brain, to ſee himſelf over-reached by his wife, who hath ſo conveyed her eſtate, that he is little or nothing the better by her, and, if ſhe outlive him, like to carry away a great part of his." There were three ſons and three daughters of Lord Rich and his firſt wife, but no children by the ſecond marriage. It was for the deſcendants therefore of Stella that he by help of money obtained, in 1618, his

earldom. He had wiſhed to be made Earl of Clare; but Clare being a like title with Clarence was, ſays Camden, "a higher honour than could well ſuit with a family in a manner upſtart." The earldom of Warwick, which had become extinct in 1561, upon the death of Ambroſe Dudley, was conferred, therefore, on Robert, third Baron Rich, whom as a wealthy miſer unhappy in marriage, the world mocked with the name of Cornucopia. From him I need hardly ſay that the preſent Earls of Warwick do not trace deſcent. The earldom, after the extinction of the line of Rich, paſſed in the year 1759 to the deſcendants of its firſt poſſeſſors. Robert Rich having obtained this earldom, and given to the manſion in Cloth Fair the name of Warwick Houſe, lived but a few months longer.

The eldeſt ſon of Cornucopia, again a Robert, held the earldom of Warwick forty years (1618—1658). This is the Earl of Warwick who was Lord High Admiral under the Long Parliament, a man who was liberal-handed, and full of wit and energy and cheerfulneſs. He was three times married: firſt to a rich heireſs, daughter of Sir William Hatton, and from her alone he received children. It was a grandſon of his who married one of the Protector Cromwell's daughters. The ſecond ſon given to Robert Rich of the money-bags, by Stella, was Henry Rich, who became Earl of Holland. Henry Rich was a handſome man, of winning preſence, and a gentle converſation. Therefore, after two or three campaigns in Holland, he attached himſelf to the Court, and ſought, ſays Clarendon, to be eſteemed the creature of the Duke of Buckingham, and the friend of the Earl of Carliſle. He courted thoſe who ruled the King. He was made

Knight of the Bath in 1611, and in 1618 Captain of the King's Guard. He married the daughter and heireſs of Sir Walter Cope, who brought with her a good fortune, and the manor and ſeat of Kenſington, of which he was ſhortly afterwards, in 1623, made Baron. The Duke of Buckingham then prevailed with his ſovereign to place the Baron Kenſington about the perſon of the Prince of Wales, as Gentleman of the bed-chamber to his Royal Highneſs. He was employed alſo at the Spaniſh court, upon diplomacy relating to Prince Charles's wedding with a daughter of the King of Spain. In 1625 he was made Earl of Holland, in Lincolnſhire, and ſoon afterwards inſtalled as Knight of the Garter. He was the firſt ambaſſador ſent into France to treat of the marriage between Charles and his Queen, and being left, after the Duke of Buckingham's aſſaſſination, high in favour, he took pains to ingratiate himſelf with the Queen, as well as with the King, and ſought againſt the Duke of Portland, and all who were oppoſed thereto, the increaſe of her authority. Thus, knowing her to be the king's maſter, he earned her particular truſt, and contrived to become one of the moſt proſperous men at the court of Charles the Firſt. He was made General of the Horſe in the army raiſed againſt the Scotch covenanters, in 1639; but he retreated when he came to face the Scotch at Dunſe, and afterwards received with evident good will their overtures for the ſuppreſſion of a civil ſtrife. Returned to court, he put aſide a challenge from the Earl of Newcaſtle, and he was not employed in the next Scotch expedition, becauſe there were engaged in it the counſels of Strafford, who had once angrily

ſuggeſted that the King would do well to take the Earl of Holland's head, and who was met by the Earl thereafter with open hatred. He was preſently appointed one of the King's Commiſſioners to treat with the Scots at Ripon, and was among thoſe who were induced to regard their deſires with favour. He ſerved the office of chief juſtice in Eyre, and was accuſed of oppreſſion and exaction: but taking offence at the King's refuſal to create at his requeſt a baron, when he could have made ten thouſand pounds by the tranſaction, he altered his courſe; and when, as general for the diſbanding of the armies after the ſecond Scotch expedition, he returned to his houſe at Kenſington, the Earl of Holland belonged to the popular party. It was he who read to the King in 1642 the deſire of both houſes that his Majeſty would reſide near Parliament. He was therefore removed from his office of Firſt Gentleman of the bed-chamber. In January 1643, he was one of the Comiſſioners ſent by Parliament to the King with propoſitions of peace, he himſelf being at all times diſpoſed to eſtabliſh peace on eaſy terms, for he had much property imperilled by a doubtful ſtrife. Soon afterwards he was, with the Earl of Bedford, a deſerter from the Parliament, received into the King's garriſon at Wallingford with a cold welcome. But he had already eſtabliſhed, from the time of her landing, a private underſtanding with the Queen, and being reſtored to her favour, fancied that he ſaw his way before him. He joined the King's army at Glouceſter, fought well at the battle of Newbury, and returned to Oxford with King Charles who, ſtill diſtruſting him, ſaw through the arts of a courtier in which he was proficient. He was unwiſe

enough to ſpeak highly at court of the power of Parliament; "which," ſaid the King, "was a ſtrange diſcourſe for a man to make, who had ſo lately left them becauſe he thought the King's condition to be the better of the two." When, diſappointed in every way by King Charles, he returned to the feet of the Parliament, his declaration was, that he had ſought the King as a peace-maker, and quitted him again becauſe he was averſe to peace, and in the power of the papiſts. The Earl's eſtate had been ſequeſtered when he went into the royal camp, and the ſequeſtration was continued after his return from it, in the ſame year 1643, and was not removed till ſome time afterwards. The Earl alſo was committed to priſon, and excluded from the council of the popular leaders. In 1648 he had again changed ſides, and planned a riſing on behalf of the King. Propoſing the relief of Colcheſter, he held a public rendezvous at Kingſton on Thames; but ſome troops of horſe under Colonel Rich, put him and his levies ſuddenly to rout. The Earl, fugitive for a day or two, was taken at St. Neot's by the few horſemen who purſued him, finally tried, condemned, and executed on a ſcaffold before Weſtminſter Hall, a month after the execution of the King, in March of the year 1649.

In that ſame year, the civil ſtrife was repreſented in Bartholomew Fair, by a pamphlet in the form of a booth-play, entitled "A BARTHOLOMEW FAIRING, NEW, NEW, NEW: Sent from the raiſed ſiege before DUBLIN, as a Preparatory PRESENT to the Great Thankſgiving Day. To be communicated onely to INDEPENDENTS." It was iſſued without any printer's

name, being ſigned only "London: Printed in the year 1649."

Charles the Firſt had in that year ſuffered for high treaſon againſt the liberties of England. Ormond had proclaimed Charles the Second, and the Prince was to make his ſtand at Dublin. Cromwell then, after ſome delay, accepted from the council of ſtate the title of Lord Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, and undertook to quell Iriſh rebellion with certain means that he demanded, and with the help of Ireton, huſband of his eldeſt daughter Bridget, as his ſecond in command. Before Cromwell's arrival, the Duke of Ormond (who, after a march from Carlow, during which he had taken caſtles and garriſons, was beſieging Dublin with nineteen thouſand men or thereabouts, and awaiting the arrival of ten thouſand more) had been attacked by Lieutenant-General Jones iſſuing out of Dublin with four thouſand foot and twelve hundred horſe. Jones had received, two days before, Cromwell's advanced guard from England, with the news that Cromwell himſelf was at hand; and upon this encouragement, at once put to the rout the beſieging army of the Duke of Ormond, and forced his retirement to Kilkenny. This event happened on the ſecond of Auguſt, and the tidings of it that reached England were, on the twenty-fourth of Auguſt, the chief talk of the citizens at Bartholomew Fair. Auguſt the twenty-ninth had been appointed as a great Thankſgiving Day. It was on the fifteenth of Auguſt that Cromwell and Ireton landed at Dublin, and prepared to ſubdue an iſland of which the inhabitants—as a maſs unbroken and ſavage—had, for the paſt eight years, been

independent of the Engliſh, "and," ſays Godwin, "as one man, looked towards the aſſertion of Engliſh aſcendancy in the functionaries of the preſent Engliſh Parliament, with an unmingled and indeſcribable horror." With this brief reminder of its date we may ſum up the contents of the Royaliſt pamphlet diſperſed as a Bartholomew Fairing, among the people aſſembled in Smithfield from all parts of the country on the 24th of Auguſt, 1649. Thus it opens with a

Prologue.

A *Pedler in haſte* with an *Horn.*

"Stand off, make room, give way, for I come Poſt,
My Fairings do run wild from the *Iriſh* Coaſt;
Poor *Cram* a *Cree* untrouz'd, *O hone! O hone!*
Hath loſt his cows, his ſheep, his Bagh, all 's gone:
All is tranſported hither, view it, view,
Patrick is to be ſold at *Bartholomew.*
All ſaints muſt bow in the old *Calender*
Unto *Saint Ireton*, and Saint *Oliver*:
Pompey and *Cæsar*'s Wars are now begun.
Thus for a *Ceremony*, and poor jars,
The Saints do keep us ſtill in civil wars.
This Bartholomew will be the laſt, I fear,
Fair we ſhall ſee: the next is Py-powder.
Take every one, a Fairing now, be ſped,
You *Preſhyter*, a *Biſhop* in *Ginger-bread:*
You Cavaliers, what will you buy? or how?
How go by Goldſmiths' Hall, the State's milcht cow?
You Independents buy no trifling matters,
Hobby-horſes, babies, diſhes, or platters:
You are for King's revenues, Crowns and Jewels,
And *Hangings* too, or you'll ne'er have your due elſe.
Come buy theſe curious Pendents, and theſe knots,
They are Scotizing Saints, Saintizing Scots.
You Papiſts, which have juggled with the *King*,
Buy you theſe *Crosses*, now the Saint's-bells ring.

You honeſt Citizens who yet ſtand true,
Gainſt *Pres*, and *Dep*, and *Pap*, and *Div*: and *Jew*:
Take ye this Book, and on the day of joy,
Laugh at old *Nol*, and drink to the *black Boy*.

The pamphlet belongs to the days when ridicule was held to be a good and ſufficient weapon againſt men who were engaged in ſolemn and ſtrong battle, not only againſt the laſt lines of defence left to popery in England, but alſo againſt the civil yoke which principles of Roman doctrine helped to bind on the necks of the people. Paſſive obedience, a blind faith in certain men and certain ceremonies, were not more the eſſence of Romaniſm than of the Church which Charles the Firſt had fought, in the guiſe of a Reformed Church, to impoſe upon his ſubjects. The Scotch people rejected it, and ſwore to their covenant of reſiſtance. The Engliſh people, wherever the re-action was a true one againſt the old forms of impoſture, aſſerted their own independence; and ſome were firm, while ſome were violent, againſt dead forms of civil and religious deſpotiſm. Theſe Memoirs began by ſhowing us in Bartholomew Fair a credulous multitude, eaſily practiſed upon by the groſſeſt frauds. Againſt this we now ſet that which time has brought about, a day of violent re-action. The chaff of popery is being ſwept by a rude ſtorm, out of the people's threſhing-floor. The ſtrong reſolve to baſe their religion on the Bible only, drove men to a paſſionate ſtudy and exaltation of the Holy Scripture, to an unſettled Bible worſhip, to a fervent, half devout and half defiant uſe of Scripture language in the daily intercourſe of life, glorious to contemplate in men of taſte and

education, but at firſt glance ludicrous among the men of feeble intellect, whoſe zeal, moreover, was perhaps only the hotter for their lack of judgment. Behind the triumphant army flocked a ſubtler hoſt of hypocrites and thieves, men vapouring religion as the jackal of a camp may vapour courage. Religion is the cloak none like to pluck at rudely, therefore the beſt cloak for the meaneſt vices; and whenever zeal is active, there are the thieves making their den in the temple. Hypocriſy is loud in prayer, and a too open utterance of deep religious emotion muſt in our own days always beget diſtruſt. But in the days of the great ſtruggle diſcuſſed by the crowd at Bartholomew Fair in the year 1649, depths of men's hearts were ſtirred, and they were bound to active utterance of their moſt ſacred feelings. They were in battle for the very title to poſſeſs their ſouls in peace. An obtruſive fervour, which to-day would be a ſure ſign of diſhoneſty or weakneſs, then was a ſtrong man's weapon in defence of liberty. We do not now walk in Cheapſide or Piccadilly, ſword in hand; but the ſteel flaſhed in the hands of our forefathers that we might be able to walk weaponleſs. Zeal-in-the-Land Buſy has no more place in a modern market-place, than an old man-at-arms with morion and broadſword. But we ſpeak now of days when a man might be as blindly violent as that Elder from Banbury, and yet be an honeſt man, and yet be an efficient helper of a nation's holy cauſe.

The charge of hypocriſy is always the moſt obvious weapon of attack againſt religious zeal, and I have no doubt that the main body of Cavaliers, until they had

been inſtructed by ſome rough experience, honeſtly took their opponents to be hypocrites. They were open alſo to a charge of gluttony. Zeal-in-the-Land Buſy ate his two pigs and a half to a dinner; and in the tract to which we are now coming, the beſt part of the jeſt againſt the ſaints conſiſts in ſhowing how they feed. God gave us bodily ſenſes and their innocent delights, as well as a ſoul and its pure aſpirations. Re-action againſt a form of worſhip that put the delight of the ſenſes where the ſpiritual aſpiration ſhould have been, led to a vain attempt at the complete reverſal of the error. Men who denied themſelves too many of the finer pleaſures of the ear and eye, were eaſy prey to the temptations of the table.

The reference to "Goldſmiths' Hall, the State's milcht cow," in the Prologue to the Bartholomew Fairing, is an alluſion to the uſe then made of that building. It was, from the year 1640 till the Reſtoration, the Exchequer of the Parliamentarians, in which was ſtored up all the money accumulated by ſequeſtrations of the royaliſts' eſtates. There are three other ſmall points to be remembered in connection with this Bartholomew Fairing. Committee-men's wives figure in it, becauſe Engliſhwomen were in thoſe days ſpecially active on behalf of the popular cauſe, and had even carried to Goldſmiths' Hall, jewels and trinkets to aſſiſt in raiſing funds for ſupport of the army of the Parliament; a Thimble and Bodkin Army it was ſometimes called on that account. Apprentices of London are caricatured in it, becauſe they alſo ſided generally with the Parliament; and the whole caricature is expreſſed in

the form, odious to Independents, of a play, theatres having at that time been cloſed for ſeven years.

There are five acts. The chief topic of the play is the reſtoration to the people of the New Park at Richmond, which King Charles had formed by unwarranted encloſure of the public land.

ACT THE FIRST. Enter three Independent committeemen's wives, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Tryall, and Mrs. Woolaſtone.

Mrs. Avery ſays: "Good day to you, ſiſters; I may give you the good ſpeed, for I know you to be of the Houſehold, for unleſs it be to ſuch (it was Mr. Fenne of Coventry's opinion, and a good one) we might not give it truly." Mrs. Tryall ſays that her teacher, Mr. Whateley, of Banbury, was of the ſame mind; but thinks that they three may kiſs. They do ſo. Mrs. Woolaſtone obſerving, "Verily yes, ſiſter, it is now holy, when holy perſons uſe it; we make everything holy we uſe; for the creature was made for us, and creature-comforts too, be they higher or be they lower." Mrs. Avery, delighted with the pretty word, creature-comforts, ſteps aſide and writes it down.

Mrs. Tryall ſays, "It was very long ere the Parliament thought upon us, in that point; but I knew they would put home at laſt. Mr. Marten promiſed upon his Honeſty (an Oath truly that I have kept with me), that we ſhould in time be remembered for our Bodkins, Silver ſpoons, and Caudle cups, and now they have done it to the purpoſe; this gift of the New Park, inſooth, ſiſter, was it not a pat, a very pat and appoſite, a very pertinent, and, as Mr. Goodwine ſaid, a very ſuitable

and agreeing preſent for us? We had no place of air before, but common with infidels, the cabs and cabbages, the Gray's Inn Rufflers and Hyde Park Jezebels, who did profane and unhallow thoſe good places and otherwiſe wholeſome recreations." Mrs. Avery declares that their huſbands muſt buy them a coach, the place being too far for a ſedan. Againſt ſedans alſo, then ſomewhat newly introduced, the lady muſt cry, Fy. One lady having propoſed that the huſbands buy a coach, another is for horſes, and in the New park they will have old doings. Says Mrs. Tryall, "I have acquainted Mr. Marten with our intentions, and he ſaith he will move the Houſe and will not be denied now Cromwell's gone; and we ſhall have an ordinance for a cheeſecake houſe, and there ſhall be a ſummer-houſe too, and meet withdrawing-places." The lady ends with a compliment to Mr. Marten's gallantry, and Mrs. Woolaſtone replies that "the noble Lieutenant-General is as underſtanding every whit himſelf. They call him Ironſides; alas! he is fleſh and blood as other men are, and after the conqueſt of Ireland and thoſe wild ſavages, he will return and do wonderfully." The talk of the ſaints becomes indelicate, and the ladies preſently long for the day of Jubilee, when Cromwell ſhall have come back again: "it ſhall be St. Oliver's Day, the Aldermen ſhall be in their ſcarlets, and the Livery in velvet, all our huſbands ſhall be in velvet from head to foot." "O dear," cries Mrs. Avery, "in good ſooth, ſiſter, it will be very pomponatious. But are you reſolved upon the meeting there? I will ſend my three diſhes, beſides wine and ſweetmeats, and a roſebag, and

other knacks. But my huſband cannot poſſibly go, he is ſo given to the world, he is a very Martha." Of courſe, none of the huſbands can go, they muſt invite to their feaſt in the park ſome of the young divines. Then there are two clever apprentices. Mrs. Woolaſtone's man Ralph has made the prettieſt things upon the preſent, and ſo magnified the Parliament as paſſes all underſtanding. Mrs. Tryall's man is a poet too, honeſt Roger, a knight's ſon;—London apprentices in thoſe days really might be knights' ſons, now and then;—his father is a Cavalier who, with the reſidue of his eſtate after his compoſition, bound him to her huſband. So they will feaſt, remembering to bring the codling tart, and to put good ſtore of ambergris in the warden and quince pies, and meaning ſo to feaſt the apprentices and the Levites, with marrow pies, that they ſhall take New park for Marrow bone.

ACT THE SECOND. Enter three Independent miniſters, Mr. Lerned, Mr. Olduns, Mr. Bew, as in a chamber, talking a moſt atrocious imitation of blank verſe, in which they congratulate each other that,

> " our Harveſt
> Is not as the lean country-pulpit-thraſhers,
> Who work for the tenth cock and Eaſter book.

They have fifty-two days in the year of ſweat not reſt, and thereto almoſt three hundred holidays. Mr. Olduns explains,

> Monday 's our prime feſtival, Luna
> Begins our merriment, and Venus ends;
> For Saturn makes us melancholy; then
> We are for text and expoſition, that is
> But half holiday, ſome ſack, ſome notes;

> The morn at Sion College, the afternoon
> At in Coleman Street: where we agree
> What part o' th' news to preach; what pray'r, what uſe
> (Such as the State preſcribes), and the work's done,
> This work of double honour.

Preſently Mr. Lerned draws a bottle from beneath the table, ſaying,

> " Come ſit, my friends.
> Come forth (my Poſteller) this is Tonſeca
> The learned Spaniard, this, this is the book
> Which gives us learning and a politic look:
> By virtue of this author, Don-Canary,
> We ſpeak what truth we pleaſe, or elſe it vary.
> (*Fills into the glaſs.*)
> Look how the ſpirits dance, ſee how they ſkirr it?
> We that drink this, muſt needs hold forth the Spirit.
> Olduns, this luſty glaſs to all thoſe eyes
> Whoſe whites we lift, as I do this, to th' ſkies.
> (*Drinks*)

And Mr. Olduns drinks reſponſively,

> To thoſe that ſigh at every *Lard* and *ah*,
> And *hum*, we make upon the ſabbath day.

Preſently there is a knock at the door, a ſwift hiding of the bottle and glaſs, and a fetching out of

> Reynolds' Sermons, whoſe moſt learned books
> Are the gulled people's baits, and we the hooks.

The knock is only that of Mr. Woolaſtone's apprentice, Ralph—" Ralph Shorthand! what my ſtenographical ſermon-catcher, my maſs of repetition, and conſerver of my ſmall wares of Divinity, little pedler of my dominical labours, how doſt thou, ſweet youth? What is thy buſineſs?" He brings a letter from his miſtreſs, and brings money alſo with it, " the *argentum vivum* of the

laſt edition: no *Carolus* upon their white boys, nor *Dei gratiâ* neither, but *Anno Libertatis*, and what is it? *Crucis novæ?*" The letter is of invitation to the feaſt, and is received with welcome; ſo are the pieces of new coinage.

This ſhows the State is fixt,
And learned too: O let me kiſs this croſs
The ſign of vanquiſhed ſuperſtition,
The ſign of Reformation in the State
As well as Church; for this we bleſs and curſe;
Thus we will carry croſſes; in our purſe.

MR. BEW. With what regard of words! and godly tokens
Are we invited to this feaſt! This whiſtle,
This ſilver whiſtle of the Saints is ſhrill,
Theſe charmers may e'en charm me where they will.

MR. OLD. Next Sunday we will hold forth of thankfulneſs,
And praiſe the open handedneſs o' th' Saints:
Our thanks to thoſe who miniſtered to our wants.

Ralph then prefers to Mr. Lerned humble ſuit. It would for ever make him with his miſtreſs, to have an handſome ſmart copy of verſes on the Park and preſent Thankſgiving. "Pray, ſir, think: you have it, if you but ſcratch i' the fantaſtical ſide. Sir, I have a piece of ſingular tobacco for your Muſe. The very prime of the leaf. Ochechampano Poca-Hunto's father, great cuſtos of the Indies, drinks not ſo good. Againſt night, I pray thee, let them be compoſed, fair wrote, and ſcratched under where the emphaſis muſt lie." Mr. Lerned undertakes to do this, and breaks up the ſitting, becauſe he needs time; he is a hind at proſe, but a dull ox at verſe. The ground is then clear for the entrance of the other apprentice, Roger Truſty, the Cavalier's ſon, bound, after his excluſion from the univerſity, to a mercer and committeeman. He works alone upon the ſubject of

the Park, and ſays things more familiar than civil of his miſtreſs.

Act the Third. Enter three committeemen, Mr. Woolaſtone, Mr. Avery, Mr. Tryall. They have given their wives a holiday in the Park, but intend to ſteal upon them. Meanwhile, as men of the day, they talk a little politics. One did not think the gain of godlineſs had been ſo quick. No myſtery, no traffic half ſo ſure. No hazards run. For firſt, we know we are ſaints; and that granted, the world's our own, and we may ſafely take all that we ſee or covet. All the reſt are aliens, only we are heirs of the houſe.—This, ſays Tryall, is our ſweet title. The Scriptures are a mine of endleſs treaſure if applied aright.—Upon that principle Woolaſtone tells how he made all the fortune he poſſeſſes by betrayal of a truſt. It was the eſtate of an orphan whoſe father had died in arms againſt this bleſſed Parliament.

> I firſt
> Diſcovered my engagement; then diſcloſed
> The foul delinquency, and for a ſlight
> Reward unto the chairman (ſome two or
> Three thouſand crowns, a very toy, a toy)
> For ſervices (I never yet knew done),
> And for my loſſes (truly I was loſt
> But for this happy windfall), and becauſe
> I was affected to the ſtate (as no man more),
> And for I was a man of known integrity
> (None ſerve the ſtate but ſuch), I was voted
> Lord of the whole eſtate, and the Orphan
> Proſcribed and diſinheriſon'd. He's ſent
> Into Barbadoes with inſtructions
> Unto a maſter, to unlearn his birth,
> Which, if he can forget, he may do well,
> Then he may live, and prove in time a planter.

Mr. Avery thinks that his friend has proved his truſt

abundantly into the ſtate, the end of Feoffe-ſhips. The youth, with a little help of *aqua vitæ*, ſtockings and hats, old ling and martlemas, may riſe to a fortune great as Craven's was.—Mr. Woolaſtone replies that he cares only for the act of good, and has precedent in Sir John Danvers, that honoured knight, and now great ſtateſman, who proved the earl, his brother, a delinquent for ſome pounds lent to the King, and overthrew the will, cozening his own ſiſter and all the legatees. The friends then fall upon talk about the accuſation againſt them of ſacrilege in buying Biſhops' lands. As if their land were Heaven. If it were, they wouldn't purchaſe it. The Houſe is far enough from ſuch an act; that were ſacrilege i' the higheſt, and not on any terms to be committed. "No, heaven at no rate! Little England for my money!" "A little Ireland too will now do well," hints Tryall, and the talk turns upon

> That renegade lord
> Apoſtate Inchiquin, who hath committed
> The high offence, revolting *to* the King.
> 'Tis he that plagues us, he hath diſmunſter'd
> He hath diſmunſtered me (Deil Inch him for't)
> Of full three thouſand acres (his very name
> Makes every Inch I have about me quake),
> Which if I could have quietly enjoyed,
> I would not have engaged in Biſhops' lands.
>
> MR. AVERY. Ormond and he ſhall ne'er be pardoned, nor
> Montroſe, Hopton nor Langdale, no nor Dives—
> . . . . .
>
> MR. TRYALL. I was afraid of Ireland once, I gave it
> For an unwholeſome air, bogs and quagmires;
> But Colonel Jones hath cleared it all again,
> With the State's Thunder, Powder and Money.
>
> MR. WOOLASTONE. It was a plot of Cromwell's all this while
> (And Monk will juſtify it) to loſe ſo much:
> To make the buſineſs ſeeming deſperate,
> To his eternal honour to reſtore it.

This was the plot, if Ormond had ta'en Dublin;
He ſhould have put in governors, then marched
And joined with Johnny Preſbyter in Scotland,
Then ſhould thoſe governors have ſold it back
(For what's the City money for, but that?)
Unto the high Lieutenant, that once ours,
Cromwell had powdered after Ormond, whiles
Good Sir Arthur Haſelrigg and Lambert
Rebuilt the wall betwixt the Picts and us,
And kept them out of England, pent in Scotland.
This was the plot, which none but ſure ones knew:
This is the day to raiſe more money for't.

MR. TRYALL. It ſhall be levied, what we ſay 's a law,
This is the word, Do it, or Cromwell comes;
We'el fetch him with a whiſtle, if they boggle,
He lies in Wales on purpoſe at a lurch;
(Upon pretence of waiting on the winds)
But the truth is, it is to awe thoſe here
The Leveller and diſcontented party.
He'll ſquirt you regiments into Dublin,
And fright off Ormond with a whiff of 's tail.

MR. AVERY. The Welch do love him mainly.

MR. WOOLASTONE. They have reaſon.
He is their couſin very near allied,
Once Ap-Lord Lieutenant General,—Ap-All;
Ap-Tudor, Ap-Queen Elizabeth, Ap-Beſs,
Ap great Protector preſently; the States
Muſt have a grave, and who is fitter for 't.

They talk then of the change of lords, delightful as variety of meats. Kings were too ſtately, thought it much to feaſt a ſubject; but the State condeſcends to take a lodging, and tell ſecrets of the Houſe to citizens' wives, who tell their huſbands what they learn, and pump the junto for intelligence. "And on that confidence we buy king's lands, biſhops or anything. They work it all." Therefore the wives are entitled to their holiday feaſt in the park. But they ſhall not miſs the pleaſure of their huſbands' company.

Letters from Cromwell, announcing that he had ſailed from Ireland, reached London on the twenty-firſt of Auguſt; but the fact that he had ſailed was evidently not known to the writer of this pamphlet, when, immediately after the arrival of the news of the Raiſed Siege before Dublin, he began and hurriedly completed his appeal to the paſſions of the crowd that was a few days afterwards to be aſſembled at the Fair. Of the point of the other political alluſions very brief reminder is ſufficient. The Earl of Inchiquin, Lord Preſident of Munſter, had "diſmunſtered" the commonwealth, firſt by manœuvres againſt Lord Liſle, to whom, when he arrived from England he played the part of an adverſary in the form of an ally, in the voice of a friend crying check to him at every move he made. Inchiquin was a royaliſt who, having been offended by his own party, had joined the Parliament, but at the end of two years returned to his old mind, and profited as long as he could by the opportunity of acting as a traitor in the camp to which he had deſerted, before he returned to his right poſition as an open foe. He had helped Ormond greatly, and before Ormond's defeat at Dublin and the change of fortune following on that, Monk had been driven out of Ireland; Dublin and Derry only ſtill held out againſt the forces of the Stuart. That the tone of the preachers ridiculed in this pamphlet was open to the interpretation ſet upon it by the Cavaliers, there can be no doubt. The ſermon preached by its "daily Orator before the Throne of Grace" to the Houſe of Commons on that twenty-ninth of Auguſt, the Thankſgiving Day, for which the Bartholomew Fairing was a preparation, ſhows

us how the learned preached; and if their preaching put a flaming ſword into the hand of him who liſtened, what muſt have been the manner of men whoſe zeal was untempered by knowledge and diſcretion. William Cooper, M.A., Miniſter of the Goſpel at St. Olave's, Southwark, preaching from a text relative to the ſiege of Jeruſalem in the 12th chapter of Zachariah, ſaid, "Obſerve then the parts and parallel together: you have here, firſt, a very formal and formidable laying a ſiege; ſecondly, we have a ſignal raiſing of that ſiege: thirdly, we have the cauſes and conſequents of both: In the firſt, two things are conſiderable, firſt the beſieged, ſecondly, the beſiegers. The beſieged is no mean city, but a Mother in Iſrael, Jeruſalem, the metropolis of Judea, the glory of the Earth, the city of God is inveſted and beleagured; the beloved city is ſurrounded and ſtraitened by her adverſaries. 2. The beſiegers; a numerous Hoſt, all the people round about; ſundry nations, bad neighbours, ſuch as bear evil will to Sion." What would be the comment of a Cavalier upon a paſſage like the following? "Such a contrariety is there between Jeruſalem and her enemies, that as the two ſcales of a balance, put weight in one, preſſeth down and liſts the other up: the riſe of Sion is the fall of Babylon; the death of the witneſſes makes the inhabitants of earth merry, *Revelations*, 11, 10. When Jeremy and his people lamented in tears, their enemies laughed, mocking at their Sabbaths. Again the Saints have their turn at laſt, they ſhall laugh laſt, *Iſaiah*, 65, 13, 14. Behold, my ſervants ſhall rejoice, but ye ſhall be aſhamed; my ſervants ſhall ſing for joy of heart, but ye

ſhall cry for ſorrow of heart, and howl for vexation of ſpirit, *Revelations*. Now this is a ſpecial act of divine juſtice, to give every one his turn: and not only ſo, but by the Law of Retaliation to make his people ſhift their burdens upon their oppreſſors ſhoulders: The burdens that oppreſſors lay on the back of the righteous, ſhall fall heavy upon themſelves, breaking their bones, and preſſing them down into the pit. This they get by laying loads on the Saints of God." This direct preaching of the Law of Retaliation received the thanks of the Houſe of Commons, and was printed by its deſire. "What a diſtinguiſhing love is here in gracious God," ſays Mr. Cooper, "that puts ſo vaſt a difference between men and men, between party and party; accounting his own honourable, his enemies baſe; his own precious, his enemies vile: the Lord like a lion goes forth, and tears whatever he meets with, to feed his young, be it men or beaſts." Again he ſays, "It is ever fatal to aſſault the Jeruſalem of God. In their engaging againſt Jeruſalem, they do but march the neareſt cut to their own graves. It's an evident token the Lord intends to blaſt a Perſon, Family, or Nation, if he permits them to advance and act hoſtilely againſt his people."

Such preaching inevitably tended to beget among the ignorant, opinions, which in the talk of the men introduced into that third act of his tract, all Bartholomew Fair knew to be hardly an exaggeration of the Cavaliers. There were oppreſſions alſo, and there were infamous betrayals of truſt by private men, who hypocritically ſought only their own advancement, in the concourſe of the ſaints: and it would be unfair to Mr. Cooper not to

ſhew how he ſpeaks like a Chriſtian upon this topic. He ſpeaks of petitions left unopened by the Parliament, during a preſs of public buſineſs. "I beſeech you," he ſays, "let your ears be open to thoſe cries which reach up into Heaven, and beat loud alarms in the ears of divine juſtice. Oh, take care and heed, that the oppreſſions in the land may not be ſuch as may cauſe the tears of the oppreſſed to ſpeak. They have no comforter, while on the oppreſſor's ſide there is power; ſome cry for bread to feed their bodies, others cry for bread to feed their ſouls: ſome cry for juſtice, others for mercy; ſome ſink under their burdens, others play the taſk-maſters upon their brethren, laying on them more load; ſome grow rich upon others' poverty, and ſome proud by others' riches." He tells the members of the Houſe that they muſt unload heavy burdens, heal the breaches between brethren, and let the oppreſſed go free, and that then "the Lord will be tender of you and yours, and will build you a ſure foundation."

The Miniſter was labouring over his ſtate ſermon, (which is full of erudition) while the Cavalier was peppering his gibe, and we may underſtand either of them the better for a glance over the other. After this talk between the acts we take our ſeats for the remainder of the play.

Act the Fourth. Enter Ralph and Roger as at New Park Gate. Ralph pays the carochman who has brought the ladies, drink-money above his hire. The two apprentices, about to order the feaſt, exchange a word or two about their approaching wit-combat.

The three miniſters, leading the three Committee men's wives, enter the Park.

MR. LERNED. Theſe were ſometimes high places, and the groves
Where Ahab burnt unhallowed gums to Baal.
But now a ſanctified inheritance,—

and ſo forth. "The herbage is of grace, the trees all elder.

MRS. WOOLASTONE. What are thoſe creatures that trip it ſo, with the high things upon their foreheads? They have goodly foretops.

MR. LERNED. Thoſe are the ſavoury meats o' th' place, the diet
Old Iſaac longed for (we call Veniſon),
Which Eſau hunts, but only Iſrael eats.
. . . . . .

MRS. AVERY. We ſhall ſoon deſpatch
Theſe deer upon Thankſgiving-days for Cromwell,
And then we'll keep our dairies here, the country
Charming 's too groſs for Saints, we'll have glaſſes,
And ſervants, luſty ſervants of our own,
And we will ſee it come, The buttermilk
We'll ſell unto the Cabs and eat the cream,
The cream o' th' kine ourſelves in ſtately diſhes.
. . . . . .

MRS. TRYALL. Deer was the tyrants' game, but bulls is ours.
Biſhops and plays were in a day put down,
I well remember; and Bull-baiting allowed.

They will have geeſe, goſlings, and pigs of their own, on their own grounds.

and ne'er
Be jeered with Bow and Bartholomew Fair Meetings;
Nor James, nor Sturbridge: our huſbands ſhall ply them,
We and our Levites will ply there.

The Levites announce that the repaſt is ſet in order. Roger is informed as to the character of Eve's dinner-

table on the graſs, which had ſix molehills round a knot of turf; Mr. Lerned thinks that was much like the ſeat of her of Babylon. The miniſters and the Committee men's wives ſit to their dinner, and the huſbands come behind the trees with hautboys, cornets, and ſmall muſic. Even behind the trees their talk together is of Colonel Jones and Ormond. Mr. Tryall thinks that "Cromwell with his running army will o'er run Ireland, and take all, the Divell (God bleſs him) is in him, he will have all, all's his."

Act the Fifth. Repreſents the feaſt.

All the three miniſters ſay grace in turn, and upon the depiction of the Three Graces the Cavalier artiſt evidently has beſtowed ſome pains. One is in verſe, two are in proſe. Such parodies are always painful, and I quote only the firſt:

Mr. Lerned. Bleſs uſ-um-bleſs us (Lard) and theſe thy gifts,
Marcies and Creature comforts: By theſe ſhifts
Thou try'ſt our thankfulneſs,-um-this great ſtore,
(Lard) it doth make us praiſe thee more, and more.
Thou takeſt from the mouths of Cavaliers,
And fill'ſt our bellies with good things of theirs.
Thou feedeſt Ravens (Lard) who call on thee,
Young Ravens (Lard) thou feedeſt ſuch as *we*.
They cannot praiſe thy name, they eat indeed,
But we do eat and praiſe, and praiſe and feed.
So that our life is nought but a thankſgiving
For every eaten thing, both dead and living.
From ſtirring oyſters, unto Capon ſtiff
And cold, we eat through faith, and corned Beef.
This Veniſon Pie, a wild untamed beaſt
Alive; is dead, proviſion for the bleſt.
All ſorts of Pie-meats (Lard) bleſs unto us,
And ſanctify our ſtomachs, by it thus.
Let not our wembs be ſtraitened, but enlarge
Our ventricles unto the whole diſcharge,

Even unto ſuccetts, confects, dry and moiſt,
Let us go thorough, and be not debaucht;
Be it as thy ſervant prays, unto his wiſh,
That he may taſte the Lard in *every* diſh.
So be it.

From Mr. Bew's grace I quote one paſſage, "um—we are travellers—um—here is our inn, here we have a good bait, a very plentiful bait. It will not wrong us to ſweep the manger, to make clean work. For we are not as other hypocrites, reprobates, and enemies of the ſtate, but unto us thou haſt given, from them thou haſt taken, (bleſſed be thy name A Lard) they are at rack and manger, but we are at full meal. Thrice bleſſed we, if we now ſhow in our receptions, embracings, and takings in unto us thy overtures, our unwearied gratitude, more than feeding-on-by-heart thankfulneſs."

Mrs. Woolaſtone is complimented on her carving. An Italian carver handles not ſo clean, nor cuts ſo large a limb and full. Roger, the apprentice, utters his aſtoniſhment at the platter-loads that diſappear. Mr. Lerned calls to Ralph for a plenteous glaſs of claret, "ſuch as I always uſe after the third remove of my trencher." Mrs. Woolaſtone calls for "ſome white wine, of that the merchant ſent my huſband for his brother's quick diſpatch at Squeezing" (Goldſmiths') "Hall." Though the elect may not drink healths, they may be topers, and the wine being in, it is ordained by the Cavalier playwright that truth ſhall appear.

"Mrs. Tryall. May we not tope about a little, ſiſter; with the Levites' approbation.—Mr. Bew. Ay, and example too.

"Mrs. T. Healths are profane. Maſky Tope, ſiſter Abigail (*drinks*).

"Mrs. A. Tope, ſiſter Dorcas (*drinks*).

"Mr. L. A dry tope now, an't pleaſe you, ſiſter. Mrs. W. What 's that? Mrs. T. That 's a ſalute. Mr. L. Tope about. (*Kiſs the Levites.*) Mrs. W. A Tope to the Lieutenant General. Mrs. A. To Mr. Marten too a tope . . . Mr. B. Now a wet tope upon the occaſion. Let's not forget the valiant Colonel Jones, and Captain Oatway. Fill largely Ralph. (*All drink.*) Mr. O. Now one tope to Mr. Goodwyn the elder (*drinks*). Mr. B. He is a ſaint ſure? Mr. O. I mean in oppoſition to younger. Mr. B. I have toped. I do tope to you, brother, to the worthy viſitors of Oxford, a ſwinging tope. Mr. L. They deſerve it highly, they have reformed that place to the purpoſe. There's no duſt left behind the door, they have made clean work, they have ſwept all out. To good Sir Nat. Mr. Bew. The malignants ſay he is an aſs.

"Mr. Lerned. He? An aſs? and ſo am I. Mr. Old. And I. Mr. Bew. And I. So they ſay Cheynell and Wilkinſon are mad.

"Mr. Lerned. They mad? And ſo am I. Mr. Old. And I. Mr. Bew. And I. Nay, they ſtick not to ſpeak unreverently of Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Harris, and call them hypocrites, and diſſembling knaves.

"Mr. Lerned. They knaves? So am I. Mr. Old. And I. Mr. Bew. And I.

"Roger. This was the beſt tope yet; had it been ſung it would have gone to the tune of *Thou Knave* excellently well."

It is worth obſervation that this paſſage guides us to an unſuſpected origin of the word toper. The word is not in Shakeſpeare, and I believe is not to be found in any author of a date anterior to the commonwealth. Our beſt dictionaries give ſuch doubtful etymologies as that toper is derived from the German topf, for pot; from top becauſe the drinker's wine flows over the top of his glaſs, or by tranſpoſition of letters from potor. Nobody ſeems to have remembered that *toper* is a verb of the French dice-players, that means the ſetting of an equal ſtake againſt one laid already on the table. Tope! was the exclamation of the gambler when he accepted the challenge of his partner of the game to ſet coin againſt coin. Transferred to the drinking-table it meant glaſs againſt glaſs; as you drink, ſo do I. The word went out even into general ſociety as a mere exclamation of aſſent. The French courtiers in the train of Henrietta Maria may firſt have brought it to England; and when the Puritans abandoned drinking of healths, it would appear by the paſſage above cited, that they fell back on the cry of Tope, and gave it currency enough to eſtabliſh firmly the word toper among the Engliſh people. Then, when it had been uſed by Dryden and by other authors who lived after the time of the commonwealth, it became claſſical Engliſh.

To the topers of Bartholomew Fair in the year 1649, the Cavalier who offered them his Fairing on occaſion of the raiſing of the Siege of Dublin had but little more to ſay. He brought the huſbands in to join the feaſt of ſaints, and they were welcomed by their wives and by the miniſters, who bade them ſit down, for the meats

were bleſt and thoroughly ſanctified. There needs no repetition; the creature cannot fall from grace. The two apprentices are then called to their wit-combat, which ends the play. It ought to contain the ſting of the whole ſatire; we have been prepared for it from the firſt, and when we come to it,—Ralph witleſſly ſings changes upon the witleſs notion of

> Not ſuch a preſent ſince good Noah's Ark
> As this of the new State, their Fine New Park,

and bewilders us with arks and parks, much to the delight of his hearers in the play, who ſeem to underſtand him. At laſt ſays Mr. Lerned, "Now, conclude, Ralph, ſmartly, with the ſting in the tail, as all epigrammatical poems ſhould.

> RALPH. Tis all our own,—it comes; Be wondrous merry,
> The next good news: All *Ireland's London Derry*."

It was thirty-ſeven years ſince the large grants of land in Derry, then made to the corporation of London, had received the name of Londonderry. London now might aſk all Ireland for its Derry. There was no wit here, indeed, but there was a ſtrong expreſſion of the eager expectation with which men then watched the iſſue of Cromwell's expedition to a land in which there had been leſt to the Parliament only two places to call its own.

The other apprentice ſings as a Cavalier of gold and goblets changed to parks.

> Each bodkin in this new alembic proves
> A Tree; ear-rings and thimbles ſtart up groves.
> Gilt ſpoons are ſaplings and the orphans' food,
> Pap with a Hatchet, it is nurſed with wood.

The widow's jointure here moſt ſtately ſhews,
She calls for 't in, the Feoffees ſay It grows.

. . . . .

Engage, engage apace, while the State lives,
She is a liberal governeſs, ſhe gives.
This is a taſte to the city of their loves,
Lend all you have; and you ſhall all have groves.
Then though the King return with Foreign Force,
And take your Foreſt, what are you the worſe.
When theſe are gone, the State more favour yields,
They give Parks now, and then Elyſian Fields.

"You are a little too bitter, ſirrah," Mr. Lerned cries, and the painfully witty Roger anſwers, "Satyrs in woods, ſir, are moſt proper." The ladies falling out over the merits of the two apprentices, throw pie, muſtard, and ſugar at each other. Mr. Olduns riſes, with hat off, to exorciſe the ſpirit of trouble and feaſt-interruption; and the huſbands entering with muſic that plays "ſeveral ſmart tunes," the ladies tope both dry and wet, in ſign of reconciliation, and are led off by the miniſters in a pretty dance, while the huſbands, ever intent on the ſtate of the nation, run over the diurnals. "The Moderate Intelligencer" was one of the many little quarto journals crowded with print, that expreſſed the ſtir among the people in thoſe days;—"the Moderate Intelligencer," ſays Mr. Woolaſtone, "is very full this week; what a comfortable letter is here from Colonel Jones? What! was it Ormond's Fair, that there were ſuch rich prizes taken? Who would have taken it for a ſiege? And you will—we will—ſend and buy it all. 'Twill be good chaffer." The end is that

His Lordſhip's ſhipped: we are Princes all.
MR. AVERY. I muſt unto my court at Squeezing Hall,

There wait thoſe Oranges, thoſe humbled things:
While we ſit uncontrolled like petty kings.

MR. WOOLASTONE. We will have the ſong, and ſo conclude:
Our wives to their caroches, we to our horſes. Levites to their
Books. Boys to their ſhops, and Muſic to the ſcraps.

THE SONG.

To the Tune of *In the Merry Month of May.*

I.

In the merry, merry month of June
When the roſe fades; but veniſon
Ranges ſtately by the woodſide,
With head branched in her pride.
Then the State looked down upon
Citizana and Citizon.

II.

The States that ſtyled are the free
More than thoſe of Germany:
Free of fleſh, as any State,
Gave us Veniſon for our Plate.
They will give us anything,
A New Park for an old King.

III.

What Returns are theſe for our loans?
No man grudgeth, no maid groans.
She that laid her bodkin down,
In New Park has a green gown.
And if that be not enough
What is far more pleaſing ſtuff?

There are two verſes more before the

(*Cloſe.*)

Thus Enge-land for a Crown of Gold
Is with a ſilly Willow Garland fooled:
Thus Enge-land by ſucceſsfull knaves,
Is become a State of Fools and Slaves.
Thus for a Park, like a ſort of owls,
The Charter's loſt of the Foreſt of Fools.

In an epilogue of indignation Roger ſeems to compare the traffic and turmoil going on throughout the country to a Fair, and ends as uſual with a blunt point thruſt very fiercely.

> The Fair is hell.
> Difference there is twixt that and Bartholomew,
> That brings Brimſtone and Fire, this the Cold Dew.

The ſimple hiſtory of the Park which is the foundation of the Cavalier's attack upon the Puritans, is that King Charles the Firſt, by encloſure of common lands belonging to the people, added to the Old Park at Richmond the two thouſand two hundred and fifty-three acres ſtill known as the New or Great Park. In the formal liſt of his encroachments upon public liberty drawn up before his trial, this ſeizure of public land had been included; and ſoon after the King's death, two months before this Bartholomew Fair, that is to ſay in June 1649, the New Park, as their own land, had been given back to the uſe of the people. In plain words, reſtoration was made of the ſtolen property.

The Puritans did not ſuppreſs Bartholomew Fair. There were, indeed, no dramas performed in it by living actors, but the State did not condeſcend, like Rabbi Buſy, to engage in controverſy with the puppets. It was for the Corporation of London, if it pleaſed, to exerciſe control, and there was a Lord Mayor who, as we ſhall ſee, did make himſelf eminent for an attack upon the wooden Dagons of the ſhow. Againſt the fool in his motley none made war; Cromwell himſelf had in his private ſervice four buffoons, and had he viſited the Fair, true hero as he was, might have been

well diſpoſed to mount a hobby-horſe. Therefore the clown ſtill jeſted, and the toyman thruſt his baubles in the face of the Roundhead, while the Cavalier's lady with a conſtellation of black ſtars about her noſe, a moon of ink on her chin, and a coach and horſes, a very faſhionable patch, on her forehead, laughed at the ſhort hair under the broad-brimmed hat of the offended gentleman. Well might ſhe laugh at the miſerable ſcarecrow in plain cloak and jerkin, and in boots that fitted him, for he had no love locks and no peaked beard like the gallant at her ſide; he wore only a little pecked band inſtead of a laced collar, and as for his breeches,—not only did they want ornament and width, but they even ſhowed no elegant bit of ſhirt protruding over them! Acroſs the Smithfield pavement, Cavaliers in boots two inches too long, and with laced tops wide enough to contain each of them a gooſe, ſtraddled about; compelled to ſtraddle, in order that the long and jingling ſpur of one boot, hooked into the ruffle of the other, might not bring down the whole man into the gutter. Women, I ſay, might note ſuch things, but the men were in earneſt. The dainty Cavalier in the hiſtorical ſhirt, embroidered with the deeds of profane heroes, might glance from the ſpeckled face of his companion towards the clean cheeks of the Puritan maid in the religious petticoat, worked over with texts and ſcripture ſcenes; all had their vanities, their froth of weakneſs floating looſe above the ſtorm; all had an eye for the jeſt of the Fair, but under it lay in a heaving maſs the ſolemn earneſt of the time. The Fair brought together from almoſt all parts of England, men who had urgent thoughts to exchange, harmonies and con-

flicts now of principle, and now of paſſion to expreſs. The deſtiny of fatherland was hidden for all in a future black with doubt. Men brave and honeſt had their ſouls pledged in allegiance to an earthly king, over whom and againſt whom others, as brave and as honeſt, ſet up the rights given to them by the King of kings.

A true Bartholomew Fairing, then, for the year 1649, was this of which we have diſcuſſed the purport. The talk of the Fair was in it. Zeal might be there crying out againſt the puppets, Licenſe might be there preaching the cauſe of the monarchy to Urſula the pig-woman, type of all that is groſs and ſenſual in the Smithfield feſtival, and winning from her and hers a ready outcry againſt interference of the Puritans with honeſt pleaſure. But it was not only to the tribe of Urſula that Cavaliers, then abroad in the Fair, looked for applauſe and countenance. There were ſupporters of the commonwealth battling with all their hearts for civil liberty, who did not ſeek religious liberty by ſharing in the proteſts of the Puritans; and there were Puritans—nay, there were the very ſaints of Banbury—who felt themſelves bound in conſcience to pay tribute unto Cæſar, and who had on that ground proteſted formally againſt the execution of King Charles the Firſt. All were eager, there were few who were not earneſt, and there were none to whom the news from Dublin was not, even in the midſt of the Fair, a matter of more preſſing intereſt than all the Monſters of the booths. The Fair was become an aſſembly of the people, for whoſe ſuffrages contending parties ſtrove. The very Lords of the Fair had in that year borne witneſs to the heat and urgency of the great ſtruggle

through which the land was paſſing. From the corporation of London, holder of the Fair in Smithfield, there had been a Mayor diſmiſſed as diſaffected to the Commonwealth, and a ſucceſſor forced upon the citizens. Of the family of Rich, holding the Fair in Bartholomew Cloſe, the two chiefs, brothers, attached to one another in the houſehold, were divided in the ſtate. The head of one of them had been ſtruck off at the gate of Weſtminſter Hall; the other was a main prop of the Commonwealth, and Cromwell's friend.

The Rich family has to be kept in ſight during this portion of our ſtory. In a few paragraphs, therefore, let its hiſtory be ſummed up for the next half century.

The Earl of Warwick, a ſtout but temperate ſupporter of the Puritans, had, in the King's time, been much honoured and truſted in the Houſe of Lords. It was he who had been appointed by the Lords and Commons, on behalf of England and againſt the King's wiſh, Vice-Admiral under the Earl of Northumberland; who had, in obedience to the orders of the Parliament, removed from Hull to London the King's magazine of arms, cannon, and ammunition; and who, when the King diſcharged the Earl of Northumberland of his commiſſion, which he would not conſent to reſume on the authority of Parliament, took by that authority his place of Lord High Admiral. The firſt uſe made of the new broadſeal of the Parliament was to confirm his patent. He was a hearty, honeſt, charitable man, whoſe influence was great, not only among leaders of the popular cauſe in London, but alſo among his friends

and tenantry in Eſſex. Clarendon terms the Earls of Mancheſter and Warwick the two pillars of the Preſbyterian party; and tells us that the Earl of Warwick, piqued by ſome ſlight put upon him as Lord High Admiral, was privy and conſenting to his brother's deſign for the royaliſt riſing which was diſcomfited ſo eaſily at Kingſton, and which brought the ſchemer of it to the block. Yet the Earl of Warwick at that very time was, by appointment of the Parliament, threatening the fleet of the Prince of Wales at ſea; and when, "becauſe it was well known that the Earl was privy to the engagement of his brother, and had promiſed to join him," the prince tempted him by letters and friendly meſſages, the meſſenger "quickly returned with an anſwer from the Earl which (in terms of duty enough) humbly beſought his highneſs to put himſelf into the hands of the Parliament; and that the fleet with him might ſubmit to their obedience; upon which they ſhould be pardoned for their revolt." This was not the behaviour of a traitor to his cauſe. Probably he had heard of the Earl of Holland's wild deſign, and was by family affection reſtrained from betraying plots that muſt inevitably fail. When they had failed, he ſtrained every nerve to ſave his brother's life, pleaded his paſt ſervices, his age and infirmity, engaged all the Preſbyterians on his behalf, and after long and warm debate failed only by three or four votes to reſcue him from death. He ſtill remained true to the Commonwealth, was Cromwell's faſt friend, was the nobleman who in Weſtminſter Hall helped in the robing of him as Protector, and to whoſe grandſon —another Robert, and a ſhort-lived huſband—Cromwell

gave his youngeſt daughter Frances for a wife. He gave her, it is ſaid, ſo joyouſly that, at the wedding-feaſt, he threw ſack-poſſet over ladies' clothes, daubed ſtools with ſweetmeats, and pulled off and ſat upon his old friend's wig. A formal courtier, dancing at this feaſt, had his lip made black like a beard by one of the Protector's four buffoons, and, being offended thereat, nearly ſlaughtered him for his impertinence. There was hope for Bartholomew Fair revels when ſuch ſport was reliſhed in the Houſehold of the Lord Protector. The Earl and his newly married grandſon both died a few months after this wedding, in the year 1658.

But the grandſon ſo married to Frances Cromwell was the only male child of an intervening Robert, the Lord Admiral's eldeſt ſon. This young man's premature death having deprived his father of a direct heir, the title paſſed to his uncle Charles, his father's brother, and the ſecond ſon of Earl Warwick the Admiral. But when this Charles died alſo without iſſue (in the year 1673), the earldom of Warwick came with its eſtates, including the lordſhip of Cloth Fair, to the ſon (again a Robert Rich) of the Lord Admiral's brother, the beheaded Earl of Holland, and of the Elizabeth who had been heir to Sir Walter Cope of Kenſington. Sir Walter was the brother of a Sir Anthony Cope, already mentioned in theſe pages, who had ſerved in the Puritan intereſts for the borough of Banbury, during five Parliaments of Elizabeth, and who was King James's firſt High Sheriff of Oxfordſhire. Marriage into this family had influenced the mind of Henry, Earl of Holland; and,

doubtleſs, had cauſed ſome of his vacillation between the contending parties of the State. But Elizabeth, his wife, Sir Walter's heireſs, appears to have been a lady of high ſpirit, and, after her huſband's execution, bore no good-will to the party by which he had been condemned. She continued as a widower to occupy Holland Houſe, her own inheritance. It had been built by John Thorpe for her father, afterwards improved by her huſband, and it was again enlarged by herſelf, when ſhe was ſole miſtreſs of it, in the year 1654, a widow, and a mother of nine children. In her eldeſt ſon Robert, who was three times married, and who was not maſter of Holland Houſe until after his mother's death, the two earldoms were firſt united; and after the year 1673, joint Lord of Bartholomew Fair with the corporation of London was Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland. The firſt lord who held the titles jointly died after holding them two years, and was ſucceeded then by a ſon Edward, married to Charlotte Middleton, daughter of a Welſh baronet, the lady who, after her firſt lord's deceaſe in 1701, was re-married to Mr. Addiſon. The firſt huſband had left her with a ſon named Edward Henry, three years old, upon whoſe ſmall head the two Earls' coronets deſcended, and who became the little Lord alſo of the Fair within the bounds of St. Bartholomew the Great.

CHAPTER XII.

Dagon.

Bartholomew Fairings, in the form of political pamphlets, had been in uſe before the year of the King's execution. One ſuch work, entitled "General Maſſey's Bartholomew Fayrings to Colonel Poyntz," was aſcribed to John Lilburne, in eight 8vo pages of anſwer to it printed in 1647, under the name of "Reformados Righted, being an Anſwer to a paltry piece of Poetry, entitled" as above. Some paſſages from this anſwer are in the Guildhall book of MS. collections; but they are mere abuſe, and can illuſtrate nothing. The only point in it is, that the reſpondent, as Lilburne had expreſſed abhorrence of ſmokers, talks of making pipe-lights of his verſes:

> If Derrick don't prevent our taper
> And burn it in Smithfield for a libellous paper.
> Oh, how 'twould vex our idle pamphleteer
> To ſee his Fairing executed there:
> Yet ſuch a puniſhment too noble is
> For ſenſeleſs rhymers. Let thy doom be this,
> May never reader henceforth look for thee
> But in a whipping poſt or pillory.

That Bartholomew Fair held its own while the play-

houſes were ſilenced, there is abundant evidence to prove. Evelyn, in his diary, under date Auguſt 28, 1648, notices his coming to London from Says' Court, and ſeeing "the celebrated follies of Bartholomew Fair." In the ſame year, a quarto pamphlet, called "An Agitator Anatomiſed," notices the puppet-playing. Nearly as old as this, and, although undated, probably to be taken as the firſt advertiſement of a wild-beaſt ſhow in the Fair of which there is extant record, is the following:

"JUST ARRIVED FROM ABROAD,

"And are now to be ſeen or ſold, at the firſt Houſe on the Pavement from the end of Hoſier Lane, during Bartholomew Fair,

"A large and beautiful young Camel, from Grand Cairo, in Egypt. This Creature is twenty-three years old; his head and neck are like thoſe of a deer."

In the year 1651 the Houſehold Book of Sir Edward Dering, Bart, of Surrenden Dering, in Kent, records as expenditure on the 3rd of September: "Item, Baubles at Bartholomew Fair, 4*s*." That entry might have been important to our hiſtory, as the firſt intimation we have of the Duration of Bartholomew Fair for a longer time than the three days in Auguſt firſt appointed for it. But it happens, unfortunately, that, about the year 1650, the practice of adopting from abroad the computation of new ſtyle, although not yet eſtabliſhed by the law in England, had been recogniſed by the Commonwealth in public documents, which employed

ſuch dates as the $\frac{21}{31}$ June. Therefore, Sir Edward Dering's 3rd of September may really have been, and probably was, Engliſh Bartholomew's Day, the 24th of Auguſt.

Some old verſes about the Fair, written in the time of the Commonwealth, and in the year 1655, ſhow that it then ſtill throve, that the cut-purſes were not ſuppreſſed, and that Fat Urſula was ſtill meaſuring her ale at the rate of ſix cans to a quart. The rope-dancer performed within four walls to penny audiences, and the memory of the old Miracle Plays and Moralities was being cheriſhed among the puppets. Bows and arrows were ſold among the pigs at Pye Corner, and the leather market had begotten, near Smithfield Bars, an offspring of its own in Shoemakers' Row. Thus runs the "Ancient Song of Bartholomew Fair," quoted in the fourth Volume (p. 169,) of D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy":

In fifty-five may I never thrive,
If I tell you any more than is true,
To London che came, hearing of the fame
Of a Fair they call Bartholomew.

In houſes of boards, men walk upon cords,
As eaſy as ſquirrels crack filberds;
But the cut-purſes they do bite, and rob away;
But thoſe we ſuppoſe to be ill-birds.

For a penny you may zee a fine puppet play,
And for twopence a rare piece of art;
And a penny a can, I dare ſwear a man
May put zix of 'em into a quart.

Their zights are ſo rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man-a;
Here's patient Griſel here, and fair Roſamond there,
And the Hiſtory of Suſanna.

At Pye Corner end, mark well, my good friend,
  Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
  Than was handl'd at Chivy-Chaſe.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the ſtars,
  There's a place they call Shoemaker Row,
Where that you may buy ſhoes every day
  Or go barefoot all the year, I tro!

But the poſition occupied by Bartholomew Fair during the Commonwealth will be beſt underſtood if connected with a recollection of the ſtruggles of the ſtage during that period. Whatever Prynne may have ſuffered for his Hiſtrio-maſtix, or Stagers' Scourge, publiſhed in 1633, the intereſt excited by the book was mainly due to the fact that it expreſſed an actual paſſion felt by a large body of the people. Only nine years later is the date of an ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning ſtage plays, commanding them to be forborne as out of joint with days when England was "threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war." Again, in the year 1647, there had been an Act paſſed to the effect that all ſtage galleries, ſeats, and boxes ſhould be pulled down by warrant of two juſtices of peace; that all actors of plays for the time to come, being convicted, ſhould be publicly whipped; and that all ſpectators of plays for every offence ſhould pay five ſhillings. Prynne could have aſked no more than that. Many players out of occupation fought in the ranks of the Royaliſts. Some waifs collected in one ſpot during a lull in the great ſtorm, were to be ſeen together on three or four ſucceſſive nights in the year 1648, performing at the Cock-pit. They were broken in upon and diſperſed by ſoldiers.

In Oliver's day, however, there was much ſecret connivance at dramatic entertainment. Private performances were held now at one place, now at another a few miles from town, ſometimes at noblemen's houſes; and among noble patrons there was none ſo prominent as the one in whoſe family part of Bartholomew Fair was an inheritance. Of the ſecret performances at Holland Houſe there is eſpecial recollection. At ſuch meetings the performers were paid by a collection made among thoſe preſent. At the great feſtival times of Chriſtmas and Bartholomew Fair, it was found poſſible to bribe the officer who commanded at Whitehall, and to open the theatre in St. John Street, the Red Bull, which from its vicinity to Smithfield, was eſpecially the Bartholomew Fair playhouſe, for a few performances. Even then, however, they were diſturbed ſometimes by the ſoldiery.

Remembrance is here due to Robert Cox, a good comedian who, during the ſuppreſſion of the playhouſes, wrote drolls or farces which were acted under the diſguiſe of rope-dancing, he himſelf uſually taking the chief character. He repreſented thus the living drama in the Fair; and it is ſaid that by his performance of the part of Simpleton the Smith, at a country fair, he ſo impreſſed a blackſmith who was preſent with his genius for ſmith's work, that he offered him the poſt of journeyman at twelvepence a-week extra wages.

At the Reſtoration the old actors who ſurvived were formed into a company that performed at ſeveral of the old playhouſes, including the Red Bull, until the new theatres were built, for the erection of which Killegrew and Davenant had, in 1660, each received a patent.

Lady Holland's Mob is an inſtitution of the Fair, which ſeems to have been founded in the time of the Commonwealth. It is a Mob without a Literature, which has no account to give of itſelf; nevertheleſs the date of its beginning is not hard to gueſs. We remember that the ſuppreſſed players had, under the Commonwealth, a ſpecial gathering place for ſecret performances in Holland Houſe. The ladies of this family after the coaleſcing of the peerages, were Lady Warwicks. The firſt Lady Holland, as we have ſeen, was that heireſs of Sir Walter Cope who brought the Kenſington eſtate into the family, wife of the Earl who was beheaded by the Parliament in the ſame year with King Charles the Firſt. She it is, who, in the days of the Commonwealth, was miſtreſs of Holland Houſe; and her ſon's wife was the only other Lady Holland. It was this energetic lady who ſet builders to work on the houſe, and entertained the condemned players. She, therefore, muſt have been the Lady Holland of the Mob.

During the Commonwealth ſeveral attempts were made, by London Mayors, to put ſome check on the freedom of Bartholomew Fair. One of theſe magiſtrates, Sir John Dethick, was knighted by Cromwell ſoon after the Fair-time (on the 5th of September) in 1656. It is not unlikely that this was the Mayor who preſſed hard againſt thoſe puppet ſhowmen and others that had begun the buſineſs of the Fair, as he conceived, twelve hours too ſoon, and were already at work when he arrived at Smithfield to proclaim the opening. An undated broadſide, of which the only copy acceſſible to me is torn upon one margin, and has loſt therefore

ſome rhymes from the ſecond column of its verſes, bears on this incident, which ſeems to be aſſociated with the origin of Lady Holland's Mob. I copy it, indicating by a bracket where I have given, for the miſſing words, conjecture of what poſſibly they may have been.

The Dagonizing of *Bartholomew Fayre* cauſed b[y the Lord Majors Command, for the battering downe the va[nities of the Gentiles, comprehended in Flag and Pole, appertayning to Puppet-play.

The 23 of Auguſt being the day before the Apoſtolicke Fayre.

On Auguſt's foure and twentieth Eve,
The Cities Soveraigne and the Shrieve
To Smithfield came if you'll believe
to ſee th' ungodly flagges.

The Livery men were ſore put too't
Though ſome wore ſhoe and ſome wore boot
They 'ere all conſtrained to trans on foot,
God ſave 'em.

Entring through Duck Lane at the Crowne
The ſoveraigne Cit began to frowne,
As if 't abated his renowne,
the paint did ſo o'retop him.

Downe with thoſe Dagons then, quoth he,
They outbrave my dayes Regality,
For's pride and partiality
Jove crop him.

Ile have no puppet-playes, quoth he,
The harmleſse-mirth diſpleaſeth me,
Begun on Auguſt twenty three,
'tis full twelve howres too early.

A yonker then began to laugh,
'Gainſt whom the Major advanc't white ſtaffe,
And ſent him to the Compter ſafe,
Sans parly.

Another wight (in wofull wiſe)
Beſought the Major, his pupetries,
That he would not Babell-onize,
(Urſula-talk omitted.)

Another Mortall had a clout,
Which on a long pole did hang [out
At which the Major turned up h[is ſnout
for he was then ad[vancing

Mounted with him came both [ſhrieves
And Catchpoles with their ha[ndy ſleeves;
They ſhew'd much like a den [of thieves,
though pra[ncing.

With that my Lord did ſilenc[e call,
He op'd his mouth and thus [did bawl:
Tis fitteſt quoth he that the [ſtall
unto the walls [be tumbled.

There was a Varlet (cloſe a[t hand
To execute (gold chaines [command
Pull'd wight away ſtraight, [from his ſtand-
ing, fo[r he grumbled.

He that ſhew'd wonders n[ext below
Spoke in behalfe of his fin[e ſhow;
Quoth he, we ſpit no fire [at you,
nor ſuch like pu[re ones.

Beſides we ſhew his Excel[lence hand.
Quoth Major, that is [not my command;
Gods-nigs tis time t[o clear the land
[Of this aſſurance.

On top of Booth ſat [Jack Pudding
(Lord would be loath [to let him ſwing)—
I'me ſure he wiſht [that he could bring
ye[ars to his Highneſs.

But when his Lo[rdſhip looked on high,
John ſet up th[en a devil's cry,
And glad he w[as to ſee him fly,

So was Mr. FINIS.

Theſe verſes tell us that the Fair, "begun on Auguſt twenty-three, is full twelve hours too early." The proclamation was made late in the afternoon, but the ſhowmen and traders opened their booths early in the morning. Lawful objection being made to this, a riotous aſſembly met, on the night before the day of the Mayor's proclamation, at the public houſe within Cloth Fair, in which the Court of Piepowder was held, the Hand and Shears,

—now transformed into a tall brick gin-palace,—and at midnight ſallied forth, bearing along, in later years, the effigy of a woman to repreſent Lady Holland (who muſt have been inſtigator and, it would ſeem, firſt leader of the mob), and the mob—knocking at doors, ringing bells, clamouring and rioting ſome five thouſand ſtrong during three hours of the middle of the night,—proclaimed for itſelf, in its own way, that

Bartholomew Fair was open. The firſt irregular proclamation was for many years made by a company of tailors who met the night before the legal proclamation, at the Hand and Shears, elected a chairman, and as the clock ſtruck twelve, went out into Cloth Fair, each with a pair of Shears in his Hand. The chairman then proclaimed the Fair to the expectant mob, and all ſped on their errand of riot, to arouſe with the news of it the ſleepers in the neighbourhood of Smithfield.

In the year 1661 it was ordered by proclamation that the coinage of the Commonwealth ſhould no longer be current than the laſt day of November in that year. The *Kingdom's Intelligencer*, for Auguſt 22, 25, in the year following contained this notice, referring obviouſly to the Fair then open: "Whitehall, Auguſt 23. There hath been a diſcovery of divers perſons who have coined both gold and ſilver, and of other perſons who have vended the ſame, in great quantities, &c. intending to utter the ſame to Clothiers and at Fairs; which is publiſhed to the end that honeſt perſons be not deceived by receiving ſuch monies."

It ſeems to have been very ſoon after the Reſtoration of King Charles the Second, that a tract, entitled "News from Bartholomew Fair. Or, the World's Mad: being a Deſcription of the Varieties and Fooleries of this preſent Age," was, with allowance, "Printed for the General uſe of the Buyer, and Perticular Benefit of the Seller." It had for motto "Riſum teneatis amici?" and this frontiſpiece repreſenting a modified Puritan, in preſence of Jacob Hall the faſhionable rope-dancer, exhibiting the vanities of dreſs.

It begins "Faith, gentlemen, you may juſtly ſay I have picked out a mad ſubject to treat on," and dilates in four pages upon the faithleſſneſs of the two ſexes to one another. "What Chriſtian," it aſks, "can refrain from bewailing this preſent age, deteſting and abhorring the pride and luxury, the execrations, oaths and curſes, profaneneſs and blaſphemy, ebriety, fornication and adultery, that infatuated mankind (O Miſerabile Dictu) is now immerſt in, and wholly addicted to: what precipitate haſte they make to hell and damnation, or as if there were no Heaven, none to call them to an account for their crying ſins and tranſgreſſions; it's probable they conclude with Muggleton, they have the power of damning and ſaving in their own hands; and that notwithſtanding their reiterated villanies they are aſſured of ſalvation: Thus they daily go on to act all miſchief, that their deprived appetites ſtretched on the tenters of invention can deviſe, in which moſt of their precious time is ſpent, to the neglect of their more precious and immortal ſouls. All theſe things (Candid Reader)

conſidered, I hope I may without much rhetorick be excuſed for ſaying, the world's mad, or the devil 's in 't." That is the end and point of the ſmall diſſertation on four quarto leaves, which offered feeble proteſt in the Fair againſt the licence faſhionable in the days of Charles the Second.

Of that licence there is pitiable evidence in another extant tract, bearing date in the firſt year after the Reſtoration, 1661, which contains ſix pages of filth, 'by Peter Aretine,' printed for 'Theodoſus Microcoſmus,' a ſequel to five pamphlets of which the contents are inexpreſſibly diſguſting. The title of this pamphlet begins by promiſing 'Strange news from Bartholomew Fair;' the reſt of it I do not care to quote. All to be learnt from it is, that in Duck Lane and Pye Corner were many dens of wickedneſs, that bawds were alſo thieves, that they were puniſhed by whipping, and that there were ſtill zealots who came into the Fair.

The licence of the Reſtoration, mainly ariſing from the low perſonal character of the King, but greatly promoted by the natural tendency to reaction after the exceſs of ſeverity uſed by the Puritans in ſuppreſſing what was not to be ſuppreſſed, at once extended Bartholomew Fair from a three days' market, to a fortnight's—if not even at one time a ſix weeks'*—riot of amuſement.

Mr. Samuel Pepys, whoſe love of amuſement has borne fruit in theſe days to many a working ſtudent, was at the time of which we now ſpeak, Clerk of the Acts of the

* The Hiſtory and Origin of Bartholomew Fair. Publiſhed by Arliſs and Huntſman, 37, Bartholomew Cloſe, anno 1808. ſm. 8vo, pp. 26.

Navy, and was reſident in Seething Lane. His diary contains ſeveral points of information on the ſubject of the Fair. On the 25th of Auguſt—the morrow of St. Bartholomew's Day—in 1663, Mr. Pepys going at noon to the Exchange, met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall Street, and upon enquiry found that he was Clerk of the City Market; three or four men attended him, carrying each an arrow of a pound weight in his hand. This was the beginning again by the Lord Mayor, Sir John Frederic, of the old city cuſtom. His Lordſhip had been, the day before, with the Aldermen in Moorfields, for the Bartholomew's Day wreſtling. That day was appointed for the ſhooting, and the officer, as Mr. Pepys thought, was riding through the city to proclaim or challenge any to ſhoot. On the day following—third day of the Fair—there was to be a civic hunting, alſo by old cuſtom. The reſtoration of ſo much of the Mayor's preſence was not fought in Smithfield. "It ſeems the people of the Fair cry out upon it, as a great hindrance to them."

But it was not only the faſhionable trifler upon town who, after the Reſtoration, ſought matter of amuſement or reflection in Bartholomew Fair. Even John Locke, the philoſopher, elbowed his way with the reſt of the world, in the Smithfield crowd, as we find from one of his letters to John Strachy at Briſtol, dated from Cleves in 1664. "Near the high altar," he writes, "in the principal church at Cleves, was a little altar for the ſervice of Chriſtmas Day. The ſcene was a ſtable, wherein was an Ox, an Aſs, a Cradle, the Virgin, the Babe, Joſeph, ſhepherds and angels, dramatis perſonæ.

Had they but given them motion it had been a perfect Puppet Play, and might have deſerved pence a piece; for they were of the ſame ſize and make that our Engliſh puppets are; and, I am confident, theſe ſhepherds and this Joſeph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I had ſeen at Bartholomew Fair."

In the *Newes* and *Intelligencer* of the King's cenſor, Roger L'Eſtrange, commenced in the previous year as the modicum of newſpaper which was to keep the profane multitude from being pragmatical and cenſorious, and gifted with an itch for meddling with the government, we read of the end of St. James's Fair in a market that was probably, in its eſtabliſhment, more profitable to the royal purſe. In the *Newes* of July 28, 1664, is this announcement: "Whitehall, July 27. The Fair at St. James's is put by, as conſidered to tend rather to the advantage of looſeneſs and irregularity, than to the ſubſtantial promoting of any good, common and beneficial to the people." And in the *Intelligencer* of October 10, we learn that there was a "Market proclaimed at St. James' Fields, Tueſday, 27 September, 1664, for all ſort of proviſions, Mondays, Wedneſdays, and Saturdays, and for all ſort of Cattle in the Haymarket, every Monday and Wedneſday."

The year 1665, the year of the Great Plague, which Defoe has made for us the truth itſelf inſtead of the word of it, the year alſo of the comet, "of a faint, dull, languid colour, and its motion very heavy and ſlow," was no year for Bartholomew Fair. It was ſuppreſſed that year, and again cloſed in the year following, by reaſon of the plague. Plague which had made ſo many viſits,

and had even been naturaliſed in London between the years 1636 and 1647, after 1648 had all but entirely ceaſed. There was not plague under the Commonwealth; but after five years of the Reſtoration it came in again, as a moral plague did alſo, with more than its former virulence. Of the time of Bartholomew Fair, in the autumn of this year, Thomas Vincent, one of the nonconforming miniſters, who, when the conformable miniſters had fled, reſolved to ſtay with the people, wrote: "Now people fall as thick as the leaves in autumn when they are ſhaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a diſmal ſolitude in London ſtreets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath day, obſerved with a greater ſolemnity than it uſed to be in the city. Now ſhops are ſhut in, people rare and very few that walk about, inſomuch that the graſs begins to ſpring up in ſome places, and a deep ſilence in every place, eſpecially within the walls." No Bartholomew Fair, therefore, in 1665. At the beginning of September, uſual Fair time, in that year, bale fires burnt night and day, for the cleanſing of the air, in every ſtreet, till they were put out by heavy rain. In the year following, though Plague was abated, the holding of Bartholomew Fair was not accounted ſafe; and ſo there was again no Bartholomew Fair when, on the 2nd of September, within the time to which the holding of the feſtival had been extended after the Reſtoration, the Great Fire of London began. Flames two miles long and a mile broad, ſmoke ſpreading fifty miles, were at that Fair time in London; and the Fire would not have ſwallowed up the booths if they had been erected, for it ended at

Pye Corner. The houſes at Pye Corner that eſcaped the Fire, and lay upon its borders, were not taken down until October, 1809. The ſuppreſſion of the Fair during theſe two years is mentioned in Clavell's "Catalogue of Books publiſhed ſince the Plague."

In the year after the Fire, the Fair was held again; and Mr. Pepys rejoiced in it, and on the 28th of Auguſt, as he ſays, "went twice round Bartholomew Fair, which I was glad to ſee again, after two years miſſing it by the Plague."

Of one of the ſhows of the Fair this year there is a handbill preſerved:

"At Mr. Croome's, at the Sign of the Shoe and Slap, near the Hoſpital Gate in Weſt Smithfield, is to be ſeen,

"THE WONDER OF NATURE,

"A GIRL, above Sixteen Years of Age, born in Cheſhire, and not above Eighteen inches long, having ſhed the Teeth ſeven ſeveral Times, and not a perfect Bone in any part of her, only the Head; yet ſhe hath all her ſenſes to Admiration, and Diſcourſes, Reads very well, Sings, Whiſtles, and all very pleaſant to hear.

"GOD SAVE THE KING.

"*Sept.* 4, 1667."

On the 30th of Auguſt in the ſame year, Pepys tells us that he found at the Fair a crowd about the puppet-ſhow in which was the King's Miſtreſs, Lady Caſtlemaine, introduced by the king ſix years before in the midſt of his court to his newly-married wife. "I to

Bartholomew Fair to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Caſtlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Griſel), and the ſtreet full of people expecting her coming out. I confeſs I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuſe her: but they, ſilly people! do not know the work ſhe makes, and therefore ſuffered her with great reſpect to take coach, and ſhe went away without any trouble at all." Of courſe her ladyſhip, having glorified fat Urſula's eyes with her preſence, took coach with great reſpect; ſhe was on her own ground at Pye Corner.

Court people and ladies of all qualities were at home in the Fair in theſe days. On the 29th of Auguſt, 1668, Mr. Pepys, having found poor entertainment at the playhouſe, was dull. "So I out, and met my wife in a coach, and ſtopped her going thither to meet me; and took her and Mercer and Deb. to Bartholomew Fair, and there did ſee a ridiculous obſcene little ſtage-play, called 'Marry Audrey,' a fooliſh thing, but ſeen by everybody; and ſo to Jacob Hall's dancing of the ropes, a thing worth ſeeing and mightily followed."

Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, was a pretty man, and was ſaid to divide with the king the affections of the Lady Caſtlemaine, from whom he received a ſalary. A few days afterwards, at Southwark Fair, Mr. Pepys having been greatly worked upon, like all people that ſaw it, by the puppet-ſhow of "Whittington," went again "to Jacob Hall's dancing on the ropes, where," he goes on to record, "I ſaw ſuch action as I never ſaw before, and mightily worth ſeeing; and here took acquaintance with a fellow that carried me to a tavern

whither come the muſic of this booth, and by and by Jacob Hall himſelf, with whom I had a mind to ſpeak, to hear whether he had ever any miſchief by falls in his time. He told me, Yes, many, but never to the breaking of a limb. He ſeems a mighty ſtrong man. So, giving them a bottle or two of wine, I went away."

The favourite of the King's miſtreſs affected daintineſs of dreſs, if we may truſt this copy of the oldeſt engraving from an unnamed portrait by Van Ooſt, firſt ſaid by Ames in 1748, to repreſent the famous rope-dancer, and ſince admitted as a picture of him into Grammont's Memoirs.

The throng to the performances of Jacob Hall was great. Once when he was putting up a booth at Charing Croſs for his rope dancing, he and his workmen were ſent for by a tipſtaff, and becauſe he would not enter into a recogniſance not to build on, he was committed; upon which compulſion he abandoned his

deſign. Nevertheleſs, by the intereſt of his patroneſs with all that was frivolous at Court, or by his own pertinacity, he did eſtabliſh a rope dancing booth at Charing Croſs, and when he preſently afterwards began to erect alſo a ſtage in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon a petition of the inhabitants, there was an inhibition from Whitehall, and he was told alſo by the Chief Juſtice that his Charing Croſs booth was a nuiſance to the pariſh. Some of the inhabitants there, being in Court, ſaid, that it occaſioned broils and fighting, and drew ſo many rogues to that place, that they loſt things out of their ſhops every afternoon.

> When Jacob Hall on his high rope ſhews tricks,
> The Dragon flatters; the Lord Mayor's horſe kicks;
> The Cheapſide crowds, and pageants ſcarcely know
> Which moſt t'admire, Hall, hobby horſe, or Bow.

Theſe lines from verſes on Bow Church and ſteeple in Dr. Wild's "Rome rhymed to Death" (1683) ſhow that the great rope-dancer performed alſo in Cheapſide when there were city pageants. Great and ſmall poets alike gave bits of their minds to Jacob Hall. Dryden alludes to him in the epilogue to Lee's Mithridates King of Pontus; Dr. John King, of Chelſea, pins him in a riddle. Dryden connects his name with that of St. André the dancing maſter, and adds ſomething to our knowledge of what was done in the Fair by ſlack-rope dancers.

He aſks

> Have not you ſeen the dancing of the rope?
> When Andre's wit was clean run off the ſcore,
> And Jacob's capering tricks could do no more,

A damſel does to the ladder's top advance,
And with two heavy buckets drags a dance;
The yawning crowd perk up to ſee the fight,
And ſlaver at the mouth for vain delight.

Dr. King in his collection of riddles ſays:

Ceaſe to wonder, I pray, good people, all
At the feats and performances of Jacob Hall,
Or nimble rope-dancer; ſince I ſaw juſt now
Ten couple dance over the back of a cow
Upon a ſmall pack-thread by the help of a ſow.
Tell me this, you ſhall be Apollo, I vow.

You who would be Apollo, anſwer to this: Ladies and Gentlemen who dance in ſhoes.

William Blaythwaite in a letter to Sir Robert Southwell, dated Whitehall, September 4th, 1679, deſcribing a viſit to Bartholomew Fair, made on the preceding day, by Sir Edward Dering, my Lady Mrs. Helena Percival, Miſs Helena, Miſs Betty, and himſelf, ſays, "what we ſaw was the dancing on the ropes performed firſt by Jacob Hall and his company, then by a Dutch dancer, who did wonderful feats. From thence we went to the Elephant, who I think was more terrible than pleaſant to the young ſpectators."

In the Guildhall collection of materials towards a hiſtory of Bartholomew Fair, there is a copy made by the collector, of a broadſide printed at about this time, "by and for A. M., and ſold by J. Walter, at the Hand and Pen in Holborn," which will add ſome colouring to our picture of the Fair in the time of Charles the Second. In quoting this or any other memorial, let it be underſtood that I alter nothing, but,

in the name of cleanlineſs, omit whatever is mere Urſula talk.

"ROGER IN AMAZE; OR, THE COUNTRYMAN'S RAMBLE THROUGH BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

(*To the Tune of the Dutchman's Jig.*)

Adzooks ches went the other day to London Town
In Smithfield ſuch gazing
Zuch thruſting and ſqueezing
Was never known:
A Zity of wood, ſome volk do call Bartholomew Fair,
But ches zure not but king and queens live there.

In gold and zilver, zilk and velvet each was dreſt,
A Lord in his zattin
Was bus'ly prating
Among the reſt.
But one in blew jacket came in, which ſome do Andrew call,
Ad'ſheart talked woundy wittily to them all.

At laſt adzooks, he made ſuch ſport I laugh'd aloud;
The rogue being fluſtered
He flung me a cuſtard
Amid the crowd.
The Volk fell a laughing at me, then the vixen ſaid,
'Be ſure Ralph, give it to Dolly, the dairymaid.'

I zwallowed the affront, but ſtaid no longer there:
I thruſt, I ſcrambled
Till further I rambled
Into the Fair.
When Trumpets and Bagpipes, Kettledrums and Fidlers all were at work
And the Cooks zung, 'Here's your delicate Pig and Pork.'

. . . . . .

I thruſt and ſhoved along, as well as ere I could:
At laſt I chanced grovel
Into a dark hovel
Where Drink was ſold.
They brought me cans, which coſt a penny a piece, ad'ſheart,
I'm ſure twelve ne'er could fill our country quart.

Chè wint to draw her parſe, to pay them for their beer,
The devil a penny
Of money che'd any
Che'll vow and ſwear.
They doft my hat for a groat, then turned me out of doors.

. . . . . .

From the countryman we turn back to the expert townſman at the Fair. On the 1ſt of September 1668, Mr. Pepys to the Fair, and there ſaw ſeveral ſights; among others, the Mare that tells money and many things to admiration. Three days afterwards the ſame gentleman went "to the Fair to ſee the play of Bartholomew Fair with puppets," meaning not acted by puppets, but with the puppet ſhow included in it. Ben Jonſon's play received the doubtful honour of King Charles the Second's ſpecial approbation. Firſt reſtored to the ſtage, after forty years ſuppreſſion, on the 7th of September, 1661, it was performed ſeveral times before the King, and the Fair itſelf rioted in the diſcomfiture of Rabbi Buſy; but, blind to the equally hateful picture drawn of itſelf by the great dramatic ſatiriſt, made its booths merry with the Elder and the Pigwoman. It is well to remember that while Charles the Second, ſcoffing at religion, where the ſatiriſt had ſcoffed at the vain ſhow of it, patroniſed Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair, there is ſaid to have been an interdict put in his reign on the Maid's Tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher, which cloſes with the moral, that:

On luſtful kings
Unlooked for ſudden deaths from heaven are ſent.

And, whether that be true or not, Mr. Waller felt it to

be only loyal that a new fifth act ſhould be written, expunging the judgment on the

> Shameleſs villain!
> A thing out of the overcharge of nature;
> Sent, like a thick cloud, to diſpenſe a plague
> Upon weak catching women! ſuch a tyrant,
> That for his luſt would ſell away his ſubjects;
> Ay, all his heaven hereafter!

And putting in place of it a happy end, with the prayer that fixed the perſonal interpretation then in every man's mind:

> Long may he reign that is ſo far above
> All vice, all paſſion but exceſs in love.

Creditable to Mr. Samuel Pepys is his cogitation on the Fair within the Fair: "And is an excellent play; the more I ſee it, the more I love the wit of it; only the buſineſs of abuſing the Puritans begins to grow ſtale, and of no uſe, they being the people that at laſt will be found the wiſeſt."

On the ſeventh of September, in the ſame year of the Fair, Mr. Pepys was "with Lord Brouncker (who was this day in an unuſual manner merry, I believe with drink), J. Minnes and W. Pen to Bartholomew Fair; and there ſaw the Dancing Mare again (which to day I find to act much worſe than the other day, ſhe forgetting many things, which her maſter beat her for, and was mightily vexed), and then the dancing of the ropes, and alſo the little ſtage-play, which is very ridiculous."

On the day following Mr. Pepys received ſo earneſt an invitation to Stourbridge Fair from Roger Pepys that he reſolved to let his wife go, which ſhe was to do

next week. Bartholomew Fair, Southwark Fair, and Stourbridge Fair,—ſince the extenſion of Bartholomew Fair,—were all kept in September.

In the year 1671, the corporation of London was diſſatisfied with the profits of the Fair accruing from the arrangement then ſubſiſting, and referred it to the Comptroller to let the ground for the City, and report the profits, &c., to the firſt court after the Fair. This was done, and the tolls of the Fair were not farmed but received directly by the City until July 30 in the year 1685, when they were leaſed to the ſword-bearer for three years at a clear rent of a hundred pounds a year. At the expiration of two years a committee having reported that the net annual profit for thoſe years had amounted to not more than ſixty-eight pounds, the City Fair, then laſting fourteen days, was, on his application, leaſed to the ſword-bearer for one-and-twenty years at the ſame rent.

In the meantime the civic authorities had already taken formal notice of the "Irregularities and Diſorders" of Bartholomew and Lady Fairs, and had in 1678 referred it to a committee "to conſider how the ſame might be prevented, and what damages would occur to the City by laying down the ſame."

This is the firſt hint of ſuppreſſion that ariſes in the ſtory of the Fair, and its ariſing is almoſt ſimultaneous with the decay of the great annual gathering as a neceſſary ſeat of trade. There is no year in which it can be diſtinctly ſaid that then the Cloth Fair died. Even at this hour, when the Fair itſelf is extinct, there are in the ſtreet called Cloth Fair, on the ſite of the old mart, one or two conſiderable ſhops of cloth-merchants, who ſeem

there to have buried themſelves out of ſight, and to be feeding on traditions of the place. In Charles the Second's time Leeds had aſſerted its importance, and the cloth trade in the North of England was already outgrowing the old ways of commerce; Hercules was beginning to neglect his go-cart. The cattle fair was ſtill conſiderable, but London needed and had weekly cattle-markets, and one of thoſe might be a ſhow-market, if a great annual cattle-ſhow were needed. At a much later date than that at which we have now arrived, (in 1715) we read in Dawk's New's Letter that "on Wedneſday Bartholomew Fair began, to which we hear, the greateſt number of black cattle was brought, that was ever known." The trade of the fair, therefore, was not extinct when the firſt queſtion of its ſuppreſſion aroſe in the City of London. There was alſo a grave queſtion whether the City had legally a right or power to ſuppreſs it.

Poor Robin's opinion of the commerce of Bartholomew Fair at this date we find in a catalogue of Jeſts upon Fairs in his almanac for 1674. Among ſuch quips as, "January 1 at Cogſhall in Eſſex for Jeers, January 25 at St. Martin's for Shock-Dogs. January 28 at Dunſtable for Ladies Chaplains," &c. &c.—he deſcribes Bartholomew Fair, thus: "Auguſt 24 At Smithfield for Jack-puddings, pigs heads and Bartholomew babies."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Hustling of the Pope.

ENOUGH has been read of the ſtory of the Fair to ſhow that it was as truly as the Houſe of Commons, part of the Repreſentation of the Engliſh People; not, indeed, its Lower, but its Loweſt Houſe. When Spain threatened us with an Armada, the monkey of the Fair was taught to ſhow defiance of the King of Spain. When Gunpowder Plot was the topic of the day, it was the great ſhow of the Fair, played to eighteen or twenty penny audiences, nine times in an afternoon. When England broke looſe from civil and religious deſpotiſm, the Puritan was in the Fair preaching down vanity; and the Cavalier was in the Fair with all the puppets on his ſide, crying down exceſſes of religious zeal. From among the exceſſes there came out at laſt a quiet mean.

We arrive now at another period of anti-papal ferment. Our ſtory does not aſk who ſtood behind Titus Oates, or what was the firſt purpoſe of thoſe who deſigned the fable of the Popiſh Plot to kill the king. In October, 1678, the upheaval of thought among the people, cauſed by it, began. On the firſt of November, the Houſe of

Commons reſolved, "That, upon the evidence that has already appeared to the Houſe, this Houſe is of opinion, that there hath been and ſtill is, a damnable and helliſh plot, combined and carried on by Popiſh recuſants, for the aſſaſſinating and murdering the king, and for ſubverting the Government, and rooting out and deſtroying the Proteſtant Religion." Bartholomew Fair was of the ſame opinion, and acted on it in its booths. The Fair acted on it in the year 1680, a play, called "the CORONATION of QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH the RESTAURATION of the PROTESTANT RELIGION; or, the DOWNFALL of the POPE. Being a moſt excellent PLAY, As it was ACTED, BOTH AT *Bartholomew* and *Southwark* FAIRS, This preſent year 1680. With great Applauſe, and Approved of, and highly commended by all, the *Proteſtant Nobility*, *Gentry*, and *Commonalty* of ENGLAND, who came to be Spectators of the ſame. LONDON, Printed for *Ben Harris*, at the *Stationers' Arms*, under the *Piazza*, in *Cornhill*, 1680." The copy of this play (24 pages, Quarto) in the Library of the City of London, here uſed, is ſuppoſed to be the only perfect copy extant.

In 1680, when it was acted, the ferment raiſed among all ranks or degrees, which nobody could conceive who was not a witneſs thereof, was at its height. On the 26th of June, the Duke of York, heir to the crown, had been by perſons of rank and influence, preſented before the Grand Jury at Weſtminſter, as a Popiſh recuſant. The queſtion of his excluſion from the throne was being diſcuſſed throughout the country at Bartholomew Fair time, and his rival in the minds of the

people, Monmouth, "the Proteſtant Duke," was at that time in the Weſt of England, "with chariots, horſemen, and a numerous train," receiving evidence, as calm as it was overwhelming, of the Proteſtant determination of the people. Then it was that the great play of Bartholomew Fair was the play of which I have juſt cited the title.

This is the addreſs, "To THE PROTESTANT READER. Kind Reader. After the great applauſe this Play has gained upon the ſtage, I have thought fit, for the better ſatisfaction of the Curious, to publiſh it to the World, that all may plainly behold my ſincere Intentions herein, which was only to lay open the Cruelties and Villanies of *Rome*, more to the Life, than they have been expoſed ſince the beginning of this late horrid and moſt barbarous Plot; for, upon ſecond thoughts, I conſidered, that many who only ſaw this Play, were not of ſuch profound Capacities, as to let it take a firm Impreſſion upon their Memories;"—we ſhall know preſently, whether it is a thing to be remembered only by men of profound capacity;—"therefore, that all might the better weigh each particular circumſtance, as their leaſure ſerved them, I have preſumed to ſend it abroad into the World, though, no doubt, amongſt a thouſand Foes, whoſe Malice unqueſtionably will endeavour to aſperſe and ſully the candid Reputation it has already gained amongſt ſeveral Noble Perſonages of this Nation, whoſe ſound Judgments are undeniable: the reaſon of it, is, perhaps, becauſe it plainly ſhows them as in a Mirror, the purity of our Religion, and the groſs Abſurdities and Cruelties of the *Pope* and

Church of *Rome* in their proper Colours, not gilded over with borrowed Ornaments or Fictions, which never were; but howſoever, under the friendly patronage of all truly Loyal Proteſtants, I have ſent it abroad to tell the World the Noble Exploits, Heroick Reſolutions and Victories, of that bleſt Queen who managed all the Plots and dire Conſpiracies of Rome, to the laſt moment of her long and proſperous reign.

So I remain a Lover of all that own the Name of Proteſtants, and live up to the Dictates of the Sacred Profeſſion, to ſerve them in all ſincerity.

J. D.

The People then, under a king who made England inglorious abroad, were reverting ſtrongly to the days of Queen Elizabeth, and dwelling on them in a tone that boded ill to any but a Proteſtant ſucceſſor of the reigning Stuart. The Play of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth was in three Acts, ſhort enough to ſecure an end to the whole performance every half-hour. Its theme was, of courſe, a Popiſh Plot againſt the Sovereign: and theſe were

THE ACTORS.

Queen Elizabeth.
1 Biſhop } Proteſtants.
2 Biſhop }
A Lord, General to the Queen.
Another Lord.
1 Popiſh Cardinal.
2 Popiſh Cardinal.
Tim, a Tinker.
Bruſh, a Cooper.
Honeyſuckle, a Cook.
The Pope.
Devil.

2 Jeſuits deſigned to kill the Queen.
Dulcemente, a Nun, raviſhed by the Pope.
Cardinal Moricena, her Father.
2 Ghoſts. 2 Devils more.
Singers and Mutes, &c.

Act I.

"Scene I.—*The noiſe of Kettle-Drums and Trumpets are heard, at which the Curtain riſing, diſcovers the Queen ſitting under a Cloth of State, in her Royal Robes, attended by her Lords and Ladies of Honour; two Biſhops ſupporting her Crown, and two Popiſh Cardinals ſtanding at a diſtance: the Scene imagined to be Whitehall.*

"1 *Biſh.* Long live Elizabeth, of England, France, and Ireland, Queen; ſole Protector of our Lives, Fortunes, and Religion, under whoſe ſacred Rule may it ſhine brighter than unclouded Stars.

"*A Lord.* May Foreign Nations fly to do you Homage, and kings find Succour under the Shelter of your Wings; Princes and Potentates bow down before you, as the Univerſal Goodneſs of the World: Ne'r was England ſo happy in a Monarch, nor we in ſuch a Royal Miſtreſs.

"1 *Biſhop.* May the Aethiopians forget the Sun, and fall down and worſhip you, whoſe Sacred Influence governs thus Mankind.

"*Queen.* My thanks to all, but I muſt refuſe that worſhip which the Immortal Powers have only bidden to themſelves, yet muſt own you, next to the Powers above, who have given me Eſſence, and preſerved my Life from Dangers great; placing me upon this Throne to Rule a Tottering State, driven by fierce Storms of Malice, o'r the deep Billows of devouring Envy; encompaſſed on every ſide with Foes, yet fearleſs will I act. Firſt then, To ſettle Religion, the deareſt part

of Government, and ſureſt Rock for Princes to build upon, ſhall be my ſpeedy care to begin: I'll reform my own Houſe, and after that the Nation" (this, probably, was, like the next ſentence, a popular reference to the ſucceſſion queſtion, hailed with ſome particular applauſe). "Therefore all you who pay Obedience to the See of Rome, or think ſupremacy due to the Pope, we here diſcharge you and baniſh you our Court. You my Lord Cardinals, as chief, muſt ſhew the way, and in your rooms ſuch faithful Miniſters I'll place, as ſhall be worthy of ſo great a charge.

Bloodſhed and Rapine ſhall to Rome retire,
Murther and Luxury which feed the fire,
Shall to the Scarlet Beaſt for Succour fly,
And unimploy'd within his boſom die.
Exeunt all but the 2 Cardinals.

"1 *Cardinal.* Is it come to this?

"2 *Card.* Now Hereſie begins to peep abroad, that in Maryes days was laid as low as Earth.

"1 *Card.* Oh I could curſe her Heart out, nay, my own, for not preventing it before it had took root.

"2 *Card.* Horrors and Death, why were our hands ſo tame, when one brave ſtroak had done it at the Altar.

"1 *Card.* Where was this Devil, *Rome's* great counſellor; where was he, I ſay, that he foreſaw not this Monſter, to have puſhed it in the Mould of Nature, or have ſtrangled it in its Infancy, e'r it grew to ſuch a gigantick ſtature, now enough to ſhake the very Throne of Rome.

"2 *Card.* It is not yet too late, the Seeds are newly ſown, and e'r they root too deep, we may pluck them

up; or by lopping off the Cedar, make the Shrubs bend pliant as we pleaſe.

"1 *Card.* Let us about it then, and loſe no time; methinks I could as freely ſtrike the Heretick, as one aſſured Salvation.

"2 *Card.* Tis that muſt crown our Wiſhes; the Queen once Murthered, the reſt are eaſily reduced unto the See of *Rome;* let's on then, no opportunity muſt be omitted to get her ſpeedily diſpatched. 'Tis meritorious no doubt: Blood and Murthers are Rome's chiefeſt Glories."

Great applauſe in the booth, ſurely, at this natural remark of the Cardinal's, which the other Cardinal tops with a likely prayer.

"1 *Card.* O Pius Quartus aſſiſt us with thy Prayers, and Hell, if thou hop'ſt a glutting Harveſt, protect the beſt Religion." [*Exeunt.*

To a Bartholomew Play comic ſcenes were eſſential, and the comedy conſiſts very much in Urſula-talk which is not worth repeating. It is the Pope who is befouled with it, as the polite reader will be pleaſed to take for granted.

"SCENE II.—*Enter* Tim *the Tinker,* Bruſh *the Cooper, and* Honeyſuckle *the Cook, with ſeveral other Rabble.*

"*Tim enter.*] Come, Neighbours, come,—This day is as we may ſay, a Holy Day, for this day Queen Elizabeth is crowned King of England, and therefore we ought to keep it Holy.

"*All.* We ought, we ought.

"*Bruſh.* How Neighbour, Holy! Pray Neighbour, have a care what you ſay, for methinks talking of keep-

ing a day Holy, ſounds as if we intended to keep a day for his Holineſs.

"*Honey.* Who's that talks of his Holineſs? His Holineſs is . . I ſay no more, I ſay no more.

"*Tim.* Indeed, Neighbour Bruſh, my neighbour Honeyſuckle is in the right on't; for ſince King Elizabeth has baniſhed Popery out of England, I ſay . .

"*Bruſh.* Ay, but Neighbour, this had been Treaſon a year ago.

"*Tim.* But now we have got a King Elizabeth, 'tis no Treaſon, Neighbours; Agad I think myſelf as good a Chriſtian now, as any man of no religion whatſoever.

"*Bruſh.* A year ago, I had like to have been burnt for a Heretick, becauſe the watch took me with a Bible in my pocket, which I had had there at leaſt a quarter of a year, and never thought on't.

"*Tim.* Nay, I had like to have gone to pot too, for ſaying . . . : but thoſe times are gone, they are I thank my Stars, or elſe we ſhould all have ſmoak'd for ſpeaking againſt the Pope. Well, I am but a Tinker, but if I could have turned Papiſt, I never needed to have mended Kettle more.

"*Honey.* How's that, never mended Kettle more, that had been brave.

"*Tim.* No, for you muſt know I am a great Politician, and a great Stateſman; that is, a man of the State: and a man of the State is a Stateſman, mark ye me Neighbours.

"*Honey.* Why, then we are all Stateſmen.

"*All.* All, all Stateſmen.

"*Tim.* Yes, every Man and Mother's Child that don't

go to Church too often; for if ye go to Church too often, People takes ye to be Religious, and then ye are looked upon as all Plotters, Traitors, Conſpirators, and the like; for under Religion the Pope acts all his Villanies: and everyone knows that he is the greateſt Churchman in the World.

"*All.* He is, he is, he is—

"*Bruſh.* But come Neighbours, to make right uſe of this Holyday, let us go to the Alehouſe, and there drink till we are drunk, come home and beat our wives, and ſo to ſleep: come, come, come Neighbours, come.

[*As they are going out, enter two Cardinals.*

"*Honey.* Ha, what ha' we got here, two young Popes?

"*Bruſh.* No, no, they are Cardinals.

"*Tim.* How, Canibals! Neighbours, ud's lud, they look as if they were a hungry, I had beſt have a care they don't eat me. But now I think on't, Gentlemen, Pray how dare you ſtay in London, ſince King Elizabeth has Baniſhed Popery out of England?

"1 *Card.* Why, you know we ought to have preach'd to you but— [*Here they run upon 'um rudely.*

"*All.* But what, but what?

"2 *Card.* Why, ye are a company of Incorrigible, Impertinent, and Exorbitant Wretches—

"*Bruſh.* How's that, Neighbours, Exorbitant!

"*Tim.* Ay, that's a hard word Neighbours. . . . . Therefore I think, Neighbours, theſe He Popes ought to be chaſtiſed.

"*All.* They ought, they ought—

[*Here they fall upon 'um with Broom-ſtaves.*

"*Card.* Pray Gentlemen, pray Gentlemen be civil.

"*Tim.* Down on your Knees then, down on your Knees, we ſay, and beg our Pardons, and that quickly.

"*Card.* O curſed Fate! But better this than worſe [*Aſide*]. We do, we do, Gentlemen, and are ſorry for what we have ſaid.

"*Tim.* Well, now I know 'um, that's he that burnt my Neighbour Mole the Sexton for a Heretick, who was of no Religion.

"*Bruſh.* And that ſly ſcarlet Rogue. . . *Honey.* And that's the fellow . . ; but 'tis no matter, we'll Plague 'um for it now we have got 'um in our clutches; they had better have been at Rome i' faith.

[*Taking off their Hats and Mantles, they rudely force them out.*

"*All.* Come, come. Away with 'um, away with 'um. [*Force them out.*

"*Tim.*

Thus like two Roman Hero's handy-dandy,
We'll go to the Alehouſe to be Drunk with Brandy.

[*Exeunt in the Cardinals Hats, and other ornaments.*

"SCENE III.—*The Scene draws off, and diſcovers the Romiſh Conclave, the Pope, Cardinals and Biſhops, as in cloſe conſult.*

"*Pope.* Now let the joy of Rome be great, and let every individual Father cry, Long live Religious Soul and Scourge of Hereſie, Mary of England, Eldeſt Daughter to this Holy See, read here.

[*Delivers a Paper to a Cardinal.*

"1 *Card.* How's this, 300 burnt alive in a Church as they were Preaching Hereſie and cloſe Rebellion againſt this Holy Catholick and Apoſtolick See: Ten more ſuch Sacred Murthers would have made the haughty

Turk and ſtubborn Flemming to have owned you the Supreme Head of the Univerſal Church.

"2 *Card.* 'Tis great and Meritorious, let him be Canoniz'd for a Saint, that firſt invented this Religious way of ſending Troops of Hereticks to Hell together.

" *Pope.* Let it be done, 'tis my Command it be ſo; for the Propagators of Religion ought to be cheriſhed though in Blood; and let our ſpeedy thanks be ſent to our beſt Daughter, for taking ſuch effectual care to blaſt the growing Hereſie, and keep it underfoot.

" 1 *Card.* She ought to be Sainted whilſt on Earth, and when wrapped up into the brighter Manſions, far above this lower world, be Enthroned a Goddeſs, and adored, who found herſelf uneaſie in her thoughts and reſtleſs, till opportunity gave leave to throw her Self and Crown at your Sacred feet, deſiring to be received into your boſom.

" *Pope.* And by ſo doing has fenced herſelf within a Wall of Addamant, too ſecure for Envy, or the prying Fates to reach; and her Ambaſſadors ſhall ſtill have the preheminency in all our Courts.

"2 *Card.* Who dares diſpute it, if it pleaſes you, when all the glories of the Earth depend upon your Will? Monarch's but a Name you lend to pleaſure haughty Man withal, and when you pleaſe to call it back, Kings are as ſoon deveſted of their Honours, as are your meaneſt Slaves.

[*Enter the* Devil *in the ſhape of a Jeſuit, as in great Conſternation.*

" *Pope.* Ha! Your Eyes ſpeak wonders, and forebode ſome diſmal Meſſage to the See of Rome.

" *Devil.* Diſmal indeed, the Flower of Rome is gone,

the Star that lately ſhone ſo bright in your great Firmament, is ſet; the Sacred Empreſs of the Northern Iſles, the angry Power have ſnatched away, Mary of England's dead. [*All riſing come forward.*

"*All.* How!

"*Devil.* Cold as the face of Ice, and in her ſtead the haughty Magnanimous Siſter's Crown'd—But Crown'd to make Religion and her Ancient Seat ſtagger and fall before her.

"*Pope.* Curſ'd diſaſter.

"*Devil.* All of the Church of Rome ſhe has diſgraced, and the greateſt Places of Truſt about her Perſon, are given to Hereticks; no Roman is to be ſeen in London now, but ſuch as ſculk in corners, or thoſe of ſuch puny Souls that ſwallow all the Execrable Oaths they impoſe."

We ſhould remember here that the Teſt Act was recent when this play was acted. In 1673 the force of law had been given to the reſolution of the Houſe of Commons "That all perſons who ſhall refuſe to take the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and receive the Sacrament according to the rite of the Church of England, ſhall be incapable of all public employment, military and civil."

"*Pope.* Let them ſwallow all they can Impoſe, we make it Lawful, we'll grant the Diſpenſations for ſo doing; no matter if the whole outſide taſte of Heretick, so within they remain firm to us—

"*Devil.* Something muſt be done to change the Scene, leaſt other Nations taking Example from her, ſhould fall from their Obedience, and throw off your yoak.

" *Pope.* There ſhall; Nor muſt we linger in a Cauſe of ſuch a vaſt Importance; for Hereſie, like Weeds, grows faſt, and if timely care be not taken to prevent it, the World, e'r we can root them out, will be Infected.

[*Speaks to the* Cardinal.

Father, your advice in this great Affair.

" 1 *Card.* She muſt be Murthered, and that without delay.

" *Devil.* Spoke like a Saint that would fain be in Hell before his time. [*Aſide.*

" *Pope.* Murther's too groſs a name, or ſounds too harſh in People's ears; let her be made away ſecretly: Sign a ſpeedy Warrant for her Death.

[*The* Cardinal *takes the Warrant, and having Signed it, delivers it to the* Pope, *who gives it to the* Devil.

" *Pope.* Here take this, and with our ample Pardon, though it be for the blackeſt Murther's Hell e'r knew, . . .

For to promote Religion naught 's withſtood,
Empires muſt fall, and Kingdoms ſet in Blood.
Blood muſt cement the tottering State of Rome,
And Heaven ſhall warrant all the Ills we doom.
To fix Religion in its bleſſed abode,
Should be the mighty Buſineſs of a God:
Murther's the end, the Trat'reſs ſhall not live,
Who kills for Rome, Rome's Vicar will forgive.

[*Exeunt* Pope, Cardinal, Biſhops, *&c.*

" *Devil.* I can but laugh now, to think how theſe old Fools are cheated: This is the Warrant that Signs the Pope's deſtruction. That muſt needs be a hopeful Religion that has the Devil to it for a Tutor. 'Tis Murther and Poiſon that brings them to the Popedom, where for a while, they enjoy all earthly Pleaſures; but

then, by dire Miſchance, or their own Luxury, Death ſnatches them from hence, and then they are hurried Headlong down to my great Maſter.

> For he which in Pleaſure gives his Soul to dwell
> A Pope on Earth, muſt be a Devil in Hell.
>
> [*Exit.*"

So ends the firſt Act of this Bartholomew Fair Drama. The Fair that dated its fame from a pilgrimage to Rome, to which in its young days the juggling of monks cauſed thouſands to travel through the marſhes and the foreſt tracts of England, where men had rejoiced and traded at the gates of the Priory, and in which the monk's cowl had been a commoner ſight than the fool's cap, was a Roman feſtival no more. Nothing delighted its frequenters better, than that the Pope ſhould be well huſtled in it. There is weak literature in this play of Queen Elizabeth; but there is ſtrong life. Think of it on its platform in the booth, recal the eager faces and the animated ſhouts of a crowd, in which Engliſh nobles took part with the rabble of the Fair. "Therefore, all you who pay obedience to the See of Rome, or think ſupremacy due to the Pope, we here diſcharge you, and baniſh you our Court." The determined power of the people, lay beneath the ſhouts that anſwered to appeals like theſe. At that hour they were kindled with the purpoſe of aſſuring to themſelves their liberties, and when, ere long, the time was ripe for their juſt effort, it was not made in vain. Very rude and, in one ſenſe, very ignorant was the delight of the multitude in the viſible rough handling of a pair of Cardinals, the beating them with broomſticks, the ſtripping

off of their frippery, and carrying it about the ſtage in ignominy, on the perſons of a pair of ſots. It was uncivil and unjuſt, no doubt, to call the Pope every bad name, to repreſent him as a breaker of all Ten Commandments, and to provide him with the Devil as his right-hand man. But there were three centuries of a nation's healthy growth implied in this. The groteſque figure, with the horns and tail, invented by themſelves, which holy friars in the old miracle plays had preſented to the crowd of the Fair as the Prince of Darkneſs whom they were continually vanquiſhing, at laſt ſtood for themſelves upon the ſcene of their old triumphs over hereſy; and upon the ground once made fruitful by the aſhes of the martyrs, entered "the Devil in the ſhape of a Jeſuit, as in great Conſternation."

Now let the curtain riſe again, upon

Act II.

"Scene I.—*Enter two Cardinals.*

"1 *Card.* This is the time the friendly Fates to Rome have ſet to cut the root of Hereſie, and Crown Religion Monarch in the Throne; E'r to Morrow's dawn the haughty Uſurpreſs ſhall be no more."

The ſecond cardinal aſks who are the Murderers, and the firſt cardinal informs him that they are two fellows bred up in villany, whom he has agreed with "for ſo many maſſes to kill the Queen, and" he adds, "if they bring them off ſhort of Heaven, there is no Truth in our Religion."

"2 *Card.* You may as well miſdoubt Eternity, as Holy Unction, Maſs, and Prayer.

"1 *Card.* Should they fail, I would ſtrike the blow myſelf; methinks I could as eaſily do it as I can merit my Salvation. [*Enter the* Devil *in the ſhape of a Jeſuit.*

"*Devil.* Loſt, loſt and undone for ever. Fly—fly—the Treacherous Secretaries of the Ambaſſador, juſt as the blow was going to be given, have unravelled all the Secrets of the Plot, and laid them open for each vulgar eye to pry into."

However, the aſſaſſins have only a glimmering of what has paſſed, and ſtill "lurk about the Court, reſolving this night to kill the Queen." The Devil is ſent off to give them all encouragement, and goes ſaying, "I go Imperious Cardinals, but 'tis my Maſter's Intereſt I conſult, not yours; though you are they that reap our Harveſt of dire Sin, 'tis we that have the Profit of the Scarlet grain to fill our Stores. I'll leave ye to your Fates, it will not be long e'r [*Aſide*] the law ſhall ſtrangle you; when all your quibblings will not ſave you."

Exit Devil and the Cardinals, after finding ſome more villany to ſay, go off with this couplet—

> "What's done for Rome muſt needs, if great, be good,
> He merits Heav'n whoſe Soul is bath'd in Blood."

"SCENE II.—*Queen's Garden. Enter two Aſſaſſines in the Habits of Jeſuits,*" (alas, poor Jeſuits!) "*with Daggers in their hands.*

"1 *Aſſaſſin.* This is the Night deſigned to waſh our hands in Blood of Hereticks, to cut down that high Cedar that has made herſelf Rome's Envy; nor ſhall we want Gold for perfecting ſo brave a work; the enterprize muſt be with Reſolution undertook, and as fearleſs we muſt on, as did that brave Burgundian, who killed the Prince of Orange.

" 2 *Aſſaſs.* Remember Raviliac, and let us boldly undertake an act ſo meritorious; nor let our hands be ſlack to ſtrike our fatal Daggers home into her breaſt; plunge them to the hilt, and when we've drawn 'um out, laugh loud, as being pleaſed to ſee the ſtreaming gore be-crimſon the pale ſurface of the Earth.

" 1 *Aſſaſs.* See where the Queen comes, attended only by one Gentleman. Now's the time to cut the Root of Hereſie, and if ſhe 'ſcape us may we be accurſed for ever. Methinks the blow's already ſtruck, and Death has huſhed her ſilent in his frozen Arms.

" 2 *Aſſaſs.* Let us abſcond awhile, the better to ſurprize her. [*They retire and ſtand unſeen.*

[*The* Queen *enters with one* Gentleman.

" *Queen.* Are all things done according to my order.

" *Gent.* They are. In all things I have been obedient to fulfil your Royal Pleaſure.

" *Queen.* What ſaid the French Ambaſſador to his Accuſation?

" *Gent.* Haughty and bold, like any guiltleſs man he did behave himſelf before the Council, denying that he knew ought againſt our Sacred Life, or was not obliged to tell it if he did; he only alledg'd, That it was not in the Power of any Council to tax the King's Repreſentative, much more to demand ſuch Queſtions of him as none but his Maſter ought to know.

" *Queen.* 'Tis cloſe and dark as all their other Actions are, but we'll not meddle with Lemaſpin more; only tell him our juſt reſentments, that we baniſh him our

Court, and ſpeedy care ſhall be taken to ſend him quickly to his own land.

> What Powers Divine Protect, Rome cannot harm,
> Nor can the Scarlet Beaſt our Senſes charm;
> Piſtol nor Poiſon ne'r can make her ſtart,
> Who has Heav'ns Sacred Armour for her Heart.

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Gentleman. *The Aſſaſſins come out from their Ambuſcade and follow them.*

"1 *Aſſaſ.* Now, now's the time, ſtrike home. Now for cutting the very root of Hereſie, that it ſhall never ſprout in England more; let's on, let's on, I ſay.

"2 *Aſſaſ.* My heart fails me, I cannot touch her.

"1 *Aſſaſ.* Cowardly ſlave, art thou not paid for Murther?

"2 *Aſſaſ.* Not as you are aſſured Salvation; therefore ſtrike you, and that quickly, or I'll kill you, and ſo end the diſpute.

"1 *Aſſaſ.* Villain, thou dareſt not.

"2 *Aſſaſ.* You ſhall ſee I dare.

[*Here they fight with their Daggers, during which,* Tim, Bruſh, *and* Honeyſuckle, *with ſeveral others, enter.*

"*Tim.* Why how now, what's to do here? What! two Fellows a-Fighting in the Queen's Garden.

"*Honey.* I'll be hang'd if theſe Fellows have not a hand in the Plot, and come hither to kill the Queen.

"*Tim.* It may be, it may be ſo, therefore, I think it fit that we ſeize 'um, and carry 'um before a Juſtice of Peace to have 'um examin'd.

[*Here they ſeize them, upon which they tremble, and endeavour to hide their Daggers, &c.*

"*Tim.* Pray, Gentlemen, of what Trade or what Calling are ye; for know, Gentlemen, I have Power to

apprehend ye, and make ye give a better account of yourſelves, and what buſineſs you had here. Ha, what are theſe! Truly, Gentlemen, theſe are ſuſpicious weapons. [*Finding the Daggers.*

"*Honey.* Ud's lud, ſee ye here, as I take it Neighbours, if I am not miſtaken, they ſhould be Butchers by their Knives.

"*Tim.* Well, come Gentlemen, I muſt carry you and theſe before a Magiſtrate, and have you both examined; and I'll promiſe you, Gentlemen, I'll be ſo kind to you, that I won't leave you till I ſee you both fairly hang'd; Come away with 'um, away with 'um; bring 'um along, bring 'um along.

"*All.* Along with 'um, along with 'um.

[*They force them out.*"

SCENE III.—*The Scene draws off, and diſcovers the* Pope *ſitting by a* Nun.

The Pope is indelicate. The Nun reminds him of her vows. The Pope gives her free diſpenſation, tells her, however, that Religion is a trade, and that "none but Women and Fools do believe that we can Save or Damn for Moneys whom we pleaſe; or that Salvation can be bought and ſold." The Nun obtains further information of this ſort from the Holy Father, who aſks her how ſhe can imagine "that the Clergy could conſiſt or live without ſuch ſoft, dear things as are your ſex in general." While he embraces her,

[*Enter the* Devil *in the Habit of a Jeſuit.*

and ſays, "Why this is as it ſhou'd be," and offers further counſel for which, the Pope, embracing him, ſays, "Thanks my deareſt, beſt of friends (thou haſt

been always kind to me) I'll take thy counſel, and expect thee when to-morrow dawns."

[*Exeunt* Pope, *leading the* Nun, *and as they are going out the* Devil *with a Dagger offers to ſtrike him.*

But he thinks better of it: He has made a promiſe, and the Pope, ſafe game, will die by the ſnare in proper time. This devil's great maſter ſits as partner in the popedom, "But," ſays to the Britiſh Public the rebellious imp, "it ſhall be my future buſineſs to ſupplant them both, and ſo at once to rid the Chair of a Luſtful Pope and an Imperious Devil."

Pope thou art ready, and we all agree
When thou com'ſt to Hell to keep a Jubilee.

Tim, Bruſh, Honeyſuckle, and others enter next, upon their way to ſee the Hanging of the two Aſſaſſins. Bruſh goes out and returns with news that they are hung already. The talk begets a challenge to a fight between Tim and Honeyſuckle, and, of courſe after due vilification of the Pope, the act ends with Tim's monition, "Come, come, Neighbour, for one cherriping Cup, and then to the Fight." [*Exeunt omnes.*

Act III.

Scene I.—*The Scene opens and diſcovers the* Pope *and* Nun *ſitting upon a Couch.*

In the midſt of their amorous talk the Nun remembers with dread her Father Cardinal Moricena, but the Pope threatens him with a Sleeping Pill if he prove troubleſome. [*Enter the* Devil *in the ſhape of a Jeſuit.*

"*Devil.* Fly, fly, or all will be diſcovered, Cardinal Moricena's at the gate." The angry Cardinal in fact

enters, and ſtabs the irreligious Nun his daughter, who dies in his arms, laying the blame of all her guilt upon the Pope. The Pope and Cardinal come to high words. The devil whiſpers to the Pope, "Kill the old Coxcomb, Sir, he will be babbling elſe. Kill him, I ſay, or elſe you cannot be ſafe."

"*Pope.* Moricena, let me embrace thee thus. [*Stabs him.*

"*Morice.* Ah, I'm ſlain. [*Dies.*

"*Pope.* Take that for railing at the Pope, and that for prying into his ſecret love.

"*Aſide Devil.* Evil counſel is a ſure way to puſh a man upon damnation, and I am ſure he wants not much of that.

"*Pope.* Well, what's next to be done?

"*Devil.* Fly Rome, Sir, without loſs of life or honour; this Cardinal reviled much the people's hearts, and when the murther's known, they'll ſeek revenge. Take all your jewels, and things of greateſt value, eaſieſt portable; and in ſome far country ſpend the reſidue of your days in pleaſure.

"*Pope.* It will grieve me much to be depoſed, but more to ſuffer a ſhameful and ignominious death; by the hands of thoſe that were my ſlaves:—I was a fool to kill him—

> For men though great, yet are not always good,
> Who, like to Rome, delight to deal in Blood. [*Exit* Pope.

"*Devil.* Well, like his ſhadow I muſt follow him whereſoever he goes, his thread of life is almoſt ſpun, and then he falls to my great Maſter's ſhare—

> I'll haſte, and in deſtruction puſh him on,
> And then I'll leave him in confuſion. [*Exit* Devil."

SCENE II.—*Enter* Tim, Honeyſuckle, *and others.*

Tim crying Victoria, Victoria, Victoria. He has beaten Honeyſuckle in the fight, upon which Honeyſuckle declares, as he was bound to do, for the Proteſtants, reviles the Pope, and in token of reconciliation

"*He Dances an Antick Jigg.*

"*Tim.* So, well done, Cook, now I like thee, i' faith.

[*Enters* Bruſh *to them.*

"*Bruſh.* Arm, arm, Neighbours. Arm, or we ſhall be all burnt, burnt for Hereticks.

"*Tim.* How's that, Neighbour, all burnt for Hereticks?

"*Bruſh.* Ay, all for Hereticks; for the Pope with the whole Spaniſh Armado, is come into the Hope, laden with Faggots, Irons, Whips, Racks, and Gibbets, to torture, hang, and burn us all for being Proteſtants.

"*Tim.* How, the Pope come into the Hope! Uds-lud, then let us go hope to catch the Pope; and if we do catch the Old Gentleman, we'll ſo ſinge his Tail, that he ſhall never forſake the countrey. Now will I go muſter up all my Kent Street Regiment" (that was an alluſion meant for popularity in Southwark Fair), "and if I pull him not by the Beard, ſay Tim's a Coward. Come along, come along, along, along. [*Exeunt.*

[*Enter the* Pope, *led by the* Devil *in his own Shape.*

"*Pope.* Where haſt thou brought me, through theſe gloomy ſhades of Night?

"*Devil.* Aſk thyſelf—know'ſt thou this Figure, once thy ſervant, and now thy Maſter. I counſelled thee in all, raiſed thee at firſt, and gave thee Popedom; bore thy

Meſſages o'er Sea, and laid and managed all thy Plots againſt the Hereticks; but thou haſt bought my Service dear, at the price of thy poor ſoul. I had thee too in Bonds, and all to make thee one to Lucifer my Maſter: The time's expired, thy Glaſs is run, and long thou can'ſt not ſtay; therefore, I'll leave thee to that fate thou meriteſt, and the Hereticks ſhall give thee.

[*The Scene ſuddenly draws off, and diſcovers Hell full of Devils, Popes and Cardinals, with the Ghoſts of* Moricena *and* Dulcementa *wounded: To them the* Devil *enters.*

"*Pope.* What ghaſtly Viſions? this my eyeballs ſtart, my Blood runs backward, and chill Horror freezes up the Spring of Life.

[*Enter one who ſings, in anſwer to a Noiſe behind the Scenes, &c.*

SONG.

Voice. Where, where's the Pope?
Anſwer. Come to die in a Rope:
Or his breath expire by the flames of hot fire,
To meet the juſt Plagues that his ſins do require.
Voice. Pray what is his crime?
[*Anſwer.*] For coming to Popedom before 'twas his time;
For Murther and Whoredom, for Poiſon and Rape,
For killing the Father and making eſcape,
From the Chair of St. Peter to a Heretick City;
Mid'ſt the Rabble, to ſuffer without any pity.
A round, a round, a round, incloſe the Pope round;
Puſh him and toſs him on Prongs; all yet quicker,
Till he cryes there's no hope, for bloody, bloody Pope,
And a cheating old fool of a Vicar.

[*Exit Singer.*"

The Pope cries, "Curſed diſmal fate, muſt all my Glories and incumbent Honours ſink into the duſt! O Popedom, thou gilded Pill, whoſe outſide ſeems enticing fair, but being took, thou hurrieſt Mankind upon his ſure deſtruction,

Oh, I could curſe thee, but 'tis now too late,
And I with patience muſt endure my fate.

[*As he is going out*, Tim, Bruſh, Honeyſuckle, *and others of the Rabble come running in, and almoſt beat him down.*"

The reader, who has borne with a good deal, here, perhaps, marvels how Tim and the Rabble found their way ſo eaſily to the Infernal Regions. Let him remember, that at this time Davenant was laying the foundation of the art of ſcene-painting upon a better ſtage, and that in a booth at the Fair, during the reign of Charles the Firſt, the reader was to imagine all the places that he ſaw—as indeed in this drama, the very firſt direction ſays, "the Scene imagined to be Whitehall." There was a great convenience attending this old plan, of which Bartholomew Fair dramatiſts could take advantage as they pleaſed. The locality not being obtruſively ſuggeſted to the eye, a ſpeaker was or was not in a given place, or he was now here and now there, according to convenience. Fancy was free, and there was no painter's work calling it to order when it choſe to riot in a few vagaries.

"*Tim.* Ha, what have we got here, a Mamamouche?

"*Honey.* I'll be hang'd if this fellow han't run away from his Colours; Uds-foot look here, he has brought the key of the Cupboard away with him for haſte.

[*Laying hold on the Key that hangs by his ſide.*

"*Tim.* Pray, Sir, if a man may be ſo bold to aſk, what are you, Sir? [*A diſmal Voice from above.*

"*Voice.* He's a Pope."

The Pope denies: the Voice ſays, "He lies." Tim argues that the Voice muſt be believed, "for it can't lie

ſo long as it ſpeaks againſt the Pope." There are to be bonfires that night for the Victory over the Spaniſh Armada, "and this Pope having been the cauſe of the burning of many a Heretick; what ſay ye, if we ſhould return him like for like, and burn him?—Hold, ſtop the Pope there! [*He offers to go out, they pull him in.*

"*All.* Ay, ay, that wou'd be brave, that wou'd be brave.

"*Tim.* Then take him up, and let's march along with him from hence.

To Temple Bar, where being come,
We'll ſacrifice this mighty Pope of Rome.

"*Pope.* O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, for Heaven's ſake, Gentlemen, Oh!

"*All.* Ay, ay, up with him, up with him.

[*They get him aſtride upon a Coalſtaff, and lift him upon their Shoulders, ſnatching off his Triple Mitre, Mantle, and other Ornaments, they put them upon themſelves; then hollow and dance round him.*

"*Tim.*

For know, if you your ſelf to us do commit,
You ſoon ſhall find, we love neither Pope, Prieſt, nor Jeſuit.

"*Pope.* Gentlemen, Gentlemen, nay Gentlemen.

[*They go out with him, hollowing and throwing up their hats.*"

Queen Elizabeth then enters with her General, Lords, and Attendants, has with them a few words of big talk, and is preſently ſurrounded by Tim and the rabble, who "have been a-fighting, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, and have beaten the Pope, and taken the Pope; and now we are come to get your Majeſtie's leave to let us burn the Pope."

"*General.* And where will you get one.

"*Tim.* O, we have a Pope, a luſty Pope, a ſtrapping Pope, a rumping, thumping Pope, a Pope that will fry like Bacon, an't pleaſe you.

"*Queen.* Uſe your freedom, you have our leave; but do it with diſcretion, without Riot or Tumult; leſt Grace once given and then abuſed, ſhould turn the Sword of Juſtice againſt my Friends.

"*Tim.* Hark you there, ſhe calls us all Friends.

"*All.* O law—

"*Tim.* O 'tis brave King Elizabeth; I'll warrant your Worſhip we'll uſe him as we ought. Come, come, to burn the Pope, to burn the Pope; Away, away.

[*They go out leaping and ſhouting.*

"*Queen.*

Thus Heaven ſhowers Bleſſings on the head of Kings,
And does Protect them with Immortal Wings.
Rome may Conſpire, and Hell with her Combine;
Yet cannot harm, though Pope and Devil join.

[*They go out.*

[*Enter ſix Dancers, who Dance a Set-Dance, which ended, they go out; then a Woman Enters and Dances a Jig.*"

That is the end of the Play. Burning the Pope, it ſhould be ſaid, was in thoſe days a favourite paſtime of the Londoners. When, a few years afterwards, the Stuarts were being finally driven from the three kingdoms, a falſe rumour of King William's death in Ireland came to France, there was great rejoicing in Paris, and ſays Voltaire, oſier images of William were burnt by the people, "as they are uſed to burn the Pope in London." On the ſeventeenth of November following the Bartholomew Fair in which this Play of

Queen Elizabeth was acted, a very pompous pageant in nine parts set out from Whitechapel Bars and marched to an effigy of Queen Elizabeth at Temple Bar, where the Pope received sentence and was burnt "before Queen Besses' throne." In the prelude to this pageant, says an account written for the occasion,—doubtless by Elkanah Settle, who, for the time, was manager—after the Captain of the Pope's Guards on horseback and ten pioneers, "Next walks a Bellman singing, and saying in a loud doleful voice, *Remember Justice Godfrey*. A dead bloody corpse representing Sir *Edm. Ber. Godf.* is carried on horseback, supported by a Jesuit behind, who hath a bloody dagger in his hand." After this sad prelude, a very large Banner is carried betwixt two, representing on the one side, the "Cabal of the Jesuits at *Wild House* all hanging on one Gibbit; and among 'em another Twelve, that would betray their Trust or Conscience. On the other side is represented Gammer *Celliers* with a Bloody Bladder, and all her other Presbyterian Plot Forgers; and Protestants in Masquerade; and all this in colours on a Cloth." Hereupon followed the Anti-Papal Pageants planned in the same temper. The last displayed a Martyr before a Bishop and a conclave of Monks, "and all the theatre round about strew'd and hemmed with racks and instruments of cruelty." The details of the costly spectacle were engraved on copper-plates, and possibly it was this special ceremony of the burning of the Pope, performed in November, to which at the end of August the Bartholomew Play pointed in its last allusions.

In the same year, in one of a series of antipapal tracts,

The Pope's Harbinger, *by way of Diverſion*, (printed by *A Godbid* for *L. C.*, 1680), the following compariſon is made between the Church of Rome and Bartholomew Fair. "This as well as that conſiſts wholly of *noiſe*, and *nonſenſe*, and *miſchief*, a Company of *Knaves*, ſet up to babble a Rabble of *Fools*. The *Wares* of both are much alike, *Toys and Baubles*, *gaudy ſhews and Tricks of Legerdemain*. At *Smithfield* you have *Babies and Hobby Horſes*, at *Rome*, conſecrated *Roſes*, and holy rotten *Bones*, and pretty little *Pocket-gods*, onely you muſt pay a deviliſh deal dearer for theſe than for the other. Here you have *Monſters and Wonders*, there you have prodigious *Saints* and whiſking *Miracles*, whilſt the *Prieſt* as *Jack-pudden* makes the *Parade* to the *Show*—*Here, here, here's the onely true Infallible Church, Sirs! Here's Antiquity and Viſibility, and Unity, and Univerſality; ſtep in then, and take your places, Gentlemen, whilſt they may be had; for, truſt me, ere long you will ſcarce get in for the crowd.* Here too you have the ſeveral *Orders* of Raſcals, *Mendicant* Ragamuffins without Shirts; ſubtil *Jeſuits*, that ſmile in your Face and pick your Pocket; grave *Capuchins* . . . . whole droves of wandering *Nuns* . . . . And to complete the parallel, here you have the *Devil* and *Pope*, as plenty as Pig and Pork; and what would you have more if you were at *Rome*, though even in a Year of *Jubilee?*" Thus we find that not in one booth of the Fair only was the huſtling of the Pope in that day the pleaſure of the people. His was a figure common in the Fair, and he there rivalled the Merry Andrew in his efforts to ſecure deriſion.

CHAPTER XIV.

Rebellers.

Rachel, Lady Ruſſell, might have ſhared, in theſe days, with Lady Caſtlemaine, the pleaſures of the Fair. As ſhe is finiſhing a letter to her huſband, on the 24th of Auguſt, 1680, ſhe is interrupted, and before cloſing it, writes: "My Siſter and Lady Inchiquin are juſt come from Bartholomew Fair, and ſtored us all with Fairings." The Maſter of the Revels was an officer who had always enjoyed, under the Stuarts, valuable conſideration for his patent. In the time of James the Firſt, we have heard Lanthorn Leatherhead, juſtifying his Motion by aſſerting that he had "the Maſter of the Revel's hand for 't." Charles the Second, though he and all the Stuarts traded in the ſale of patent offices, liberally gave away this place to Thomas Killegrew, whoſe jeſts diverted him. Killegrew and Sir William Davenant, both received at the Reſtoration patents to build New Theatres. Killegrew's was opened as the Theatre Royal, on the ſite of Drury Lane; Davenant's was in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, his company being ſworn by the Lord Chamberlain as ſervants of the Duke of York. They both began by breaking down the old

practice of causing women's parts to be performed by men. The pains taken by Sir William Davenant to secure suitable and rich decoration for his stage, entitled him to rank as the founder of the modern practice of scene-painting. Thomas Killegrew died at the age of seventy-three, in the year 1684. At least seven or eight years before his death his office as Master of the Revels, had been transmitted to his son. For he was still living when there appeared in the *London Gazette* of April 13-17, 1682, this advertisement: "Whereas, Mr. John Clarke, of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killegrew, Esq., the Licensing of all Ballad Singers

for five years; which time is expired at Lady-day laſt: theſe are, therefore, to give notice to all Ballad Singers that they take out Licenſes at the Office of the Revels at *Whitehall*, for Singing and Selling of Ballads, and ſmall Books, according to an ancient Cuſtom. And all perſons concerned, are hereby deſired to take notice of, and to ſuppreſs all Mountebanks,

Rope-Dancers, Prizè-Players, Ballad-Singers, and ſuch as make ſhew of Motions and ſtrange Sights, that have not a Licence in Red and Black Letters, under the Hand and Seal of the ſaid Charles Killegrew, Eſq., Maſter of the Revels to His Majeſty; and, in particular, to ſuppreſs one Mr. Iriſh, Mr. Thomas

Varley, and Mr. Thomas Yates, Mountebank, who have no Licence, that they may be proceeded againſt, according to Law."

With the office of Maſter of Revels was allied that of Serjeant Trumpeter of England, which entitled its poſſeſſor to a certain fee from every one who blew a wind inſtrument publicly (except at the Theatres Royal), and, therefore, gave juriſdiction over the Merry-andrews and Jack-puddings in every Fair throughout England.

In the *Loyal Proteſtant* for Thurſday, September 7, 1682, is this advertiſement, fully detailing all the privileges of the office.

"☞ Whereas ſeveral Perſons do preſume to Stroll about the Countries, to make ſhow of Lotteries, Plays, Rope-Dances, Dumb-Shows, Models, Mountebanks, Ballad Singers, Newſhawkers, Scotch Pedlers, and other Unlicenſed People; and alſo thoſe that make uſe of Drums, Trumpets, Fifes, and other Wind Muſick, without Licence from Gervaſe Price, Eſq., Serjeant and Comptroller of all His Majeſty's Trumpets, who is Intitled thereto by His Majeſty's Patent, under the Great Seal of England. Theſe are therefore to deſire all Mayors, Bayliffs, Sheriffs, Juſtices of the Peace and Conſtables, to apprehend and Impriſon all ſuch Perſons that ſhall preſume to act herein, without Licenſe in print, under the Hand and Seal of the ſaid Gervaſe Price, Eſq., and to give Notice thereof to the ſaid Serjeant Trumpeter at his Lodgings in Whitehall, ſo that they may be ſent for, to anſwer the Contempt before the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain."

Afterwards this demand of the Serjeant Trumpeter was ſhown to be illegal.

In the ſame Number of the *Loyal Proteſtant*, and in the preceding Number for the 26th of Auguſt, is an announcement of "the Famous *Indian Water Works*, adorned with ſeveral new Additions, which have been continuing ſince this time Twelvemonths, together with *Maſquerades*, *Songs*, and *Dances*, to be ſeen in the *Old Elephant's Ground*, over againſt *Oſier Lane*, in *Smithfield*, during the time of the Fair; which will not be publicly expoſed any more till the next *Bartholomew Fair*." Alſo, we learn from the ſame "*Loyal Proteſtant*" that "At Mr. Saffry's, a Dutch-woman's Booth, over againſt the Greyhound Inn, in Weſt Smithfield, during the time of the Fair, will be Acted an Incomparable Entertainment, call'd THE IRISH EVIDENCE; THE HUMOURS OF TIEGE; or, ...; with variety of Dances. By the firſt New-market Company." The title of this play ſuggeſts a very different treatment of the Iriſh Teague to that which expreſſed the temper of the nation ſeven years later. Somebody alſo announced that he had loſt "in a Hackney Coach, or otherwiſe, coming from Bartholomew Fair, a Silver and Gold Fringe, Waiſt-Belt, and a Sword Inlaid with Gold," ſuch announcement being a corroboration of the obvious fact, that people of all conditions frequented Bartholomew Fair after the Reſtoration. There is an advertiſement alſo, ſhowing the rough ſide of the ſcene. It is "for three horſes ſtolen by James Rudderford, a Mountebank, and Jeremiah March, his Clown."

It was by no means all pleaſure behind the boards and

canvas of the booths. There were fees enough to pay, and griefs enough to ſuffer. One of the ſights ſhown alive, was of a child, ſaid to have been born back to back with a live bear. Let any one who loves children, feel the abomination of the fraud that bound a child and a bear back to back for the amuſement of the public. In the *Domeſtick Intelligence* for September 4-7, 1682, publiſhed during the time of Bartholomew Fair, we read, how "The GERMAN WOMAN that danc'd where the Italian Tumbler kept his Booth, being over againſt the Swan Tavern, by Hoſier Lane end in Bartholomew Fair, is run away from her Miſtreſs, the Fifth of this inſtant; She is of a Browniſh Complexion, with Brown Hair, and between 17 and 18 years of Age; if any perſon whatſoever can bring Tidings to one Mr. Hone's, at the Duke of Albemarle's Head, at the end of Duck Lane, ſo that her Miſtreſs may have her again, they ſhall be rewarded to their own Content."

The Lord Mayor, in ſaddle new, the Sheriffs, and the Aldermen, were, at this date, ſtill riding, in perſon, to proclaim the Fair on the eve of St. Bartholomew—at about five o'clock in the afternoon—from the gate entering into the Cloth Fair; Lady Holland's Mob having proclaimed it at twelve o'clock the night before. The Civic Court attended alſo at the wreſtling upon St. Bartholomew's Day, and at the Shooting on the 26th of Auguſt.

From a contemporary book of "Wit and Drollery," I have already quoted the alluſion to this march of the Lord Mayor. "The Order of my Lord Mayor, the Aldermen, and the Sheriffs, for their Meetings, and wearing of their Apparel throughout the whole year,"

printed in 1682, confirms the record of the poet. Of Bartholomew Fair itſelf we quote from the ſame volume, ("Wit and Drollery; Jovial Poems," 1682; it is not contained in the firſt edition of that book, publiſhed in 1656) this little epitome:

"Here's that will challenge all the Fair
Come buy my nuts and damſons and Burgamy pears!
Here's the woman of Babylon, the Devil and the Pope,
And here's the little girl juſt going on the Rope!
Here's *Dives and Lazarus* and the *World's Creation*,
Here's the *Tall Dutch Woman*, the like's not in the Nation.
Here is the Booths where the High Dutch Maid is,
Here are the Bears that dance like any Ladies;
Tat, tat, tat, tat, ſays little penny Trumpet;
Here's Jacob Hall, that does ſo jump it, jump it;
Sound Trumpet, ſound, for ſilver Spoon and Fork,
Come, here's your dainty Pig and Pork."

Sir Robert Southwell's ſon, the Hon. Edward Southwell, being in London with his tutor, Mr. Webſter, at Bartholomew Fair time in the year 1685, received this letter from his father written on the 26th of Auguſt, from Kingſweſton.

"Dear Neddy,

"I think it not now ſo proper to quote you verſes out of Perſius, or to talk of Cæſar and Euclide, as to conſider the great theatre of Bartholomew Fair, where, I doubt not, but you often reſort, and 'twere not amiſs if you cou'd convert that tumult into a profitable book. You wou'd certainly ſee the garboil there to more advantage if Mr. Webſter and you wou'd read, or cou'd ſee acted, the play of Ben Jonſon, call'd Bartholomew Fair: for then afterwards going to the ſpot you wou'd note, if things and humours were the ſame

to-day, as they were fifty years ago, and take pattern of the obſervations which a man of ſence may raiſe out of matters that ſeem even ridiculous. Take then with you the impreſſions of that play, and in addition thereunto, I ſhould think it not amiſs if you then got up into ſome high window, in order to ſurvey the whole pit at once. I fancy then you will ſay—*Totus mundus agit hiſtrionem*, and you wou'd note into how many various ſhapes humane nature throws itſelf, in order to buy cheap, and ſell dear, for all is but traffick and commerce, ſome to give, ſome to take, and all is by exchange, to make the entertainment compleat.

"The main importance of this fair is not ſo much for merchandize, and the ſupplying what people really want; but as a ſort of Bacchanalia, to gratifie the multitude in their wandring and irregular thoughts." (Note this.)

"Here you ſee the rope-dancers gett their living meerly by hazarding of their lives, and why men will pay money and take pleaſure to ſee ſuch dangers, is of ſeperate and philoſophical conſideration.

"You have others who are acting fools, drunkards, and madmen, but for the ſame wages which they might get by honeſt labour, and live with credit beſides.

"Others, if born in any monſtrous ſhape, or have children that are ſuch, here they celebrate their miſery, and by getting of money forget how odious they are made. When you ſee the toy-ſhops, and the ſtrange variety of things, much more impertinent than hobby-horſes or gloves of gingerbread, you muſt know there are cuſtomers for all theſe matters, and it would be a

pleaſing ſight cou'd you ſee painted a true figure of all theſe impertinent minds and their fantaſtick paſſions, who come trudging hither, only for ſuch things. 'Tis out of this credulous croud that the ballad ſingers attrackt an aſſembly, who liſten and admire, while their confederate pickpockets are diving and fiſhing for their prey.

"'Tis from thoſe of this number who are more refin'd, that the mountebank obtains audience and credit, and it were a good bargain if ſuch cuſtomers had nothing for their money but words, but they are beſt content to pay for druggs, and medecines, which commonly doe them hurt.

"There is one corner of this Elizium field devoted to the eating of pig, and the ſurfeits that attend it. The fruits of the ſeaſon are everywhere ſcatter'd about, and thoſe who eat imprudently do but haſten to the phyſitian or the churchyard.

"There are various corners of lewdneſs and impurity. . . . And how many robberies are beforehand committed on houſes and high-ways to raiſe a ſtock againſt this licentious occaſion! Here it commonly ends in quarrels and bloodſhed, ſo that either the chirurgeon is ſent for to plaiſter up the wounds, or the conſtable to heal the peace, and truth breaking out among malefactors, Mr. Juſtice has ſufficient grounds for his mittimus, and Captain Richardſon favours them with houſe-room, and Mr. John Ketch conveys them at length to their long and deſerved home.

"So here, by the by, you may alſo obſerve, that ſome grave men who think they have nothing to doe with the fair, do yet find imployment by it. There is the judge,

the divine, the phyſitian, who all have work by the conſequences of this unruly aſſembly.

"I have formerly told you that I look'd upon human nature as a great volume, wherein every man, woman, and child, ſeem'd to be a diſtinct leaf, or page, or paragraph, that had ſomething in it of diverſity from all the reſt, not but that many humours, natures, and inclinations, might fall under the ſame chapter, or be rang'd under the ſame common head. Yet ſtill there is ſuch diſtinction of one from the other, as a diſcerning mind will find out. And, indeed, it never was otherwiſe, even in the whole maſs of things, ſince the creation; for two things, if they did not differ, would not be two, but the ſame.

"I have told you alſo, how that in ſome leaves, and indeed whole chapters of this volume, there is many times ſo little ſenſe or matter for imitation, that thoſe leaves are to be turned over very faſt, and yet the variety and very deformity of ſhapes they contain, do all help to illuſtrate nature, and put you into admiration to ſee other leaves and chapters how they are repleniſhed, and ſeem to be the epitome of all that was good and valuable in the reſt."

The careful man then adds much prudent counſel before he ſubſcribes himſelf to his dear Neddy as "ever

"Your moſt affectionate father,

"Robert Southwell."

The Captain Richardſon mentioned towards the cloſe of this extract was Keeper of the Old Bailey.

A few days before Bartholomew Fair time, in the year

1687, "His Majeſty being informed that divers perſons continue to exerciſe Lotteries, and new invented Games reſembling Lotteries within the Cities of London and Weſtminſter, and other parts of this Kingdom, contrary to the expreſs prohibition of His Majeſties Letters Patents, Granted to the Indigent Officers, has been pleaſed to command, that all Magiſtrates and others whom it does concern, do take effectual care to ſuppreſs all ſuch Lotteries as are not duly Licenſed by the Commiſſioners and Patentees for the ſaid Indigent Officers, and particularly at Bartholomew Fair, and publick Meetings."

That appeared in the *London Gazette* for the 15th of Auguſt, 1687. In the *Gazette* for Auguſt 23rd, 1688. "His Majeſty having granted to Randolph Aſhenhurſt, Eſq., Stephen Hales, Michael Cope, and Tho. Aſhenhurſt, Gentlemen, the ſole Exerciſe of the Royal Oak,"—a gambling game dedicated to the honour of King Charles the Second,—"Raffling and all other Lotteries, and games reſembling Lotteries," prohibited the uſe of theſe games by any one who had not obtained a Licence from the Patentees.

In the *Theatre of Compliment* (1688), are ſome verſes on the Fair which end with a line illuſtrative of the check thus put upon Lotteries.

> Here is the Rarity of the whole Fair,
> Pimper-la-Pimp, and the Wife Dancing Mare;
> Here's valiant *St. George and the Dragon*, a farce;
> Here's *Vienna Beſieged*, a moſt delicate thing;
> And here's Punchinello, ſhown thrice to the King.
> Then ſee the maſks to the Cloiſters repair,—
> But there will be no raffling all this Fair.

At the ſame time a ſquabble between Charles Killi-

grew, Eſq., Maſter of the Revels, and Mr. Symms, Comptroller of the ſame, as to the right of giving licences, was opportunely ſettled, when the Fair was juſt at hand, in favour of Mr. Killigrew. So there was to be no more miſtake as to the perſon from whom ſhowmen were to buy their title to exhibit.

The moſt famous of the Merry Andrews of that day was William Phillips, of whom there are ſeveral engravings. It would be pleaſant if we could identify this jeſter with the unknown William Phillips, by whom a tragedy was written. It was publiſhed in 1698, as "the Revengeful Queen." There is another Tragedy aſcribed to him, called "Alcamenes and Menelippa." Even in his day, had this man been really the tragedian, he would not have been the firſt to live a clown's life with a tragic ſenſe of life under his gaiety. The annexed picture repreſents him not as a Tragedian, but as a Merry Andrew:

This repreſents the ſame man as a "Bartholomew Fair Muſician."

Among the Harleian MSS. (5961), is the title page only of "A new Fairing for the Merrily Diſpoſed: or the Comical Hiſtory of the Famous Merry Andrew, W. Phill. Giving an Account of his Pleaſant Humours, Various Adventures, Cheats, Frolicks, and Cunning Deſigns, both in City and Country. London: Printed by J. Willis, and ſold by moſt Bookſellers, 1688." 12mo.

Among the Advertiſements in the *Gazette*, for April 1, 1689, we find a formal announcement bearing witneſs

that Charles Killigrew, Eſq., remained Maſter of the Revels when the Stuarts had ceaſed to be Kings of England. "Theſe are to give Notice, That all Stage-players, Mountebanks, Rope-Dancers, and others who ſhow Motions and Strange Sights, do repair to Charles Killegrew, Esq., Maſter of the Revels, at his Office at Somerſet Houſe, to renew their Lycenſes, their former being void, And that none do preſume to make any public ſhews in Town or Country, without a new Licence from the ſaid Maſter of the Revels."

It may here alſo be added that among the advertiſements which appeared during Fair time in the year 1690, is one of a pamphlet, now not to be found, entitled, "The City Revels, or, the Humours of Bartholomew Fair. By J. G. Gent. Sold by Randal Taylor near Stationers-Hall, and by moſt Bookſellers. Price, Stitcht. *6d.*"

In juſtice to the Mountebank this volume ſhould contain a ſpecimen of his art as an orator. There is a little undated book, publiſhed about the year 1690, entitled, "The Harangues or Speeches of ſeveral Famous Mountebanks in Town and Country." The leaſt extravagant and moſt affectedly candid of the ſpeakers is Tom Jones, a part of whoſe addreſs I quote:

"Gentlemen and Ladies,

"You that have a mind to preſerve your own and your Families' Health, may here, at the expenſe of a Twopenny Piece, furniſh yourſelves with a Packet, which contains ſeveral things of great uſe, and won-

derful operation in human bodies, againſt all Diſtempers whatſoever.

"Gentlemen, Becauſe I preſent myſelf among you, I would not have you to think I am an upſtart, gliſter-pipe . . . . Apothecary. No, Gentlemen, I am no ſuch perſon. I am a regular Phyſician; and have travelled moſt kingdoms in the world, purely to do my Country good. I am not a Perſon that takes delight, as a great many do, to fill your ears with hard words, in telling you the nature of Turpet Mineral, Mercuri Dulcis, Balſamum Capiviet, Aſtringents, Laxations, Hardboundations, Circulations, Vibrations, Salivations, Excoriations, Scaldations. Theſe Quacks may fitly be called Solimites, becauſe they preſcribe only one ſort of phyſick for all Diſtempers, that is, a Vomit.

"If a Man has bruiſed his Elbow; Take a Vomit, ſays the Doctor. If you have any Corns, Take a Vomit. If he has torn his Coat, Take a Vomit. For the Jaundice, Fevers, Flux, Gripes, Gout, nay even the diſtempers that only my Friend, the famous Doctor Tuff, whom you all know, knows as the Hocognicles, Marthambles, the Moon-Paul, and the Strong-Fives, A Vomit; Tantum. Gentlemen, theſe Impoſtors value killing of a Man, no more, than I value drawing an old ſtump of a tooth, which has long troubled any of you; ſo that I ſay, they are a pack of Tag-Rag, Aſſi-fœtida, Gliſter-pipe Doctors.

"Now, Gentlemen, having given you a ſhort account of this ſpurious race; I ſhall preſent you with my Cordial Pills, being the Tincture of the Sun, having Dominion from the ſame Light, giving Relief and

Comfort to all Mankind. They cauſe all Complexions to Laugh or Smile, in the very taking them, they preſently cure all Dizzineſs, Swimmings, Dulneſs in the Head, and Scurvy.

"In the next place I recommend to you my incomparable Balſam," and ſo forth. Prefixed to the volume here cited, is a picture of the Mountebank and his Zany on their Platform. When they have ended their appeal, the Jack-pudding will dance upon the tight-rope.

CHAPTER XV.

After the Revolution.

A NEW view of "the Humours of Teague," which had amuſed a good-natured public in the Fair not many years before, poſſeſſed the Engliſh People when the laſt of our Stuart kings, driven from England, was battling his cauſe on Iriſh ground, with foreign arms and a wild Iriſh help. A Bookſeller who had iſſued Popiſh Plot Cards to amuſe the public, now produced "Orange Cards, repreſenting the late King's Reign, and Expedition of the Prince of Orange," ſome of which were to repreſent, "The Prince of Orange Landing, the Jeſuits Scampering," &c., "curiouſly illuſtrated and engraved in lively figures, done by the Performers of the firſt Popiſh Plot-Cards, and is the only true ſort; if there be any others they are counterfeit." Such helps to the diverſion of the patriot, advertiſed in *Mercurius Reformatus, or the New Obſervator*, at Bartholomew Fair time, in the year 1689, were enlarged by the appearance of a play publiſhed in the year following, to which reference is made by Lord Macaulay in his Hiſtory. "This drama," he ſays in a note, "which, I believe was performed at

Bartholomew Fair, is one of the moſt curious of a curious claſs of compoſitions, utterly deſtitute of literary merit, but valuable as ſhowing what were then the moſt ſucceſsful claptraps for an audience compoſed of the common people." It is from its character evidently a booth play, not profeſſing to have been performed at either of the licenſed playhouſes, and was acted, probably, both at Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs.

We have been dwelling at ſome length on another play of the ſame claſs which is more diſtinctly illuſtrative of the ſtory of the Fair, for the Wild Iriſhman never took a defined place, as the Pope did, among our Mountebanks and Zanies. It will ſuffice, therefore, now to deſcribe ſhortly, the Tragi-comedy that tells how King William ſailed for Ireland, and was further to tell in a Second Part, what he did after his arrival. Moſt probably it did, in ſome forgotten continuation, really make doggerel of the Battle of the Boyne. The extant Firſt Part is entitled, "the Royal Voyage, or the IRISH EXPEDITION: a TRAGICOMEDY, acted in the years 1689 and 90. Regis ad Exemplum. *Claud.* London; Printed for *Richard Baldwin*, in the *Old Bailey*, A.D. 1690." The eſſential paſſages in the addreſs "To the Reader," are theſe: "Know ye, firſt and foremoſt, that the Name of this following Play relates to another part yet to come, which will more ſignally fill the Title; though this has enough of the *Royal Voyage* in it to make that good and proper in this, as well as the other. The *Conqueſt of Granada* is only begun in the firſt part, nay, no more than the Siege on't, yet the propriety of the Title none ever

queſtioned to that part as well as the other. The next thing I'm to do you, to wit, is, that the end of this Play is chiefly to expoſe the Perfidious, Baſe, Cowardly, Bloody Nature of the Iriſh, both in this and all paſt ages, eſpecially to give as lively a ſcheme as will conſiſt with what's paſt, ſo far of the worſe than Heatheniſh Barbarities committed by them on their Peaceable Neighbours, in that Bloody and Deteſtable Maſſacre and Rebellion of Forty-one, which will make the Nation ſtink as long as there's one Bog or Bogtrotter left in it." Though his way of writing allows great Liberty, the author ſays he has confined himſelf even to the "Chaſtneſs of an Hiſtorian, examining as the reader will find, all the material Objections thoſe wicked people can make to our accuſations." He apologiſes for having introduced into his play one Iriſhman "brave and honeſt (as far as his cauſe would let him be) to foil the reſt;" and adds, "if I have gone a little beyond the pale and left truth behind me, it is a pardonable fault, and the more eaſily, becauſe perhaps it mayn't be ſo common to err on the ſide of good nature." The good-natured poet adds, that he cannot miſrepreſent the Iriſh when he ſpeaks anything ill of them. This is like the opinion of the rabble in "the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth," that the voice muſt be truſtworthy which abuſed the Pope.

The Dramatis Perſonæ of the Royal Voyage are, "Tyrconnel, Primate, Archbiſhop of Caſhel, Nugent, Neagle, Iriſh Lords, Hamilton, Macarty, Talbot, Butler, Clancarty, Macdonald, Iriſh Soldiers, Meſſengers, Officers, &c.

"Governor of Inniſkilling, Collonels, Souldiers, &c., Governor of Derry, Collonels, Souldiers, &c., Engliſh Captains with Relief to Derry, Engliſh General, Souldiers, Officers, &c."

This peculiar liſt illuſtrates the author's profeſſed Deſign to be particular in his enmity, but name no names upon the Engliſh ſide, leſt he ſhould be found too partial in his praiſe.

The play deals with high matter; the iſſue of the happieſt of Revolutions, and the moſt determined ſtruggle made by Ireland to throw off the yoke that bound it beſide England. The greateſt ſiege in Britiſh Civil hiſtory, the Siege of Londonderry, is meant to be told in one of its Acts. Its purpoſe was to preſent the news, together with the Engliſh feeling of the day, in fleſh and blood. In the firſt Act it preſents, at Dublin Caſtle, James's Lord Deputy, Tyrconnel, who by his oppreſſion of the Proteſtants in Ireland, had, during the paſt three years, been embittering the feud between the Siſter Iſlands. He is ſurrounded by the Iriſh chiefs, and glorying in his ſucceſs. He has made Ireland a Refuge for the Church—

> But never ſhall we her fair ſpring reſtore,
> As pure and limpid as it was before,
> Unleſs we hollow the polluted Flood,
> And purge out Heretick-Stains with Heretick's Blood.

This thought warms the old veins of the Roman Archbiſhop of Caſhel, who begins to gloat over memories of the maſſacre in 1641, when Sir Phelim O'Neil, producing a commiſſion from King Charles the Firſt, headed an outbreak full of horrible acts of

maſſacre and cruelty againſt the Proteſtant Engliſh ſettlers. Macarthy (Commander in Munſter), who is the one good Iriſhman apologiſed for by the author in his preface, rebukes the Archbiſhop, and is argued with by his Grace in Roman faſhion—that to "keep no Faith with thoſe that have none," is a proper doctrine, and one upon which King Louis, eldeſt ſon of the Church, has thriven famouſly. Macarthy's ſenſe of mercy is almoſt apoſtaſy, and he is "*ipſo facto* excommunicate" in the Archbiſhop's eye; but in Tyrconnel's mind he is too loyal and brave a ſubject of King James to be quarrelled with by thoſe who wiſh ſucceſs to James's cauſe. With a hundred thouſand men in arms, and only a handful of men in Ireland to withſtand them, "Let's o'er to England" adviſes Nugent,

> "That golden Land, where Palms and Laurels wait us,
> Delicious Murthers, and ſweet Maſſacres:
> Hang, Drown, Stab, Burn, Broil, Eat, Damn our proud Conquerors."

But an approving fellow-counſellor dilates upon the beauty of "fair words, good terms, ſweet-honied proffers" to delude the Engliſh "kind-believing Fools," till Derry and Inniſkillen have been wreſted from them. And a ſecond Iriſh Lord enlarges upon the deſire of a firſt Lord to ſtay in Ireland and beguile the Engliſh, for,

> The Engliſh ſooner Cheated are, than Beaten;
> We muſt expect a formidable Army
> Shortly in our Bowels; though their Hands
> Are raiſing long, they generally fall heavy.

At any rate they muſt get Derry and Inniſkillen, and, if poſſible, avoid a famine in the land by keeping

the Cattle from the Rapparees. The hot Primate curſes this lukewarmneſs. Were not the gentlemen, now ſo moderate, thoſe who in council preſſed to have the Prince proclaimed? Yes, it is anſwered, but the King had not then quitted England, and given up all that was there to Orange. Tyrconnel interrupts the diſcuſſion with intelligence of the reception given to King James in France, and of the ſtrong ſuccours thence expected.

> But firſt the Northern Rebels let's ſubdue,
> At Derry and at Inniſkilling too;
> The Firſt your lot (*to Hamilton*), the Second falls to you (*to Macarthy*).

Hamilton, who had been truſted on a miſſion by King William, and on reaching Ireland had revolted from his truſt, receives this charge with boaſts, alluding lightly to his word, his "few looſe vows, perhaps an oath or two, and airy honour pawned." Later in the play there is an alluſion to the ſuicide of John Temple, who had commended Hamilton to confidence, and afterwards took fatally to heart the iſſue of his counſel. Macarthy, who is ſent to Inniſkillen, ſays that he cannot promiſe much, for he leads raw and wild troops againſt an enemy both deſperate and firm, but he will do his beſt. Tyrconnel knows he will, and bids him take the beſt troops while he writes fair offers to the rebels.

After this diſcuſſion, *exeunt omnes*, and "Enter an Iriſh Rabble, Men, Women, and Children; the Men with Swords and Clubs, the Women with Skenes, the Children with wooden Swords and Knives." Very expreſſive, truly, of a riſing of the entire population. "A Piper before 'em (as was their uſual Cuſtom) with

a Prey of Black and Small Cattle, which they had robbed the Engliſh of."

The Speakers are Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, of the Rabble.

"1ſt o' TH' RABBLE. Rare times, by Saint Patrick; the beſt that Ireland ever ſaw, by my Soul joy; why, who would be at the Trouble to raiſe and breed Cattle of their own, when the Heretick dogs can do 't to our hands without any pain.

"2.—Right, Neighbour Teague; and, beſides, they are all our Tenants, not we theirs; for I heard Father Dominick, our Prieſt, make a Swear, that this was all our country, Five Thouſand Years before the New Moon was made, and the Engliſh Thieves never came hither to rob us of our own till the next year after the Flood was over." With much more talk of the ſame texture; diſplaying the thieviſhneſs of Iriſh Prieſts, and incidents of cruelty in the preſent riſing that promptly ſuggeſt an exchange of frightful recollections from the O'Neil Maſſacre of 1641. Then, "that lubberly breed of Black Cattle here," being Engliſh property, "we'll find ſome way or other to torment, as well as get rid of 'em, and they'll have little cauſe to complain, that are uſed as well as their Maſters."

"Let 's ſerve 'em as we did the Fellow I told you of. Tie 'em to a ſtake, and cut off pieces of their fleſh alive." So it is done. The play was really acted, and one wonders greatly whether the ſavage ſpirit of the rabble of the Fair was ſatisfied with a literal maſſacre of an ox at each repreſentation of the "Tragicomedy," according to the ſtage direction. "They Sing an Iriſh Song, Dancing round a fat Engliſh Ox, tied to a Stake;

and as ſoon as that was over, fall altogether upon it, cutting out pieces of it alive, and broiling them upon the coals. In the meanwhile, a ſmall party of Engliſh ſurpriſe and fall upon 'em; on which, all the Rabble ſet up the Iriſh yell, and run away without ſtriking a ſtroke."

The Engliſhmen having in bad verſe exchanged reflections upon Iriſh courage, depart to cut their way to the relief of the garriſon at Derry. From this diverſion, we are taken back to Tyrconnel and his friends in Dublin Caſtle, and hear from them how they have by Neagle's advice, got rid of their Proteſtant ally Mountjoy, by ſending him with Chief Baron Rice, on a miſſion to King James, in Paris, where he is ſafely lodged in the Baſtille. But at this time, James is expected from Breſt daily, and on his arrival, in the Archbiſhop's opinion—

> "his ſingle Name wou'd do,
> Without an army, and inſpire new courage
> If any wanted it—'twas he alone,
> Who through the laſt falſe, dangerous Trimming Reign,
> Screen'd off the fury of the Rebels from us;
> Got that proud Heretick, imperious Ormond,
> Oftener than once removed. 'Twas he who found
> The Treacherous Eſſex, who buoy'd up the Engliſh
> And their decaying Intereſts againſt us—
> He found him out at laſt, ſpite of his Policy,
> And did reward him in due time and place.
> But when kind Fate,—or of her own accord,
> Or jogged by ſome Officious Catholick Hand—
> Broke Charles his Linſy-Woolſey Line of Life,
> When our bright Star aſcended his Meridian
> And ſhot his Beams from London to our Iſle,
> What Loyal Face was ſeen without a ſmile?
> Scarce will our joy or juſter be or more,
> When with his Royal Feet he treads our ſhore."

A Courier arrives, who has ſeen the pompous

entertainment of the Royal Exile, by Great Lewis and his Court, and who left a ſquadron at Breſt full of money and men, ready for ſailing. The Roman Primate takes this occaſion to ſuggeſt that the approaching opportunity of following the good counſel Kill All—muſt not be loſt. Another Courier brings word that the King has landed at Kinſale. Tyrconnel gives orders for rejoicings, but the people have already made their bonfires of the houſes of the Engliſh. This gratifies the Primate. The Courier delivers a copy of a ſpeech made to King James by the Recorder of Kilkenny—a burleſque flouriſh of courſe—and the Act ends with preſent expectation of the King in Dublin, and the equally ſtrong and immediate expectation of a poſt from the North, telling the fate of thoſe two ſtubborn towns, Derry and Inniſkillen.

The firſt Act, then, tells clumſily, but with evident regard to the ſequence of events, what happened in Ireland to the time of the landing of James at Kinſale. The ſecond Act tells in the ſame temper the ſtory of the defence of Inniſkillen, and the third Act is deſigned to be a ſummary preſentment of the ſiege of Londonderry. The fourth Act tells of Schomberg's landing in Bangor Bay, of his march through the paſs of Newry, of his encampment in Dundalk, facing a powerful enemy at Drogheda; of the treaſon in his camp; the peſtilence; the retirement to Newry. The fifth Act, which is very ſhort indeed, diſplays the deſperate ſtate of Schomberg's troops by reaſon of the ſickneſs; the courage of the ſtarving Engliſh; the cowardice (of courſe) of the Iriſh; and the arrival of

King William at Carrickfergus, juſt when he was moſt wanted. In the laſt ſcene is diſplayed "the Royal Fleet at the Bay of Bangor. The Mary Yacht with the Standard. All the ſhore enlightened with Bonfires." A booth continually acting plays of this deſcription, would, in fact, be a dramatic news-room, giving the news always in combination with a ſtarved and angry ſort of leading article fuddled with verſe.

The literary rank of THE ROYAL VOYAGE is no higher than that of other booth plays, and it is duller than moſt others of its claſs, becauſe it amuſes us by fewer flights into the ſublime of abſurdity. But it is creditably diſtinguiſhed by the fact that it is from beginning to end decent. The comic ſcenes, eſſential to a booth play, uſually depended for their fun upon the gratification of a love of dirt ingrained in the mind of the rabble; upon Urſula-talk for the pig-woman and her large army of adherents. Now the author of the Royal Voyage was a man who could not deſcend into this fouler region of claptrap, and who, although he was an author Littlewit, was at the ſame time an Engliſh gentleman. In the midſt of the ſtrong current of bitter feeling upon which he was borne, together with his countrymen, he not only foils the bad Iriſh with an Iriſhman who is the nobleſt perſon in his play, but he alſo, in the midſt of wrath, remembers to make one of his captains warn the Engliſh ſoldiers, who are rudely triumphing over a ſucceſsful ſhot:—

> "Never inſult over an enemy
> Conquer'd or ſlain,—if either, that's enough,
> The reſt is baſe. 'Tis true o're you they wou'd,
> But even there o'recome 'em as in battle."

It is good to feel that this was a ſafe claptrap, a ſentiment ſure in any age to win applauſe even from the fierceſt mob in England.

For his fun the author of this Tragi-Comedy mainly depends on a diſplay of the bad ſoldiering and cowardice of the Iriſh. He begins his Second—or Inniſkillen—Act, by ſhowing Macarthy in deſpair about his men, putting them through their exerciſes. When he cries, "Face to the Right!" they "all fall into confuſion, ſome facing one way, ſome t'other." They are rearranged by an officer, and blunder on till at the words, "To the left about!" they throw down arms and run away. Macarthy orders a freſh party in; "The officer draws out others. Gives the words. They do all well enough 'till he bids 'em Fire—one half never does it at all, the other, one after another, and moſt of them wink, and ſhoot juſt in one another's faces,—at which, concluding themſelves kill'd, one part drops down and t'other runs away." Macarthy and the officers abuſe their men, and can hope nothing for their expedition. Macſhane, O'Donnel, Teague, and other ſoldiers reappear, diſcuſſing their performances at drill. "By my ſhoul now," ſays one, "if poor Teague ſaw the like in my life. Why my goſſip tied a red ribbon about my left hand that I might be ſure to know it from my right—and the ugly dog-rogue of an Engliſh Serjeant bid me turn to the right, and put me quite out." Preſently they brag, fence in the air, club muſkets to ſhow how they would brain the Engliſh; when the ſally of a few Engliſh from their fort ſuddenly puts not only theſe men, but all Macarthy's troops to rout and conſter-

nation. Macarthy reviles his paſte-board army; worſe than an army wove in muſty arras, for that will at leaſt ſtand to be cut in pieces. He reſolves at once to prove his fate by an attack on Enniſkillen, but the garriſon comes out: when there is a grand battle fought upon the ſtage, of which the end is that of the Iriſh "ſome throw themſelves into the bog, and are knockt on the head there; others aſk Quarter, and throw down their arms," &c. Macarthy daſhes in gallant deſpair among the enemy, diſcharges his piſtol at a party of Enniſkillen men, who fire at him. He falls; a ſoldier clubs his muſket to knock out his brains. Iriſh officers exclaim, "Macarthy!" and with words of reſpect he is taken priſoner while ſwooning with his wounds. The ſally, the rout, and the capture of Macarthy are hiſtorical events.

In the Third—or Londonderry—Act, there is but one ſcene meant to be comic, and that ſurely a grim one. The Governor firſt appears with his colonels and captains, to unfold in talk the boldneſs that cloſed Derry againſt the troops of James, the ſending for help to England, the ſtrength of the army under Hamilton, the peril of the criſis for the town.

> If we ſucceed, Hiſtory will record
> Our actions louder than Oſtend or Troy.

In Hamilton's camp, Maumont (called Mamow), and Puſignan are introduced, impatient of reſiſtance.

> MAMOW. Begar me vill batter 'em down with 1, 2, 3, Potgun.
> Vat de Diable do they mean? Do they not know
> My great Maiſtre ſend his Lieutenant-General Mamow
> To pull down all de Walls, and burn, kill, kill,
> De Man, Woman and ſhucking Shild dat fight vid his
> Brother of England?

The cruelty of the French troops is hiſtorical, ſo is the battering of the town next related, the ſally partly ſhown upon the ſtage, then changed to a "fight behind the ſcenes" to be deſcribed fully, together with the incident of Maumont's death by a Captain who brings tidings to the Governor in Derry. The victorious troops enter and receive praiſe, after which we immediately return to the Iriſh camp, loſing ſight of all days between the firſt and ſecond great encounter incidental to the ſiege, one happening in April, and the other happening in June. The new attack is planned, which, with the incident of the fall of Mountgarrat, is preſently deſcribed by the Governor, who is ſuppoſed to be witneſſing it from the town walls. Troops enter with important priſoners, who are received courteouſly. It is deſigned that they ſhall enter into a diſcuſſion of political affairs with their captors and repreſent weakly their ſide of the moral to the argument that battle is determining. The didactic ſcene might not be borne at once by a booth audience; the ſpectators, therefore, are prepared for it, by the relief of this interpolation:—

SCENE VI.

The Iriſh Camp.

Enter an Iriſh Funeral, of one of their Commanders kill'd in the laſt Action. Tapers, Crones, Dirges, Two fat Friars ſinging—and praying for his Soul.

SONG BY THE PRIESTS.

1.

Reſt thy Soul in Bliſs, dear Friend!
Now beginning, n'ere to end:
At Purgatory be not ſcar'd,
Its Flame ſhall never ſinge thy Beard.

Mount torights to Heav'n, nor ſtay
To call at the Half-way-houſe by th' way.

2.

On thy Soul, while here below,
If ſome little ſpots did grow:
Murder, Perjury, or Rape,
Or ſome ſuch other ſmall Eſcape:
By thy meritorious Fall
Thou haſt o're atton'd 'em all.

3.

Innocent as Child unborn
On the golden wings of morn
Mount to bliſs, and pray for thoſe
Struggling with their faithleſs Foes:
Aid thy Friends who thee adore
As thou other Saints before.

[*They put him into the Grave, and the* Iriſh *kneel down by him, tear their Hair, throw up the Dirt, and lament his Death with inſufferable Howlings, as their manner is, ſinging this ſong over his grave.*]

IRISH SONG.

Ah Brother Teague! Why didſt thou go?
Whillilla lilla lilla lilla lilla lilla loo!
And leave thy Friends in grief and wo,
Aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo!

Hadſt thou not ſtore of Houſehold-ſtuff,
Whillilla, &c.
Potatas and Uſquebagh enough?
Aboo, &c.

Three Sheep, one Gaſſoon, and a Cow,
Whillilla, &c.
A Garden, Cabin, and a Plough?
Aboo, &c.

Hadſt thou not Bonny-clabbar ſtore?
Whillilla, &c.
If not enough, wee'd giv'n thee more.
Aboo, &c.

Why wouldſt thou, Teague! Ah tell me why,
Whillilla, &c.
Thus play the Fool and maake a dy?
Aboo, &c.

Why didſt thou touch the fatal Shore,
Whillilla, &c.
Where we ſhall never ſee thee more?
Aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo aboo!

[*While they are in the midſt of their Harmony comes a Shot from the Town, and kills the two Fryars and ſeveral others,—all the reſt ſtart up and run away.*

Immediately we are upon Derry walls, hearing the ſoldier rejoice that he has ſpoiled their howling, which was more inſufferable than their cannon; but when another ſoldier laughs at the ſlaying of the prieſts, he is admoniſhed by his Captain, in the manner before ſaid, not to inſult over a fallen enemy. The priſoners and captors then come out and hold their argument, in which the noticeable fact is, that the beſt view of the caſe treats Ireland only as a conquered dependent of the Engliſh crown. The priſoners tell of the boom acroſs the Lough, and in the next ſcene the Governor and his Colonels, from Derry walls, ſee and deſcribe to the audience the forcing of the boom. The Act ends with the entry of the relieving Captains, and the news that—

Schombergh ſpeedily is here deſigned
With twenty thouſand men to march for Dublin
And end the war.

This prepares the Spectator for the Fourth Act, which deſcribes the ſufferings of Schomberg's army, and contains no comic ſcene. Its laſt ſcene is, "Dundalk as before. *Moſt of the Soldiers ſick, many dead, the*

reſt pining." It ends with the order to march back to Newry—

there to quarter till
Recruits and better Seaſons call for Action.

The laſt Act is of four ſhort ſcenes, and but three pages. The firſt ſcene is with the Iriſh at Dundalk, ſimply to explain that they mean to force the Newry Paſs. The ſecond ſcene is this.

SCENE II.—*The Newry.*

A Party of Iriſh—Officers, Soldiers, &c.

OFFIC. March quick and cloſe—They take not yet th' Alarm.
The Town 's already ours—The Priſoner whom
We lately took, informs there 's ſcarce a hundred
Yet left alive, and thoſe half ſick and languiſhing;
The reſt or careleſs are or deſperate,
Nor dream of that warm viſit we shall make 'em.
[*The Centry diſcovers 'em, and fires three times, retiring.*

OFFICER. Diſcovered . . But too late for their prevention;
In—and we 're Conquerors—
[*They enter the Town—Several Officers come out in their ſhirts, and are knockt o'th' head. A Drummer beats an Alarm, and a few of the Engliſh gather in the Streets.*

ENG. OFFIC. Ha—are you come ſo far to hinder us
From dying now in quiet—Fellow Souldiers,
You ſee 'em—Rally here behind this Cart,
And give one Charge—if they march not back
At their accuſtomed pace—I'll e'ne run for 'em.
[*The Engliſh charge—The Iriſh run.*

[*Enter ſeveral Engliſh Soldiers crawling upon their Hands and Feet with their Muſquets in their Hands.*

OFFICER. Poor Wretches—What d'ye mean—You'r fitter for
Your Beds or th' Hoſpital, than War and Action.

1 SOULD. Noble Captain—Let me have but ſhot at 'em
And then I'll dy contented.

2 SOULD. Now we're their Matches, 'twere not fair to fight 'em,
If ſtrong and well as they.
[*They both get up to a Bank, fire their Pieces at the Iriſh and fall dead themſelves.*

After their officer has praiſed them, *exeunt omnes*, and we are at Belfaſt: "Heaven ſmiles again," and Engliſh ſupplies come daily—as a General relates in a ſpeech of ten lines, forming the whole ſcene. Then appears the Royal Fleet, and the Mary yacht with the Standard, the Bonfires enlighten all the ſhore. A meſſenger brings to the General, good tidings from Carrickfergus, at which cries the General—

> "Let all the Bogs in Ireland quake for fear.
> Their Fate is come—The Pageant King muſt run;
> And once agen fly from the conſcious Sun.
> And in ſome Monaſtery hide his Head
> Midſt lonely Tombs, and the polluted Dead.
> While that bright Hero who ſupplies his place,
> Sways his ſtrong Scepter with ſo great a Grace:
> In trembling France ſhall give new wonders Birth,
> And rend the witherd Lilies from the Earth."

The Curtain falls; not upon this play only, but upon all free dramatic politics in Smithfield. After the Revolution, there came Governments that would not tolerate the criticiſm of the ſhowman. That public entertainer fell back, therefore, upon Suſanna and the Elders, or the Siege of Troy; or he advanced to a new form of Miracle-play, in which Magicians took the place of Saints, and the Devil held his ground in company with Punchinellos, comic Serving-men, and country Shallows.

CHAPTER XVI.

Monsters.

We muſt never loſe ſight of the fact, that Bartholomew Fair throve while it was a true element in London life; and although, even at the time of which we are now ſpeaking, the Corporation of London had already raiſed the queſtion of its ſuppreſſion, it ſtood firm yet for another century, becauſe it was a true thing ſtill. In this chapter I ſpeak only of its Monſters: with a book before me, once owned by Sir Hans Sloane, into which, I think, it was Sir Hans himſelf who paſted Handbills about ſome of the natural Prodigies which intereſted London from the days of Charles the Second to thoſe of Queen Anne. The greater number of them belong to the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne; the lateſt is one iſſued directly after the death of "his late Majeſty," King George the Firſt. They commonly profeſs to deſcribe things exhibited by his or her "Majesties' Authority"—like the quack medicines of our own day—becauſe a fee had been paid to Government by every ſhowman for his licence.

But they had other "Majeſties' Authority." The Kings and Queens of Europe in the years before and after 1700, ſhared in the taſte of all claſſes, for

men who could dance without legs, dwarfs, giants, hermaphrodites, or ſcaly boys. The taſte ſtill lingers among uncultivated people in the higheſt and the loweſt ranks of life, but in the reigns of William and Mary, or Queen Anne, it was almoſt univerſal. Bartholomew Fair, with all the prodigies exhibited therein, was not as it now would be, an annual diſplay of things hardly to be ſeen out of a fair, but was, as far as Monſters went, only a yearly concentration into one ſpot of entertainments that at other times were ſcattered over town and country. The very mountebanks took lodgings in ſtreets, and iſſued their addreſſes upon paper.

Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when the wonders of the outlying world began to pour in rapidly upon the Engliſh people, a thirſt for marvels, and a credulity, in the beginning very natural, had tempted the exhibitor to ſeek for Monſters from abroad. This Shakeſpeare even goes out of his way to ſatiriſe, when he makes Trinculo ſay, while firſt pondering over Caliban, "Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fiſh painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian." To the nation deſtined for a world-wide rule, the myſteries of diſtant regions of the world were then firſt opening. An eager, all-embracing curioſity, however abſurd in many of its forms, was then as ſuitable as all the wonder through which a child comes to its firſt acquaintance with the life outſide the nurſery. What

was begun in reaſon was continued in frivolity. For the tone of ſociety in England was degraded by the Court of Charles the Second; ſoon afterwards there came a ſtrange ſtagnation over nearly the whole mind of Europe, and for reaſons into which we muſt not here inquire, the diſpoſition of the rich in England continued to be throughout nearly the whole eighteenth century indolent and trifling. The taſte for Monſters became a diſeaſe; of which the nation has in our own day recovered with a wonderful rapidity in preſence of events that force on the development of all its powers. Bartholomew Fair is gone, and there are few Engliſh boys who now would care to ſee the giant, under whoſe arm it pleaſed Charles the Second to walk. Handbills are not uſually dated, but there is one iſſued in Southwark Fair, containing the year 1684, when this young giant's age was ſaid to be nineteen. That will ſettle the date of the following announcement.

"Miracula Naturæ;

"*Or, A Miracle of Nature.*

"Being that much-admired Gyant-like Young Man, Aged Twenty Three Years laſt June; Born in Ireland, of ſuch a Prodigious Height and Bigneſs, and every way proportionable, that the like hath not been ſeen in *England* in the memory of Man. He was ſhown to His Late and Preſent Majeſty, and Several of the Nobility at Court, Five Years ago; and his Late Majeſty was pleaſed to walk under his Arm, and he is grown very much ſince. And it is generally thought, that if he lives Three Years more, and Grows as he

has done, he will be much bigger than any of thoſe Gyants we read of in Story: For he now reaches with his Hand three Yards and a-half; Spans Fifteen Inches: And is the Admiration of all that ſees him.

"*He is to be ſeen at* Cow-Lane-End *in* Bartholomew Fair, *where his Picture hangs out.*

"VIVAT REX."

But ſuch wonders, human or beſtial, were not to be ſeen in the Fair only. The Clever Mare, admired by Mr. Pepys, had her own lodgings in town, out of Fair time, and received company all the year round. Jacob Hall ſet up his rope-dancing booth, when there was no Fair, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, or at Charing Croſs. In the poem of the Long Vacation, contained in the firſt edition (1656) of "Wit and Drollery, Jovial Poems, by Sir F. M., Ja. S., Sir W. D., F. D.," &c., it is not a migration of the Fair people, but of the regular town ſhowmen that is thus deſcribed.

Vaulter good, and dancing laſs
On Rope: and man that cries hey tone;
And tumbler young that needs but ſtoop
Lay head to heel, and creep thro' hoop;
And man that doth in cheſt include
Old Sodom and Gomorra lewd.
. . . .
And ſhew that while the puppets play,
Though none expoundeth what they ſay:
And Ape led captive ſtill in chain
Till he renounce the Pope and Spain,
And white oat Eater that doth dwell
In ſtable ſmall, at ſign of Bell,
That lifts up hoof to ſhew the pranks
Taught by Magician ſtyled Banks.

Men were agape conſtantly for marvels.

In the time of Cromwell's Protectorate, there had been a particular Relation ſent from Sluys, in the Low Countries, touching a monſter there lately born, a Double child, with one of its faces ſo miſhapen, that the eyes ſtood where the mouth ſhould be, both together, opening without eyelids, but above had hairy eye-brows. It had no noſe, and ſeemed to have a mouth under the chin inſtead of over it, with other yet more wonderful peculiarities. In 1674, a pamphlet edified the Londoners with an account of "the Northumberland Monſter," born to Jane Paterſon of Dodington. A creature, having the Head, Mane, and Feet, of a Horſe, with the reſt like a man, which, immediately after birth, was ſcalded to death by advice of the Schoolmaſter of the Town.

There was publiſhed in 1682, as a broad-ſheet, news from an Eminent Merchant in Oſtend, of two girls joined together by the Crowns of their Heads. "The one often ſleeps, while the other is awake, cries, and eats; and they are oftentimes both awake, and both eating: I have ſeen them," ſays the Eminent Merchant, "both aſleep, and both awake, and one aſleep and the other awake. The Heads are ſo united together that when that which is awake turns itſelf, the Neck of the other turns alſo: they will never be able to go, ſit, or ſtand; for if the one ſhould ſit, or ſtand upright, the other muſt ſtand on her Head with the Heels upward. Their Face, Noſe, and Eyes are not directly oppoſite to one another, but ſomewhat ſideways, ſo as that one looks toward you, and the other from you. Many People come daily to ſee them, and give 3 Stivers

a-piece." Then there was, in the reign of William and Mary, to be ſeen every day (during his ſtay in Town), at the Blue Boar's Head, in Fleet Street, Prince Giolo, ſon to the King of Moangis or Gilolo, with a particular geographical addreſs, including the Longitude of his own Iſland Kingdom. This unfortunate Prince was ſhipwrecked on the coaſt of Mindanao, when on a voyage with his young ſiſter and his mother Nacatara. The ſiſter was ſeized in marriage. He and his mother were ſold, and embarked for Europe, but he only lived to reach England, and became famous as the Painted Prince, the juſt wonder of the Age. "In him the whole Myſtery of Painting or Staining upon Human Bodies ſeem to be compriſed in one ſtately piece. The fore-part of him ſhown in engravings are not half his charm. The more admirable Back-parts afford us a lively Repreſentation of one quarter part of the World, upon and betwixt his Shoulders, where the Arctic and Tropic Circles centre in the North Pole on his Neck," and ſo forth; romantic particulars are added in the hand-bill, and it is ſtated that "if any Perſons of Quality, Gentlemen, or Ladies, do deſire to ſee this noble Perſon, at their own Houſes, or any other convenient place, in or about this City of London; they are deſired to ſend timely notice, and he will be ready to wait upon them in a Coach or Chair, any time they pleaſe to appoint, if in the day time."

There was alſo to be ſeen, at the King's Head near the Maypole in the Strand, a Man about Twenty-one years of Age, with one Head and two Bodies, the Miracle of the whole world. With him went "the

Monſter's Brother, who came out of the Great Emperor of Mogul's Country, from Surat; and are both here ſince baptized in the Chriſtian Faith, and become Chriſtians. They had the honour to be ſhewn before their Majeſties and all the Nobility at Court." In 1699 there was born a child, afterwards exhibited at the Sign of Charing Croſs, at Charing Croſs, with but one Body and two Heads.

Notice was alſo given to "Admirers of Curioſities," that at the Charing Croſs Coffee Houſe, in the Corner of Spring Gardens, there was "arrived from France a Man Six-and-Forty Years old, One Foot Nine Inches high, yet fathoms Six Foot Five Inches with his Arms. He walks naturally upon his Hands, raiſing his Body One Foot Four Inches off the Ground: Jumps upon a Table near Three Foot high with one Hand, and leaps off without making uſe of any thing but his Hands, or letting his Body touch the ground. He ſhews ſome Part of Military Exerciſe on his Hands, as well as if he ſtood upon his Legs. He will go to any gentleman's houſe if required."

In June 1698, there was ſhewn at Moncreff's Coffee Houſe in Threadneedle Street, "for ſixpence a-piece, a Monſter that lately died there, being Humane upwards, and Bruit downwards, wonderful to behold. And a very fine Civet-Cat, ſpotted like a Leopard, and is now alive, that was lately brought from Africa with it. They are expoſed to View, from Eight in the Morning, to Eight at Night." At about the ſame time there was newly come to the lower end of Brookfield Market, near the Market-Houſe, "a little Scotch Man, which

has been admired by all that have yet ſeen him, he being but two Foot and ſix Inches high; and is near upon 60 Years of Age. He was marry'd ſeveral years, and had Iſſue by his Wife, two ſons (one of which is with him now). He Sings, and Dances with his ſon; and has had the Honour to be ſhewn before ſeveral Perſons of Note at their Houſes, as far as they have yet Travelled. He formerly kept a Writing-ſchool; and diſcourſes of the Scriptures, and of many Eminent Hiſtories, very wiſely; and gives great ſatisfaction to all ſpectators; and if need requires, there are ſeveral Perſons in this Town, that will juſtifie, that they were his Schollars, and ſee him Marry'd." This Scotchman alſo exhibited at the King's Head in Smithfield.

There was exhibited by David Cornwell, a man who drew ſtumps for ten ſhillings and teeth for five, at the Ram's Head in Fenchurch Street, the "Bold Grimace Spaniard," who "liv'd 15 years among wild creatures in the Mountains, and is reaſonably ſuppoſ'd to have been taken out of his cradle, an Infant, by ſome ſavage Beaſt, and wonderfully preſerv'd, 'till ſome Comedians accidentally paſſ'd through thoſe parts, and perceiving him to be of human Race, purſu'd him to his Cave, where they caught him in a Net. They found ſomething wonderful in his Nature, and took him with 'em in their Travels through *Spain* and *Italy*. He performs the following ſurpriſing Grimaces, *viz.*: He lolls out his Tongue a foot long, turns his Eyes in and out at the ſame time; contracts his Face as ſmall as an Apple; extends his Mouth ſix Inches, and turns it into the ſhape of a Bird's Beak, and his eyes like to an Owl's;

turns his mouth into the Form of a Hat cock'd up three ways; and alſo frames it in the manner of a four-ſquare Buckle; licks his Noſe with his Tongue, like a Cow; rolls one Eyebrow two Inches up, the other two down; changes his face to ſuch an aſtoniſhing Degree, as to appear like a Corpſe long bury'd. Altho' bred wild ſo long, yet by travelling with the aforeſaid Comedians 18 years, he can ſing wonderfully fine, and accompanies his Voice with a thorow Baſs on the Lute. His former natural Eſtrangement from human Converſation oblig'd Mr. *Cornwell* to bring a Jackanapes over with him for his Companion, in whom he takes great Delight and Satisfaction."

In Bridges Street in Covent Garden, over againſt the Roſe Tavern, was to be ſeen "a Living FAIRY, ſuppoſ'd to be a Hundred-and-Fifty years old, his face being no bigger than a child's of a Month: was found Sixty Years ago; Look'd as old then as he does now. His Head being a great piece of Curioſity, having no Scull, with ſeveral Imperfections worthy your Obſervation."

At the ſign of the Golden Lion, near the May-pole in the Strand, was a man-child having in his right eye the words Deus Meus, and the ſame written in Hebrew in his left eye. At Young Man's Coffee Houſe, Charing Croſs, was a Little Man, Fifty Years of Age, Two Feet Nine Inches high, and the Father of Eight Children, who "when he ſleeps, puts his Head between his two Feet, to reſt on by way of a Pillow, and his great Toes one in each Ear." A ſhew of the Fairs was a "Mail *Child* born with a *Bear* growing on his Back alive."

There was an Hermaphrodite at the King's Head, over againſt the Mews' Gate, Charing Croſs; there were giants and gianteſſes from all parts of the country; there was the little German woman, "Dwarf of the World," who, in July, 1700, was at the Brandy Shop over againſt the Eagle and Child in Stocks Market, and was "carried in a little box to any Gentleman's Houſe, if deſir'd." There was a High German woman without hands or feet, who could ſew, thread needles, ſpin fine thread, and fire piſtols, to be ſeen "together with the merry Humours of Jenny and Robin, which is very pleaſant and Divertive." There was an Eighth Wonder of the World, born without arms, combing his head and ſhaving his chin with his feet, taking off his hat with his toes to ſalute the viſitors, and with his feet uſing a knife and fork and filling a glaſs from a bottle, threading needles, writing fix fair hands, and ſo forth. There was a boy covered with hedge-hog briſtles, and another boy covered below the neck with fiſh-ſcales. This laſt-named Monſter, before it came to England, was exhibited at Naples in the year 1681.

"A collection of ſtrange and wonderful creatures from moſt parts of the world, all alive," was to be ſeen in Queen Anne's time, over againſt the Mews' Gate at Charing Croſs, "By her Majeſty's Permiſſion."

"The firſt being a little *Black Man*, being but 3 foot high, and 32 years of age, ſtraight and proportionable every way, who is diſtinguiſhed by the Name of the *Black Prince*, and has been ſhewn before moſt Kings and Princes in *Chriſtendom*. The next being his wife, the *Little-Woman*, NOT 3 foot high, and 30

years of Age, ſtraight and proportionable as any woman in the Land, which is commonly called the *Fairy Queen*, ſhe gives a general ſatisfaction to all that ſees her, by Diverting them with Dancing, being big with child. Likewiſe their little *Turkey-Horſe*, being but 2 foot odd inches high, and above 12 years of Age, that ſhews ſeveral diverting and ſurpriſing Actions, at the Word of Command. The leaſt Man, Woman, and Horſe that ever was ſeen in the World A-live. *The Horſe being kept in a Box.* The next being a ſtrange Monſtrous Female Creature that was taken in the woods in the Deſerts of ÆTHIOPIA in Preſter *John's* Country, in the remoteſt parts of Africa . . . . The next is the noble *Picary*, which is very much admir'd by the Learned. The next being the noble *Jack call*, the Lion's Provider, which hunts in the Foreſt for the Lion's Prey. Likewiſe a ſmall *Egyptian Panther*, ſpotted like a *Leopard.* The next being a ſtrange, monſtrous creature, brought from the *Coaſt of Brazil*, having a Head like a Child, Legs and Arms very wonderful, with a Long Tail like a Serpent, wherewith he Feeds himſelf, as an *Elephant* doth with his Trunk. With ſeveral other Rarities too tedious to mention in this Bill.—And as no ſuch Collection was ever ſhewn in this Place before, we hope they will give you content and ſatisfaction, aſſuring you, that they are the greateſt Rarities that ever was ſhewn alive in this Kingdom, and are to be ſeen from 9 a Clock in the Morning, till 10 at Night, where true Attendance ſhall be given during our ſtay in this Place, which will be very ſhort. *Long live the* QUEEN."

Such were not rarities of Bartholomew Fair to tempt

away, once in a twelvemonth, the pence from the pockets of the crowd; but they were entertainments ſcattered about the town, viſited by gentlemen and ladies, noblemen and Royal Princes, ſent for to private manſions for the curioſity of the luxurious, and not diſdained even by the Saturnine George the Firſt.

In the firſt years of George the Second, Mathew Buchinger, twenty-nine inches high, born without Hands, Feet, or Thighs, played on the Hautboy, and on the Strange Flute, in concert with the Bag-pipe, Dulcimer and Trumpet; wrote and drew with a pen; played cards and dice; performed tricks with cups and balls; and, ſays the handbill that commends him to attention, "his playing at Skittles is moſt admirable. All theſe being done without Hands, makes all that ſee him, ſay, he is the only Artiſt in the World. His performing ſuch Wonders, has gained him the Honour of ſhewing before Three ſucceſſive Emperors of Germany; and, moſt of the Kings and Princes in Europe, in particular, ſeveral times before his late Majeſty, King George. He likewiſe dances a Hornpipe in a Highland Dreſs, as well as any man,—without Legs."

Even William the Third ſhared the prevailing taſte for marvels. There is a broadſheet in praiſe of Mr. William Joyce the Kentiſh Man, ſhewing how "on Wedneſday laſt, being the 15th of this Inſtant November 1699, there was ENGLISH SAMPSON HIS STRENGTH PROV'D before the KING." This man's "frequent and repeated (tho' unparallel'd) performances in and about the City of *London* and parts adjacent, gain'd ſo much fame and applauſe in moſt

parts of *England*, that his Majeſty *King William* had a deſire to ſee him perform ſomething Extraordinary, and accordingly on *Wedneſday* laſt, he was introduced before His Majeſty at *Kenſington*." He then lifted to a conſiderable height a ſolid piece of lead weighing a Ton and fourteen pounds and a half, "to the admiration of His Majeſty and His Nobles, who were eyewitneſſes thereof." A rope being tied about his middle, he was tugged at by "an extraordinary ſtrong horſe," which was whipped to exertion, but did not ſucceed in moving him. Afterwards, having faſtened the rope to two poſts, one being of extraordinary magnitude, he twitched the rope to pieces as if it were packthread, then put his arms about the poſts and broke them down. "At which ſtrange performance His Majeſty was mightily well Pleaſ'd, (and it is ſaid) has orded him a conſiderable Gratuity, beſides an honnarable entertainment for both he and his acquaintance." On the previous day Mr. Joyce had, at Hampſtead, in the preſence of ſome hundreds, pulled up by the roots a tree of a yard and a half in circumference, "modeſtly computed to Weigh near 2000 weight."

Bodily ſtrength is a reſpectable monſtroſity, fit enough to be ſet before a king; but the general illuſtrations here given of the taſte of the whole town, abundantly prove that, for ſome time ſubſequent to the acceſſion of William and Mary, the Monſters in the Booths of Bartholomew Fair were not, as ſuch things now are in country fairs, there in mere obſervance of a peculiar traditional uſage, but were the true and vigorous expreſſion of ataſte then predominating in all claſſes of ſociety.

From the actual handbills I now copy some of the announcements of exhibitors at Bartholomew Fair, from the date of the Revolution to the death of George the First:

"In Bartholomew FAIR.

"*At the Corner of* Hosier Lane, *and near* Mr. Parker's Booth; *There is to be seen* A Prodigious Monster, lately brought over by Sir *Thomas Grantham*, from the great Mogul's Countrey, being a Man with one Head and two distinct Bodies, both Masculine; there is also with him his Brother, who is a Priest of the Mahometan Religion.

"*Price Sixpence, and One Shilling the best Places.*"

"The tall *Black*, called the *Indian* KING, who was betrayed on Board of an English Interloper, and Barbarously abused on Board of that Ship, by one *Waters* and his Men, and put in Irons; from thence carried to *Jamaica*, and sold there for a slave, and now Redeem'd by a Merchant in *London*; the like hath not been seen in *England*. Now to be seen at the *Golden-Lyon*, near the *Hospital-Gate*, in *Smithfield*, in his *Indian* Garb, for 2*d*."

"*A Changling Child.*

"To be seen the next door to the *Black Raven* in *West Smithfield*, during the time of the Fair, being a living Skeleton, taken by a *Venetian* Galley, from a Turkish Vessel in the *Archipelago*. This is a Fairy Child, supposed to be born of *Hungarian* Parents, but

chang'd in the Nurſing, Aged Nine Years and more; not exceeding a Foot and a-half high. The Legs, Thighs, and Arms ſo very ſmall, that they ſcarce exceed the bigneſs of a Man's Thumb, and the face no bigger than the Palm of one's hand; and ſeems ſo grave and ſolid, as if it were Threeſcore Years old. You may ſee the whole Anatomy of its Body by ſetting it againſt the Sun. It never ſpeaks. It has no Teeth, but is the moſt voracious and hungry Creature in the World, devouring more Victuals than the ſtouteſt Man in *England*.

"*Vivant Rex et Regina.*"

"Next door to the *Golden Hart* in *Weſt-Smithfield*, between the *Hoſpital-Gate* and *Pye-Corner*, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, is to be ſeen the Admirable Work of Nature, a Woman having Three Breaſts; and each of them affording Milk at one time, or differently, according as they are made uſe of. There is likewiſe to be ſeen the Daughter of the ſame Woman, which hath Breaſts of the like Nature, according to her Age; and there never hath been any extant of ſuch ſort, which is Wonderful to all that ever did, or ſhall behold them."

"This is to give notice to all Gentlemen and Ladies,

"That there is to bee ſeen a Child alive about a year and a half old that has three Leggs; Two off one ſide, and off one equal length. It hath alſo ſixteen too's; ſix growing on one foot with two. The ſtrangeſt work of nature that was ever ſeen."

That announcement is copied from a contemporary tranſcript. We may take with it a fragmentary account of a monſter born the 28th of March, 1706, with "one Body, Two Heads, four Armes and Hands, four Legs and Feet with Toes and Fingers, having Nails upon them very perfect; but that which is moſt remarkable and Amazing, is this, that it was Born with Teeth in each Mouth, which are plain and Viſible to all Spectators."

There was alſo ſhewn at the Fair in Queen Anne's time, next door to the *Greyhound*, a child with water on the brain deſcribed as "but Thirty weeks old, with a prodigious big Head, being above a yard about, and hath been ſhewn to ſeveral Perſons of Quality." In the advertiſement next quoted, there is a ſingular illuſtration of the taſte of the town for monſters in Queen Anne's day.

"*By Her Majeſties Authority,*

"*At the* Hart's-Horn Inn *in* Pye-Corner, *during the time of* Bartholomew Fair, *will be ſeen thoſe ſtrange rarities following*, viz.:—A Little *Farey Woman*, lately come from *Italy*, being but Two Foot Two Inches high, the ſhorteſt that ever was ſeen in *England*, and no ways Deform'd, as the other two Women are, that are carried about the Streets in Boxes from Houſe to Houſe, for ſome years paſt, this being Thirteen Inches ſhorter than either of them. If any perſon has a deſire to ſee her at their own Houſes, we are ready to wait upon them any Hour of the Day.

"Likewiſe a little *Marmazet* from *Bengal*, that dances

the *Cheſhire Rounds*, and exerciſes at the word of command. Alſo a ſtrange Cock from Hamborough, having Three proper Legs, Two Fundaments, and makes uſe of them both at one time.

"Vivat Regina."

A bill iſſued from Three King Court, Fleet Street, in the reign of George the Firſt, invites the public to the "Wonderfull *Tall* Essex Woman, that had the Honour to ſhew herſelf before their Royal Highneſſes, the Prince and Princeſs of Wales, and the Reſt of the Royal Family, laſt *Bartholomew Fair*, with great applauſe." So that the Fair even then had royal viſitors. A Woman with two heads one above the other, alſo two Mandrakes, and a ſurpriſing Thunderbolt had been to the palace, and there "ſhewn to the King, and all the Royal Family."

"*By His Majeſty's Permiſſion*,

"*Next Door to the* King-Head, *in* Smithfield, *during the time of* Bartholomew Fair.

"For the Satisfaction of all curious enquirers into the Secrets of Nature, is to be ſeen a Woman Dwarf, but Three Foot and one Inch high, born in *Sommerſetſhire*, and in the Fortieth Year of her Age, who diſcourſes excellently well, and gives great Satisfaction to all that ever ſaw her.

"☞ *Note*, there is neither Loſs of time, or any other inconveniency in vewing this Miſtery of Nature.

"Vivat Rex."

We may as well pair the dwarf woman with a giant man.

"*In* Smithfield, *dureing the time of* Bartholomew-Fair; *between* Hoſear-Lane *and the* Swan-Tavern, *at the* Saddler's-ſhop.

"Is to be Seen a Tall *Engliſh-man*, Eight Foot High, but Seventeen years of Age. He was never ſhewn before.

"He is to be ſeen any Hour of the Day (at the Place above mentioned), from 8 in the Morning till 8 at Night."

The poor tradeſman reſident in Smithfield ſeems to have turned many a penny by the letting of lodgings to a Monſter during Fair-time. There were exhibiting lodgers alſo in the numerous Inns called into exiſtence by the weekly market held in Smithfield, and rejoicing annually in the Fair. The reſort to the Inns being great, an innkeeper probably would ſet a high price on his exhibition-room, although a popular fight on the premiſes muſt have attracted cuſtom to his houſe. Either for the ſake of economy, or becauſe all the Inns were occupied by other ſhowmen, keepers of giants and other curioſities, not having booths of their own, and of a ſort with which the market was becoming over-ſtocked, tranſacted buſineſs in rooms behind and over ſhops. But that the Inns were regarded as the more eligible ſhew-places, is manifeſt from the preference given among ſhops to thoſe that happened to be next door to an Inn. "Next door to the Black Raven;" "Next door to the Golden Hart;" "Next door to the Sign of the Grey-hound;" "Next door to the King Head;" "Over againſt the Roſe Tavern;" were ſituations evidently choſen with an eye to buſineſs.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the Beginning of the Eighteenth Century.

Dolls, now ſo dear to all young daughters of England, were not known by that name before the reign of William and Mary. They were called ſometimes "poppets" but more uſually "babies." Bartholomew Babies have been often mentioned in theſe pages; and the references to them formerly made by men who were not otherwiſe alluding to the Fair, ſhow that they were in unuſual repute. Fewer dolls certainly were nurſed; and of theſe the Bartholomew Babies, elegantly dreſſed and carefully packed in boxes, ſeem to have been regarded as the beſt. In Nabbes' Comedy of "Tottenham Court" (1638) this phraſe occurs, "I have packed her up in't, like a Bartholomew Baby in a box. I warrant you for hurting her." Poor Robin's Almanack for 1695, ſays, "It alſo tells farmers what manner of wife they ſhall chooſe; not one trickt up with ribbens and knots like a Bartholomew baby, for ſuch an one will prove a holyday wife, all play and no work."

The only lexicographer I find who indicates the modern origin of the word "doll," is Richardſon. In his Dictionary it is obſerved, that "Dryden tranſlates

Pupæ in Perſius, 'Baby-Toys;'" and, in a note, ſays, that "thoſe Baby-Toys were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them." But even Richardſon gueſſes the derivation of the word to be from the Dutch dol, ſenſeleſs; others derive it—wonderful are ſome of the thoughts contained in dictionaries—from idol. Nevertheleſs, Richardſon quotes, as an old word of endearment, "pretty little Doll-pol;" which is, but in brief, Dorothy Mary. Becauſe to the fair ſex belong pretty faces and gay dreſſes, and doubtleſs alſo for other reaſons known to the toy-maker, dolls, with a few ridiculous exceptions, have, at all times, been feminine. Bartholomew babies were illuſtrious; but their name, as the licence of the Fair increaſed, was of equivocal ſuggeſtion. Therefore, when ſome popular toyman, who might have called his babies pretty Sues, or Molls, or Polls, cried diligently to the ladies who fought fairings for their children, "Buy a pretty Doll" (it was at a time too, when the toy babies were coming more and more into demand), the conqueſt of a clumſineſs was recogniſed. Mothers applied for Dolls to the men at the ſtalls, and, ere long, by all the ſtalls and toy-booths the new cry of "Pretty Doll" was taken up. We have good reaſon to be tolerably certain that Bartholomew Fair gave its familiar name to a plaything now cheriſhed in every Engliſh nurſery. A provincial toyman could not have enforced the change; and there was no tradeſman in London who could diffuſe, as private dealer, a new name for the toy in which Bartholomew Fair dealt moſt eſpecially, and dealt alſo among throngs.

The Fair ſtill repreſented, in its booths and in its crowds, ſome part of the political feeling of the nation. In 1693, Admiral Killegrew and Sir Ralph Delaval, chiefs of the Britiſh ſquadron that was to protect the Smyrna merchant fleet againſt the force of the French navy bent on intercepting it, returned to England, leaving Rooke with twenty men-of-war to ſpeed on to a mercantile diſaſter in the bay of Lagos. In the December following, Killegrew and Delaval were ſtruck out of the Commiſſion of the Admiralty, but in September they had run the gauntlet of the Fair. The ſhowmen, in a play made for the occaſion, repreſented them as flying to the ſhelter of the Tower, from the guns of a few French privateers. The Jack-Pudding played chorus, and commented to large applauding audiences, not only on the affairs of the Admiralty, but alſo on other departments of the State, with ſo much freedom, that his proſperous career was ſtayed at laſt by a ſtrong body of conſtables, who carried the players off to priſon. This incident Lord Macaulay relates on the MS. authority of one of the letters ſent by the French refugee, L'Hermitage, to the States-General. There will ariſe preſently another occaſion for obſerving how much leſs tolerant of the free ſpeech of the Fair upon politics, was the government of William of Orange than, in times more perilous, was that of the high-minded Engliſh Stateſmen of the Commonwealth.

The Fair ſtill was attracting faſhionable company. In the *London Gazette* of Sept. 9, 1695, we read that there was "Taken from a Gentleman's ſide on Friday

[Sept. 6], at 7 at night, in Bartholomew Fair, a ſmall French rapier, the hilt ſteel inlaid with gold ; the handle ſilver, double gilt, the upper part of the blade next the ſtile being 'graved. Whoever returns it to the owner, Mr. Champney, at Mr. Secretary Trumbull's Office, Whitehall, ſhall have 10*s.* more than what any goldſmith or ſword-cutler will give for it."

But, in ſpite of viſitors with ſilver and gold rapiers, the ſtrong feeling of the Corporation of London was ſtill ſetting ſteadily againſt the evil that was in the Fair. In 1691, and again in 1694, a reduction to the old term of Three Days was ordered, as a check to vice, and in order that the pleaſures of the Fair might not choke up the avenues of traffic. In 1697 the Lord Mayor, on Bartholomew's Day, publiſhed an ordinance recorded in the *Poſtman*, " for the ſuppreſſion of vicious practices in Bartholomew Fair, as obſcene, laſcivious, and ſcandalous plays, comedies, and farces, unlawful games and interludes, drunkenneſs, &c., ſtrictly charging all conſtables and other officers to uſe their utmoſt diligence in proſecuting the ſame." But there was no ſuppreſſion of the puppet theatres. *Jephtha's Raſh Vow* was performed in that year at Blake's Booth, as in the year following at Blake and Pinkethman's. Again, on the 18th of June, 1700, ſtage-plays and interludes at the Fair were for that year prohibited. They were again prohibited by the Mayor who ruled in the year 1702.

But the ſhowmen appeared to be too ſtrong for the citizens, as they were, of courſe, too ſtrong for the Serjeant Trumpeter, and other patented tax-claimers,

who are met with from time to time in plaintive advertiſements, urging their claims on a rebellious tribe. In the *Poſtman* for the 26th of March, 1698, the Trumpeter mentioned the twelve-pence a day due to him from every one who blew without a licence, and reminded thoſe "wiſhing to be eaſy and diſcharged from paying him," that they might have their licences (as heretofore), for twenty ſhillings a year.

In the year 1698, a Frenchman, Monſieur Sorbière, viſiting London, ſays, "I was at Bartholomew Fair. It conſiſts of moſt Toy ſhops, alſo Fiance and Pictures, Ribbon ſhops, no Books; many ſhops of Confectioners, where any woman may commodiouſly be treated. Knavery is here in perfection, dextrous Cut-purſes and Pickpockets. I went to ſee the Dancing on the Ropes, which was admirable. Coming out, I met a man that would have took off my Hat, but I ſecur'd it, and was going to draw my Sword, crying out, 'Begar! Damn'd Rogue! Morbleu,' &c, when on a ſudden I had a hundred People about me, crying, 'Here, Monſieur, See *Jephthah's Raſh Vow*;' 'Here, Monſieur, ſee *The Tall Dutchwoman*;' 'See *The Tiger*,' ſays another; 'See *The Horſe and No Horſe* whoſe Tail ſtands where his head ſhould do;' 'See the *German Artiſt*, Monſieur;' 'See *The Siege of Namur*, Monſieur:' ſo that betwixt Rudeneſs and Civility, I was forc'd to get into a Fiacre, and with an air of haſte and a full trot, got home to my lodgings."

Bartholomew Fair was at this period farmed by the City, for a hundred a year, to its Sword-bearer; and the City profits of the Fair formed part of the endowment

of the Mayoralty. In the previous year (1697), there had been printed a propoſal to allow the Lord Mayor 4000*l.* a year for the maintenance of his office, inſtead of a ſeries of enumerated perquiſites, among which one item is "Bartholomew Fair—100*l.*"

The following announcements repreſent ſome of the buſineſs of the Fair, in the laſt year of the ſeventeenth century. The firſt is a copy of a bill then poſted in Smithfield and its neighbourhood:

"Advertiſement of a Great Raffling, which is to be in the Cloyſters this Bartholomew Fair, 1699.

"There being a quantity of curious fillagreen work, ſet with divers ſtones, the very beſt that ever was ſeen in England, formerly made in a nunnery and preſented to a Lady of Quality lately deceaſed, which coſt above 300*l.* the making, beſides the ſilver, is now ſet at but 200 guineas, there being Ten pieces in number, which is propoſed to be raffled for, and that there be two hundred guineas paid into the receiver's hands, who will give the bearer a billet which will entitle him to as many raffles as he had paid guineas. And if not raffled for, then the guineas to be returned. Billets may be had of Mr. Pinfold, in Lombard Street; Mr. Harriſon and Mr. Ludds, in Cheapſide; Capt. Jenkins, in Eſſex Street; Mr. Clark, in the Strand; Mr. Willcock's, in the Minories (Goldſmith's); Mr. White, at the King's Arms in the Hoſpital (where the goods may be ſeen)."

The gambling ſpirit was then ſtrong in England, bubble companies were ariſing, and the advertiſement juſt cited is remarkable in two reſpects. It is a lottery ſcheme in the name of a raffle, put forward in the very

next year after a ſtatute had declared lotteries to be public nuiſances. It alſo takes for granted that there is viſiting the Fair a public, among whom two hundred tickets may be diſpoſed of at a guinea each. The great Cloiſter—now gone—in which this raffle was to take place, was the part of the Fair in which lotteries uſually were held, alſo the part in which lures were ſet for the licentious fops. The rent of ſtandings in the Cloiſter, formed a portion of the revenue of the Hoſpital.

The *Poſtman* for the 17th of Auguſt 1699, announces, that "at Mr. Barnes's and Mr. Appleby's Booth, between the Crown Tavern and the Hoſpital Gate, over againſt the Croſs Daggers, next to Miller's Droll Booth, in Weſt Smithfield, where the Engliſh and Dutch Flaggs, with Barnes's and the Two German Maidens' pictures will hang out, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be ſeen the moſt excellent and incomparable performances in Dancing on the Slack Rope, walking on the Slack Rope, Vaulting and Tumbling on the Stage, by theſe five, the moſt famous Companies in the Univerſe, viz., The Engliſh, Iriſh, High German, French, and Morocco, now united.

"The Two German Maidens, who exceeded all mankind in their performances, are within this twelvemonth improved to a Miracle."

Two years afterwards, according to an advertiſement in the *Poſtboy*, it was "Her Majeſty's Company of Rope Dancers, at Mr. Barnes and Finley's Booth." The two young maiden rope dancers had "lately arrived from France," and there was ſpecification that "the Famous Mr. Barnes, of whoſe performances this king-

dom is ſo ſenſible, Dances with 2 Children at his Feet, and with Boots and Spurs.

"Mrs. Finley, diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Lady Mary for her incomparable Dancing, has much improv'd herſelf ſince the laſt Fair. You will likewiſe be entertained with ſuch variety of Tumbling by Mr. Finley and his Company, as was never ſeen in the Fair before.

"Note, that for the conveniency of the Gentry, there is a back door in Smithfield Rounds."

The Lady Mary here mentioned, is ſuppoſed to be the perſon who eſpecially ſuggeſted a remark made by Steele in the *Spectator*, that the humour of ſtripping on the ſtage introduced into playhouſes, came from Bartholomew Fair.

An announcement in the *London Poſt* of Monday, Aug. 21 (1701), informs us that "The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen" (coming in aid of Government), "have thought fit to ſuppreſs the extravagant gaming uſual in St. Bartholomew's Cloiſters during the Fair, to prevent quarrelling."

As we paſs into another century, again we take a ramble round the ſcene.

In the year 1699, Edward Ward gave in his *London Spy* (Parts 9 and 10), a detailed ſketch of Bartholomew Fair, from which I bring together all points that are noteworthy. The London Spy went to the playhouſe in Drury Lane, and there found that many of the players, "all the wiſer part of the family of Tom Fools had tranſlated themſelves to Bartholomew Fair," tempted by "the fifteen or twenty ſhillings a day there to be earned."

The Spy then went alſo to the Fair, but in a coach to eſcape the dirt and the crowd, and at the entrance was "ſaluted with Belphegor's concert, the rumbling of Drums, mix'd with the intolerable ſqueaking of cat-calls and penny trumpets, made ſtill more terrible with the ſhrill belches of Lottery pickpockets, thro' Inſtruments of the ſame Metal with their Faces." The Spy having been ſet down with his friend at the Hoſpital Gate, went into a convenient houſe to ſmoke a pipe and drink ſmall beer bittered with colocynth. From one of its windows he looked down on a crowd ruſhing, ancle-deep in filth, through an air tainted by fumes of tobacco and of ſingeing overroaſted pork, to ſee the Merry Andrew. On their galleries ſtrutted, in their buffoonery of ſtatelineſs, the quality of the Fair, dreſſed in tinſel robes and golden leather buſkins. "When they had taken a turn the length of their Gallery, to ſhew the Gaping Crowd how Majeſtically they could tread, each aſcended to a ſeat agreeable to the Dignity of their Dreſs, to ſhew the Multitude how Imperiouſly they could Sit." Then entered the Merry Andrew, whoſe firſt jeſt was "a ſingular Inſtance of his Cleanlineſs, by blowing his Noſe upon the People, who were mightily pleaſ'd, and Laugh'd heartily at the Jeſt." Then having picked out a member of the Company to talk with, he began "a Tale of a Tub, illuſtrated with abundance of ugly Faces and mimical Actions; for in that lay the chief of the Comedy, with which the Gazers ſeem'd moſt to be affected." The Spy's friend ſuggeſted that "ever ſince the Andrew was whipp'd for ſingeing his Pig with Exchequer Notes,

and roaſting him with Tallies, it has made St. Bartholomew Jeſters afraid of being witty, for fear of diſobliging the Government." The Epilogue of Merry Andrew's Farce was, "Walk in, Gentlemen, and take your Places, whilſt you may have 'em; the Candles are all lighted, and we are juſt agoing to begin!" "Then ſcrewing his Body into an ill-favoured Poſture, agreeable to his Intellects, he ſtruts along before the glittering train of Imaginary Heroes, leading them to play the Fool inſide."

Bartholomew Fair, as we have already obſerved, ſtill ſat in judgment on the buſineſs of the nation. When, a year or two before the London Spy put his notes upon record, the Merry Andrew ſinged and roaſted his pig with Exchequer Notes and Tallies, the country, helped by Paterſon, Locke, and Newton, was endeavouring to ſolve a hard financial problem. Loans were not eaſily to be obtained by a Revolutionary Government, of which the ſtability was not aſſured to foreigners, and the firſt beginning of the Bank of England had juſt been made (1694) by the incorporation of certain natural-born Engliſh ſubjects, among whom a loan had been raiſed for the public ſervice. The coinage had been clipped ſo ſeriouſly, that a great recoinage, at a loſs of more than two millions, took place in 1696; during which, the two-year old Bank was compelled for a time to ſuſpend the payment of its notes. While the Government was ſtruggling with this great financial embarraſſment, and Lord Halifax was endeavouring to direct it in the way of a ſound monetary ſyſtem, either in that year 1696, or

the year following, there was a Merry Andrew in the Fair, whoſe jeſting, when it tended to create a popular impreſſion that might make the trouble greater, was thought worthy of reſentment. For the credit of the authorities we muſt ſuppoſe that their wrath was ſpent not on an obſcure and ſtarveling mummer, but that Phillips, the great Merry Andrew of the day, of whom all talked and to whom all crowded, was the man they whipped. Aſſuredly it is the ſame man, one of whoſe jeſts Prior, at the ſame period, transformed into a poem, and, we might almoſt ſay, paſſed into a proverb. The jeſt of which Ward ſpeaks, and the iſſue of it, ſeem to have been the natural forerunners of that to which Prior was a witneſs, in one of the years (poſſibly 1697), when at Bartholomew Fair ſtage plays had been interdicted:

> "Sly Merry Andrew, the laſt *Southwark* Fair
> (At *Bartholmew* he did not much appear:
> So peeviſh was the Edict of the May'r)
> At *Southwark*, therefore, as his Tricks he ſhow'd,
> To pleaſe our Maſters and his Friends, the Crowd;
> A huge Neat's-Tongue He in his Right Hand held;
> His Left was with a good Black-Pudding fill'd."

Thus furniſhed, he walked gravely up and down, and was brought, in the uſual way, into converſation with one of the Company, who declared that his joke ſeemed a ſtupid one. In his reply, he ſaid—

> "That buſy fool I was, which Thou art now;
> Deſirous to Correct, not knowing how;
> With very good Deſign, but little wit,
> Blaming or Praiſing Things, as I thought fit.
> I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
> And dealing honeſtly was almoſt ſtarv'd."

But he has learnt the ſecret to be great, and, on ſolicitation, tells it to his brother Droll:

> "Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er He ſays;
> Sleep very much; Think little; and Talk leſs:
> Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
> But Eat your Pudding, Slave; and Hold your Tongue."

Thereupon, of courſe, holding the Tongue tight, he begins to eat the Pudding he has brought upon the ſtage with him. William Phillips muſt have been the planner of a jeſt like that. The Poet, with full licence of his art, points it at one whom we ſhould certainly not have expected to find in the crowd at Southwark Fair:

> "A Rev'rend Prelate ſtopt his Coach and Six,
> To laugh a little at our Andrew's Tricks.
> But when He heard him give this Golden Rule;
> 'Drive on, (he cried,) This Fellow is no Fool.'"

If Phillips was, indeed, the ſubject of the whipping and the actor of the jeſt cryſtallized by Prior into couplets, it is not difficult to believe that this prince of the Merry Andrews may have been the man who, at the ſame period, and under the ſame name, by which no other man has been identified, is known as the writer of two tragedies, a comedy, and the Bartholomew Fair farce *Briton Strike Home*. If he be really their author, the plays probably were all written for a booth to which he was attached, ſince it was in the dramatic companies that Merry Andrews ſerved.

We return now to the ſociety of the *Spy*, who, finding that the outſides of the Droll Booths were all garniſhed in this manner, and that there was no more

to be ſeen from his window, came with his friend out of doors again. Buttoning their pockets they launched themſelves, he ſays, into the tempeſt of the crowd, and were ſoon off their feet, hurried along in the ſtream of the rabble. At the Rope-Dancers' Booth, they felt the ground for the firſt time, and there they remained to watch the tumblers, among whom were women who ſtood on their heads. They paid their ſixpences and entered. Firſt a little child crept about on the rope, with a pole "not much bigger than a large tobacco ſtopper." Then came two ſtout laſſes, who began by dancing on the rope in trouſers, but "doffed their petticoats after a gentle breathing," and began to caper with more energy. Theſe were followed by a negro woman and an Iriſhwoman—this being the booth of Barnes and Appleby. Then followed a man of authority, who with great airs required ſundry adjuſtments of the rope; out of Fair time, this was an "Infallible Phyſician." The perſon that danced againſt him was the German Maid, who as much out-danced the reſt as a Greyhound will out-run a hedgehog. After the rope-dancing, followed tumbling, which the Spy preferred.

Out in the crowd again; beſieged with the ſhrill cry of "Nuts and Damſons!" and again into a booth, to ſee a dwarf Comedy or Droll, called "the Devil of a Wife." Here there were ten men to one woman in the company, and they diverted themſelves by eating pears and cracking filberts, while the muſic ſcraped. The curtain roſe on a ſhort play, in which there was every actor looking, notwithſtanding his dreſs, like

what he really was, and not like what he repreſented; "that I fancy'd," ſays the Spy, "while they were playing, I heard ſome of 'em crying *Flag-Brooms*, ſome *Knives to Grind*, and others *Chimney-Sweep*; whilſt their Ladies were making up the Concert with *Buy my Cucumbers to Pickle*; and *Here 's your rare* Holland *Socks, four Pair for a Shilling*."

Needing refreſhment, the Spy and his friend having left this booth, reſolved to eat a quarter of a Pig, on purpoſe to be Fools in Faſhion; and with a great deal of elbow-labour, ſcrambled through the throng that came pouring into the Fair from all adjacent ſtreets. By inch and inch they gained "Pye-Corner, where *Cooks* ſtood dripping at their doors, like their Roaſted Swines' Fleſh at their Fires; with painful Induſtry, each ſetting forth with an Audible Voice the Choice and Excellency of his Pig and Pork." Some pigs hung upon tenters in the ſhop-windows, as big as large ſpaniels, and half-baked by the ſunbeams. The viſitors entered a large ſhop, where they had great expectancy of tolerable meat and cleanly uſage; "but had no ſooner entered the ſuffocating kitchen, but a ſwingeing fat Fellow, who was appointed over-ſeer of the Roaſt, to keep the Pigs from bliſtering, was ſtanding by the Spit in his Shirt, Rubbing of his Ears, Breaſt, Neck, and Armpits with the ſame Wet-cloth which he applied to his Pigs." That ſight drove the viſitors quickly out again, "through an Army of Flies, encamped at the door, in order to attack the Pig-Sauce."

The Spy's next viſit was to a ſhow in which was to be ſeen Doggett, the famous comedian, "who had

manfully run the hazard of loſing that reputation in the *Fair* which he'd got in the *Playhouſe*." The play was about Friar Bacon, and included in its attractions a Royal Court, Conjuration by Friar Bacon, the Devil, a cheating Miller, and his idiotic ſon Ralph (that being the part there repreſented to perfection by the great comedian from Drury Lane), alſo a fooliſh country juſtice, a Flying Shoulder of Mutton, Dancing and Singing of Devils. It laſted three quarters of an hour, ending with a proceſſion of the whole pomp of the perſons of the drama, and with the announcement that it would be repeated in half an hour. While waiting for it to begin, the audience cracked nuts, and there were handed round baſkets of plums, walnuts, pears, and peaches. Of the peaches of the Fair there is at this period of its life not unfrequent mention. They ſeem to have attempted a vain conteſt for fame with its juicy pigs.

Oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate, this Fair time, was a comical figure between two life-like children in waxwork; the figure drummed, opened and ſhut its mouth, and rolled its eyes. That was the invitation to a waxwork ſhow, known as "the Temple of Diana." A young woman deſcribed the figures, and the Spy beſtows high praiſe on the illuſion.

The next viſit was paid to a Muſic Booth. The Muſic Booths were chiefly to be found in a cluſter on the North-weſt ſide of the Fair; two or three ſcaramouches, with forbidding faces and inviting voices being at the door of each. As they paſſed the curtain into one of them and approached the Bar, a weather-beaten

woman in white rang a bell, and the attendants, ſome in maſks,—for here there was much maſquerading,—came forward to welcome the newcomers and bad them to the further end of their Fools' Paradiſe, where they were placed upon "the Hoiſtings" exempt from the inſult of low liquor and low charges. Kettle-drums, trumpets, and fiddles were there clanging and ſcraping. There followed upon the drums a ballad in two parts by ſeven voices, a "fine new Playhouſe ſong, by the beſt compoſer." Then followed the Hautboys, "undoubtedly," obſerves the critic, "the beſt wind-pipes in the world, ill-played upon, to ſcare a man out of his wits; and I dare ſwear would raiſe the Father of all Diſcord, much ſooner than ever Fryar Bacon or Cornelius Agrippa could." The public thus having had its ears boxed into deafneſs, there next followed "a Dance in imitation of a *Foot-Pad's Robbery;* and he that acted the Thief, I proteſt, did it ſo much like a Rogue, that had he not often committed the ſame thing in Earneſt, I am very apt to believe he could never have made ſuch a Jeſt on't; Firing the Piſtol, Stripping his Victim, and Searching his Pockets, with ſo much Natural Humour, ſeeming Satisfaction and Dexterity, that he ſhew'd himſelf an abſolute Maſter of what he pretended to." A fat woman then bounced about in a dance, with glaſſes full of liquor on the backs of her hands. Then a young damſel begged a number of ſwords from gentlemen in the room, and performed feats of apparent peril with them in a nimble ſword-dance.

The reſt of the entertainment was too obviouſly impudent and intolerably dull to be mentioned even by

the Spy. The Company was of all ranks of men and many oftenſible varieties of women, but whatever their outward differences, few were ſober, and all ſeemed at home in what Edward Ward, who was no "puritanical Alderman," denounced as "the Scandalous Nurſeries of all Vice, Vanity, and Villany."

This ſeems to be the advertiſement of the Muſic Booth above deſcribed:

"THOMAS DALE, Drawer at the Crown Tavern at Allgate, keepeth the TURK'S HEAD *Muſick Booth*, in Smithfield Rounds, over againſt the *Greyhound*-Inn during the Time of *Bartholomew Fair*, Where is a Glaſs of good Wine, Mum, Syder, Beer, Ale, and all other Sorts of Liquors, to be Sold; and where you will likewiſe be entertained with good Muſick, Singing, and Dancing. You will ſee a Scaramouch Dance, the Italian Punch's Dance, the Quarter Staff, the Antick, the Countryman and Countrywoman's Dance, and the Merry Cuckolds of Hogſden.

"Alſo, a Young-Man that dances an Entry, Salabrand, and Jigg, and a Woman that dances with Six Naked Rapiers, that we Challenge the whole Fair to do the like. There is likewiſe a Young-Woman that Dances with Fourteen Glaſſes on the Backs and Palms of her Hands, and turns round with them above an Hundred Times, as faſt as a Windmill turns; and another Young Man that Dances a Jigg incomparably well, to the Admiration of all Spectators.

"*Vivat Rex.*"

In further illuſtration of the entertainment at the

Muſic Booths, reference may be made alſo to the hand-bill of JAMES MILES from *Sadler's* Wells at *Iſlington;* who kept the GUN MUSICK BOOTH in *Bartholomew* Fair, and ſpecified nineteen of the dances performed at his eſtabliſhment. Among them were, a Dance between Three Bullies and Three Quakers; the Wonder of her Sex, a Young Woman who dances with the Swords and upon the Ladder with that Variety, that ſhe challenges all her Sex to do the like; a Cripples' Dance by Six Perſons with Wooden Legs and Crutches in Imitation of a Jovial Crew; and a New Entertainment between a Scaramouch, a Harlequin, and a Punchinello, in imitation of Bilking a Reckoning.

By this time, the Spy having left the muſic booth, goes on to tell us that it was almoſt dark, and he and his friend took a turn on the outſide of the Fair among the Whirligigs or Flying Coaches. They paſſed two puppet-ſhows, outſide which there were monkeys imitating men, and men mimicking monkeys. So they again came to the Hoſpital Gate, and entering that came into the Cloiſters, which they deſcribed as a Bedlam for lovers. In the raffling ſhops the ſharpers who attended, led a faſhion of preſenting winnings to the next woman who might ſtand near, although a perfect ſtranger; and in this way the winners were enticed to return what they would otherwiſe have carried off, to the female accomplices of the proprietor. The laſt event in this viſit to the Fair was a creep from the Cloiſter "up a pair of Stairs as narrow and as ſteep as the Stone Steps of a Belfry, over which was written in Golden Capitals, in two or three places, THE GROOM

Porter's; deſign'd, as I ſuppoſe, for Fools to underſtand it was the Honeſter Place for his Name being there, and that they might as fairly fling away their Money here as in any place in Chriſtendom." Thoſe ſtairs led to a gambling den, containing a room in which clerks and footmen could riſk ſixpences, and a room in which "money was toſſed about as if a uſeleſs commodity, and ſeveral parts of the Prodigal Son were being acted to a miracle."

Surely there is in this picture of the Fair much juſtification of the efforts made for its reſtriction. The great Fair near Cambridge, Stourbridge Fair, was in the days of which we are now ſpeaking a place of large commerce; but at the Fair in the Metropolis, the element of ſober trade was choked by its exceſſive development as a great pleaſure fair. The maſſive crowds of people that by the growth of London had been placed ready to throng in upon Smithfield, by their compact maſs almoſt cloſed the avenues of traffic in its neighbourhood. The cloth trade in Bartholomew Fair died naturally; but the other trades that periſhed from it, died by ſuffocation.

In the year 1701, Bartholomew Fair was preſented as a nuiſance ("next only to that of the play-houſes") by the Grand Jury of London; and of the nature of the nuiſance in the firſt year of the new century of life into which it had paſſed, we have record, leſs elaborate, indeed, than that for the laſt year of the century departed, but even more emphatic.

Four pages quarto printed for R. Hine near the Royal Exchange, 1701, are entitled A Walk to Smith-

FIELD, or a TRUE DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMOURS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, with the very comical Intrigues and Frolics that are acted in every particular Booth in the Fair, by perſons of all ages and ſexes, from the Court Gallant to the Country Clown.

"With the Old Droll-players' Lamentation for the loſs of their Yearly Revenues: being very Pleaſing and Diverting." (Seven or eight lines of pointleſs verſe.)

The writer ſays, in more words than we need repeat, that he went on the firſt day of the Fair, to viſit Saint Bartholomew in Smithfield Rounds, to ſupport there the yearly cuſtoms of debauchery; that he found a crowd as thick as at a Covent Garden Conventicle or Quakers' Meeting-houſe; that the Bartholomew babes of Grace were moſt attentive to Jack-Pudding doctrine; but that he was himſelf ſomewhat ſurfeited at the old threadbare arguments of Merry Andrews and the other Fools without the booths, and had an itching fancy to ſee the aſſes of both ſexes within the wooden tents of Iniquity. He found it difficult to ſtir from booth to booth, three yards in half-an-hour's time; and for a man who would have us think that he ſcorns the booths as iniquitous, the pamphleteer in the crowd proceeds to forget decency to a remarkable extent. Having at laſt ſqueezed his way to Pye-Corner, he was informed that our Engliſh Sampſon was performing there, and having paid his money at the door, was admitted to a ſeat three ſtories high, when preſently the Man of Kent appeared, "equipped like one of the London Champions on the Artillery Ground, at the mock-ſtorming of a Caſtle." We have already, in company with King William the Third,

ſeen a performance by this Sampſon. The next booth was the puppet-ſhow of *Jephthah's Raſh Vow:* or *the Virgin Sacrifice*. The explorer paid two pence and entered. While Jephthah made his vow, the author of the pamphlet boaſts that he was indulging himſelf with more than a little naſtineſs, and a gold watch and diamond ring were ſtolen. If the behaviour of the audience at a puppet-ſhow at all reſembled the ſketch here given, there was no company at the Virgin Sacrifice fit for an honeſt woman to ſit down among. Obliged to follow our foul guide, becauſe he gives us a few points of information, we next enter the booth that contained "Pinkeman's Medley." Having ſeen the Vaulting of the Horſe, and part of the Ladder Dance, our guide began to give his whole ſympathy and attention to whatever was diſguſting in the conduct of the audience. Then he ſought "the Dutchwoman's booth," and "with ſome difficulty made a hard ſhift to get in where Daniſh, Dutch, German, and Bohemian Frows made ſuch a chattering in commendation of one another's dexterity, in deriſion of Mr. Barnes and other Engliſh heroes, that I fancied myſelf in the French camp in Flanders. However, conſidering the Wheelbarrow dance by a little girl of ten years of age, and other ſtrange performances, nothing but miracles could equal them." As he came out of that booth, a bill was thruſt into his hand, with a picture of a man and woman fighting for the breeches, but the play was called *The Devil and Dr. Fauſtus*. Content with the Dutch rope-dancers ſent him to the Engliſh performers taking the ſame line, and in Barnes's booth he found "Lady Mary

as far outdoing the Dutch Frows as a lady of honour exceeds a milkmaid in dancing a borrie or minuet." I leave out of account the filth with which every fact given in this narrative is ſtrongly ſeaſoned. The author looked to the Muſic booths, "but conſidering that Reformation of Manners had ſuppreſſed them all but one (they were prohibited by an order of the Sixth of Auguſt, in the previous year), I declined going thither leſt I ſhould be thought a debauched perſon; therefore, to compleat all but the Cloiſter Walls, I deſigned to end my police in the booth called *The Creation of the World*."

There is no more information to be gleaned from the pamphlet, but ſeveral playbills of the puppet-ſhow of *The Creation of the World* are extant, curious reminders of the firſt days of the Fair. It was in a ſubſequent year, at Heatley's Booth over againſt the Croſs Daggers, next to Mr. Miller's Booth, and was there preſented during Bartholomew Fair as "a Little Opera, called the Old Creation of the World, newly reviv'd, with the addition of the glorious Battle obtain'd over the French and Spaniards, by the Duke of Marlborough." At another Fair time, the ſame puppets were in Crawley's Booth, "newly reviv'd with the addition of Noah's Flood; alſo ſeveral Fountains playing Water during the time of the Play."

"The laſt ſcene," ſays the placard, "does preſent *Noah* and his *Family* coming out of the Ark, with all the Beaſts, two by two, and all the Fowls of the Air ſeen in a Proſpect ſitting upon the Trees. Likewiſe, over the Ark is ſeen the Sun riſing in a moſt glorious

manner; moreover, a multitude of Angels will be ſeen in a double rank, which preſents a double proſpect, one for the Sun, the other for a Palace, where will be ſeen ſix Angels ringing ſix Bells. Likewiſe Machines deſcends from above, double and trible, with *Dives* riſing out of Hell, and Lazarus ſeen in Abraham's Boſom, beſides ſeveral *Figures* dancing *Jiggs*, *Sarabands* and *Country-Dances*, to the Admiration of all Spectators; with the merry conceits of Squire *Punch*, and Sir *John Spendall*.

"All this is completed with an Entertainment of Singing and Dancing with ſeveral Naked Swords, Perform'd by a Child of Eight Years of Age, to the general Satisfaction of all Perſons."

Joſeph Clark was a poſture maſter, famous at this period of Engliſh hiſtory. Clark lived in Pall Mall, and was rather ſtout than thin, but he could imitate almoſt every ſort of deformity and diſlocation. He had alſo a remarkable power of diſguiſing his identity by change of face. It was a trick of his to ſend for a tailor and cauſe himſelf to be meaſured for new clothes as a man with a hump on the right ſhoulder. When the clothes were brought home, the tailor reproached himſelf for negligence on finding that the hump was on the left ſhoulder. He apologized for his miſtake, made a new coat, and found his cuſtomer's back, when he brought it, to be perfectly ſtraight. Clark uſed alſo to pay ſucceſſive viſits with a ſucceſſion of new faces to Mr. Molins, an eminent ſurgeon of his day, and cauſe himſelf to be examined for all kinds of horrible diſlocations and contortions which were pro-

nounced to be of the moſt intereſting character, and quite incurable. His ſucceſſor as a poſture maſter was a man named Higgins, of whom leſs is known. To Mr. Joſeph Clark's accompliſhments in his own art, his portrait teſtifies. He died, it is ſuppoſed, towards the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Playhouse at the Fair—Elkanah Settle.

Elkanah Settle has been named already in theſe Memoirs as the manager in 1680, of the pageant of the Burning of the Pope. In that year, aged thirty-two, and already the author of five or ſix tragedies, he wrote "the Character of a Popiſh Succeſſor, and what may be expected from ſuch a one," opening a controverſy which he purſued into a ſecond pamphlet; and in 1681, author of two more tragedies, he had replied with "The Medal Reverſed" to Dryden's poem of "The Medal." The reader knows how he appeared before the town as Dryden's rival, and advanced againſt "Abſalom and Ahithophel," his "Azaria and Huſhai." When the Popiſh Succeſſor was inevitable, Settle became a Tory, diſgraced himſelf with "Animadverſions on the Laſt Speech and Confeſſion of William Lord Ruſſell," and wrote in due time a poem on the Coronation of the Popiſh Succeſſor, "the High and Mighty Monarch James II.," as he wrote alſo for the Corporation of London annual panegyrics on the Lord Mayor's Show, which he called "Triumphs for the Inauguration of the Lord Mayor."

There were men who had called Settle a better poet than John Dryden; but none called him ſo in the days of his adverſity, after the expulſion of the Stuarts. The Laureate of James the Second, became the laureate of Mrs. Mynn in Bartholomew Fair, receiving from that ſhowwoman and her daughter, Mrs. Leigh, a ſalary as their dramatic author. In the year 1707, Mrs. Mynn produced in her booth, on a ſcale of unprecedented grandeur, Settle's *Siege of Troy*. It was not a political play, but a Bartholomew ſpectacle, upon one of the themes known to the old Moralities.

To viſit Mrs. Mynn's booth is our main intention in this chapter; but we muſt walk to it at a leiſurely pace, along the high road of the annals of the Fair. The handy Tiger who in the year 1701 ſhowed how he had been trained to pluck a fowl, is not to be denied his ſentence in the chronicle. And thoſe ſad-coloured threads varying the pattern of our woof, the lines of melancholy admonition that were inceſſantly being reeled off by the Serjeant-Trumpet and the Maſter of the Revels, muſt not be ſnapped ſhort and thrown aſide. Impoveriſhing was the obſtinacy of the ſhowmen; and we manifeſt only a decent reſpect for inſulted dignity, in dwelling on the ſorrows of the Patentees. It will be ſeen, that the Maſters of the Revels and the Trumpeters have by this time diſcovered a magnificent and charitable way of ſtirring up on their behalf, the dormant energies of magiſtrates and conſtables in all the towns and villages of England. The following appeared in the *Flying Poſt* during Bartholomew Fair time in the year 1700:

"Theſe are to give Notice, to all Trumpeters, Drums, Fifes, &c., who have, or ought to have Licences from the Serjeant-Trumpet, that Matthias Shore, Eſq., being lately deceaſed, the Licences by him granted are determined, and they are forthwith to apply themſelves for new ones to his ſon William Shore, at the *Adam* and *Eve*, near *Hungerford Market* in the *Strand*, who is ſworn into the Place of Serjeant-Trumpet. And all Civil Officers are deſired not to ſuffer any Perſon to Sound, Beat, or Play, without Licence from him, or paying the ſaid Serjeant-Trumpet's due of 12*d.* each day they ſo do, which he gives (as his Father formerly did) to the uſe of the Poor of the reſpective Places." In 1708, it was John Shore whom Her Majeſty had appointed to this office. Soon afterwards it was again during Bartholomew Fair time, that in the *Poſtman* for the 8th of September, 1702, Charles Killegrew, Eſq., as Maſter of the Revels, and Thomas Salby, Gent., Controller of the ſame, named ſeveral of the "Stage-players, Mountebanks, Rope-dancers, Prize-players, Puppet-ſhowers, and ſuch as make ſhew of motion and ſtrange ſights," who defied their licence; and deſired all Conſtables, Borſholders, Churchwardens, and Overſeers of the Poor, to oppoſe and ſtay their actings, "unleſs they pay you 2*s.* per day for ſo long time as they ſtay among you, without the ſaid Maſter and Controller's Licence"—on which there are two ſixpenny ſtamps—"in part of what money is due from them to the ſaid Maſter and Controller, upon the account of their not having Licence." The money ſo paid is to be

diſtributed to the poor of the diſtrict, from which it is raiſed, but notice is to be given of the whereabouts of the men, "ſo as they may be proſecuted."

The defiant ſhowmen went on their accuſtomed way. They blew their horns in the face of the Trumpeter, and fought the Maſter of the Revels with their puppets. The Great Hog, the genius of the Fair, which had been in the Fair ſince Ben Jonſon's time, and was there, perhaps, in Rayer's time, grunted againſt the claims of theſe private proprietors of taxes the contempt begotten of his large experience. It is an abſurd thing to be reminded of the Wandering Jew by a ſtationary pig, but in that Great Hog there was ſome likeneſs to Ahaſuerus; and unpardonably defective would theſe Annals be, if they did not contain one of his manifeſtoes. The ſubjoined appeared in Queen Anne's day. The reader will obſerve that a myſterious ſilence is preſerved as to the age of an animal which was a ſhow in almoſt pre-hiſtoric times, while we are told with alacrity the age of the young colt that occupied the place of companion in his eſtabliſhment:

"By Her Majeſty's Permiſſion. This is to give Notice, to all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, that at the Hoſpital Gate in Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair, is to be ſeen A LARGE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOG, about 10 feet long, 13 hands high, above ſeven foot and a-half round the Body; alſo 5 feet round the neck, and 18 inches round the fore Leg, above the Joynt."

"Likewiſe A COLT, about 5 months old, that was foal'd without any fore Legs, and walks upright at the

word of Command on his two hind legs.—Theſe two ſtrange and Wonderful Creatures are to be ſeen at any time of the day without loſs of time.

"*Vivat Regina.*"

Then, again, how can we venture to paſs by the year 1702, and overlook the diſtinction enjoyed by the Fair that year in the preſence of a company "by all owned to be the only amazing Wonders of the World in Every thing they Do." The Documents of theſe Miniſters of Pleaſure, are the true State papers of our hiſtory, and here is a State paper that I have not diſhoneſty enough to ſuppreſs:

"At the Great Booth over againſt the Hoſpital Gate in Bartholomew Fair, will be ſeen the Famous Company of Rope-Dancers, they being the greateſt performers of Men, Women and Children that can be found beyond the Seas, ſo that the World cannot parallel them for Dancing on the Low Rope, Vaulting on the High Rope, and for Walking on the Slack, and Sloaping Ropes, out-doing all others to that degree, that it has highly recommended them, both in Bartholomew Fair and May Fair laſt, to all the beſt perſons of Quality in England. And by all are owned to be the only amazing Wonders of the World, in every thing they do: It is there you will ſee the Italian Scaramouch dancing on the Rope, with a Wheelbarrow before him, with two Children and a Dog in it, and with a Duck on his Head; who ſings to the Company and cauſes much Laughter. The whole entertainment will be ſo extremely fine and

diverting, as never was done by any but this Company alone."

Tempeſts were frequent in the playhouſe of the Fair; chiefly, I am convinced, for the fine opportunity given by that particular theme to the big drums. The great emphaſis laid in all acting booths upon the kettle-drum will hereafter become conſpicuous, and Ben Jonſon, when he alluded years ago to plays on ſuch a topic, in his Prologue to Every Man in His Humour, defined them by references to the "nimble ſquib," and "the tempeſtuous drum;" a few ſquibs, and a little robuſt exerciſe of the elbows, made, in fact, a cheap ſenſation. Yet ſhall we ſay that expenſe was ſpared in this perfectly new Tempeſt?—

"Never acted before. At *Miller's Booth*, over againſt *the Croſs-daggers*, near the *Crown* Tavern, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be preſented an Excellent New Droll, call'd THE TEMPEST; or *the Diſtreſſed Lovers*. With the *Engliſh Hero* and the *Iſland Princeſs*, with the Comical Humours of the Inchanted *Scotchman*; or *Jockey* and the *Three Witches*. Showing how a Nobleman of England was caſt away upon the Indian Shore, and in his Travel found the Princeſs of the Country, with whom he fell in Love, and after many Dangers and Perils, was married to her; and his faithful Scotchman, who was ſav'd with him, travelling thorow Woods, fell in among Witches, when between 'em is abundance of comical Diverſions. There in the Tempeſt is Neptune, with his Triton in his Chariot, drawn with Sea-Horſes and Mair Maids ſinging. With Variety of Entertainment, performed by the beſt

Maſters: the Particulers would be too tedious to be inserted here. *Vivat Regina.*"

From among the actors at Drury Lane, there was always at this time a ſtrong body detached for performance at the Fair, where there was more money to be earned than in the theatre. For this reaſon, and not becauſe they began the world as ſtrolling ſhowmen, it has to be ſaid of not a few good actors, that they performed in booths at Smithfield. William Penkethman, or Pinke(th)man, a low comedian, of doubtful popularity, who had been, at the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century, a member of the Drury Lane Company, an incorrigible talker to the galleries, in which he was dearly beloved by the name of Pinkey, did not overlook his own peculiar qualification for ſucceſs at Bartholomew Fair. After the year 1700, if not earlier, he becomes an eſtabliſhed feature of the feſtival whenever ſtage-plays are permitted by the City, keeping his booth in partnerſhip with one or two brother actors. —Thus, in one year early in the century, it belongs to Pinkeman, Mills, and Bullock, and is "in the old place over againſt the Hoſpital Gate, where there is preſented a New Droll called THE SIEGE OF BARCELONA, with the Taking of Fort Mount-jouy. Containing the pleaſant and comical exploits of that Renown'd Hero, Captain Blunderbuſs and his Man Squib: His adventures with the Conjurer, and a Surpriſing Scene of the Flying Machine, where he and his Man Squib are enchanted; Alſo the Diverting Humour of Corporal Scare Devil." The actors are Mills, repreſentative of

ſerious Gentlemen, as ſecond to Wilks and Cibber; Bullock, another low comedian; Norris, who had performed in 1699, the part of Dicky in Farquhar's Conſtant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, and again in 1701, in its ſequel, Sir Harry Wildair, and who appears in the Bartholomew Bill, as Mr. Norris *alias* Jubilee Dicky. Bullock muſt have been tall and Norris ſhort, for the *Spectator*, ſpeaking of the ſhifts of ſmall dramatic wits to raiſe a laugh, ſays, "Bullock in a long coat, and Norris in a ſhort one, ſeldom fail of this effect." There were alſo three other performers.

A Dialogue printed in 1702, containing "a Compariſon between the Two Stages" (attributed to Gildon), thus deſcribes two of the managers of this booth, Penkethman and Bullock:— "*Sullen.* But Pinkethman the flower of— *Critic.* Bartholomew Fair, and the idol of the rabble: a fellow that overdoes everything, and ſpoils many a part with his own ſtuff. *Sullen.* Oh, but Bullock— *Critic.* Is the beſt comedian that has trod the ſtage ſince Nokes and Leigh, and a fellow that has a very humble opinion of himſelf."

After the play juſt cited, in which Penkethman himſelf did not appear, that actor, who alſo performed harlequin parts at Drury Lane, added his own performance with Mr. Simpſon, a famous Vaulter, "who has had the honour to teach moſt of the Nobility in England" (!), and who was with Mr. Pinkeman, "to let the world ſee what Vaulting is. Being lately arrived from Italy." The laſt clauſe was added in deference to a taſte, then as ſtrong in Bartholomew Fair as elſewhere, for miniſters to entertainment who came from abroad. "About this

time," ſays Daniel O'Bryan in his Memoirs of the actor Wilks, "the Engliſh Theatre was not only peſtered with Tumblers, and Rope Dancers from France, but likewiſe Dancing Maſters and Dancing Dogs; ſhoals of Italian Squallers were daily imported; and the Drury Lane Company almoſt broke." Upon the production of Farquhar's Love in a Bottle (1698), "the facetious Jo. Haynes, compoſed this Epilogue and ſpoke it in mourning." As a ſpeaker of Prologues and Epilogues written by himſelf, Haynes had a ſpecial reputation. "This epilogue" we take for granted, but the taſte rebuked in it concerns us. Wright in his Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica, written in 1699, ſays that plays could hardly draw an audience, unleſs ſome foreign regale was expreſſed in the bottom of the bill.

In 1702, Drury Lane Theatre cloſed on the 22nd of Auguſt until after Bartholomew Fair, and in that year the famous Thomas Doggett, praiſed by Cibber as the moſt natural actor of his time, who eight years before was acting leading comic parts in the ſame caſt with Leigh or Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle, was among the wooden horſes, Merry Andrews, and pickle herrings, uſing his famous ſkill in the dreſſing of parts, as actor for the Fair in an old woman's petticoats and a red waiſtcoat. Though joint manager of Drury Lane, from which he retired with a competence when Booth, for his ſucceſsful perſonation of Addiſon's Cato, was by the interpoſition of a noble lord thruſt alſo into the direction, Doggett himſelf, during the Bartholomew holiday at Drury Lane, kept a booth in the Fair. Here is one of his bills:

"At *DOGGETT'S BOOTH*, at *Hoſier-Lane End*, during the Time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be Preſented a New DROLL call'd THE DISTRESSED VIRGIN or *the Unnatural Parents*. Being a True Hiſtory of the *Fair Maid* of the WEST, or THE LOVING SISTERS. With the Comical Travels of *Poor Truſty*, in Search of his *Maſter's Daughter*, and his Encounter with *Three Witches*.

"*Alſo Variety of Comick Dances and Songs, with Scenes and Machines never ſeen before. Vivat Regina.*"

It was ſaid that Thomas Doggett could repreſent all degrees of age, and give character to the leaſt detail of the dreſs he wore. His name lives with the Coat and Badge, which, being a zealous Whig, he, after the acceſſion of King George the Firſt, gave to be rowed for by ſix watermen on every 1ſt of Auguſt, that being the anniverſary of the event it was his loyal purpoſe to commemorate. In 1704 Doggett's Booth at Bartholomew Fair was a partnerſhip venture, maintained by Parker and Doggett, the play being *Bateman*, or the Unhappy Marriage. Penkethman's Booth in that year was kept in partnerſhip with Bullock and Simpſon, and the play was *Jephthah's Raſh Vow;* Penkethman and Bullock taking in it the Bartholomew farce characters of Toby and Ezekiel.

In 1705 Vanbrugh opened his new Theatre in the Haymarket; and in the Haymarket alſo, under whatever management, the actors uſually or always cloſed their Houſe during Bartholomew Fair. It was alſo uſual at Drury Lane and the Haymarket to perform, ſhortly before or after the great feſtival, Ben Jonſon's play

of *Bartholomew Fair*. May Fair alſo ſeems at this time occaſionally to have cauſed the cloſing of the theatres.

Theſe conſiderations greatly leſſen our ſenſe of the fall experienced by Elkanah Settle, when he accepted a ſalary from Mrs. Mynn, and adapted to a Bartholomew audience in 1707, the operatic ſpectacle of *the Siege of Troy*, which he had produced in 1701 at Drury Lane, Mills, one of Penkethman's partners, being then the Menelaus, Wilks and Mrs. Rogers Paris and Caſſandra, and Mrs. Oldfield the Queen Helen.

The Drury Lane Play was a miſerable piece of writing, full of directions for expenſive decoration of the Stage. The Prologue begins at once by calling it, in Mrs. Mynn's faſhion, "This coſtly play." In adapting it for Mrs. Mynn, the poet left out four or five ſerious characters, cut down all the ſerious dialogue, and reduced his work from five acts to three, interpolating a ſufficient quantity of right Bartholomew buffoonery. The new form of the play ſeems to have been tolerably popular; for, in the following year, it was reprinted before a ſixpenny Hiſtory of Troy. Of the book iſſued on behalf of Mrs. Mynn, and of the play as performed at the Fair, if the promiſe of the book may be truſted, this is an account:

The SIEGE OF TROY, A Dramatick Performance. Preſented in *Mrs. MYNN'S BOOTH*, Over againſt the *Hoſpital Gate*, in the *Rounds* in *Smithfield*, during the Time of the preſent *Bartholomew FAIR*. *Containing* A Deſcription of all the *Scenes*, *Machines*, and *Movements*, with the whole decoration of the *Play*, and Particulars of the *Entertainment*.

LONDON, Printed and Sold by *Benj. Bragge* at the *Black Raven* in *Paternoſter-Row*. And alſo at the *Booth* all the time of the Fair.

TO THE READER.

A Printed Publication of an Entertainment *performed on a* Smithfield-Stage, *which, how gay or richly ſoever ſet off, will hardly reach to a higher Title, than the cuſtomary name of a DROLL, may ſeem ſomewhat new. But as the preſent undertaking, the work of ten Months' preparation, is ſo extraordinary a Performance, that without Boaſt or Vanity we may modeſtly ſay, In the whole ſeveral* Scenes, Movements, *and* Machines, *it is no ways Inferiour even to any one* Opera *yet ſeen in either of the* Royal Theaters; *we are therefore under ſome ſort of Neceſſity to make this Publication, thereby to give ev'n the meaneſt of our Audience a full Light into all the Object they will there meet in this* Expenſive Entertainment; *the* Proprietors *of which have adventur'd to make, under ſome ſmall Hopes, That as they yearly ſee ſome of their happier Brethren Undertakers in the* Fair, *more cheaply obtain even the Engroſt Smiles of the* Gentry *and* Quality *at ſo much an eaſier Price; ſo on the other ſide their own more coſtly Projection (though leſs Favourites) might poſſibly attain to that good Fortune, at leaſt to attract a little ſhare of the good graces of the more Honourable part of the Audience; and perhaps be able to purchaſe ſome of thoſe ſmiles which elſewhere have been thus long the profuſer Donation of particular Affection and Favour.*

Under the head of Actors' Names, the Characters of

Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Helen, Caſſandra, and the reſt, are deſcribed in a form ſuitable to the taſte and underſtanding of all patrons in the Fair.

The Siege of Troy. Act I. *The Curtain is drawn up, and diſcovers King* Menelaus, Ulyſſes, *Attendants, and Guards.*

The King and Ulyſſes in a ſhort diſcourſe of four and thirty lines, reveal the whole ſituation as it regards—

> " that tall Wooden Horſe
> We have prepar'd, in whoſe dark Womb of Fate,
> Five hundred generous Volunteers all wait,
> All at one ſtroke to give the fatal Blow:
> Fear not Succeſs.
> *King.* No: wiſe *Ulyſſes*, no.
> When thy great Hand's the Royal Engineer,
> 'Tis by ſuch Pilots I to glory ſteer.
> *Ulys.* Conſider, Sir, what managing Hand I've found
> To move this vaſt Machine; the Honeſt *Sinon*:
> A Man ſo hearty in your Royal Cauſe,
> That he has diſmember'd even his very Face,
> Cut off his Lips and Noſe, and torn his Eyes out
> To make himſelf the Object of their Pity.
> That by his moving Looks and artful Tears
> He may ſo lull the Credulous *Trojans'* Ears,
> To draw that fatal Horſe within their Walls.
> *King.* Now Fate, curſt Troy, for thy Deſtruction calls.
> Revenge, Oh! dear Revenge,"

and ſo on, but not for a long time ſo on; becauſe the author of a booth-play muſt remember, Time is Money. Next follows the comic ſcene between Briſtle a Cobler, and his Wife. The wife will go out of Troy " to ſee the great Horſe the *Grecians* have left behind 'em," and the huſband will not let her go. Her talk is as the talk of Urſula the pigwoman; her huſband, to keep her at home, gives " a lick of Styrrup Leather."

"*Wife.* Help, help, Murder.
Within. Huzzah! huzzah!

Enter Mob.

1*ſt Mob.* } ſpeaking all together { The Horſe, the Horſe, the Horſe.
2*d Mob.* } { The *Greeks*, the *Greeks*, the *Greeks*.
3*d Mob.* } { All run, run, run.

Briſtle. Hold, hold, hold, Neighbours. Let one Man ſpeak at once.

All. Ay, ay, let our Neighbour *Briſtle* ſpeak firſt.

Briſtle. Then mark me, good Folks; we are all going to ſee this great Horſe.

All. Ay, ay, the Horſe, the Horſe.

Briſtle. Look ye then, Neighbours; let us march Soberly and Decently, in roaring good Order, as thoſe Civil Gentlemen called the Mob, ſhould do; and I'll be Captain *Tom*, your Leader."

The Cobler therefore leads the mob to ſee the Horſe; leaving his wife behind with a member of the mob, whom ſhe, in Bartholomew phraſe, thanks kindly for kiſſing her. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene opens and diſcovers Paris *and* Helen, *fronting the Audience, riding in a Triumphant Chariot, drawn by two White Elephants, mounted by two Pages in embroyder'd livery. The ſide Wings are ten Elephants more, bearing on their Backs open Caſtles, umbraged with Canopies of Gold; the ten Caſtles fill'd with ten Perſons richly dreſt, the Retinue of Paris; and on the Elephants' Necks ride ten more Pages in the like rich Dreſs. Beyond and over the Chariot, is ſeen a Victor of the City*

of Troy; *on the Walls of which, ſtand ſeveral Trumpeters, ſeen behind and over the Head of* Paris, *who ſound at the opening of the Scene.*

Poor indeed was the wit joined to theſe glories of ſtage upholſtery, in which Bartholomew Fair taught how a public might be ſatisfied with leaſt toil to the brain. Says Paris to Helen—

"We'll tune our trumps of War to Songs of Peace,"

and ſo forth; but Caſſandra comes. "Oh my dear Paris," exclaims Helen, "is that Screech owl here!" Caſſandra calls her bad names, talks to Paris about angry gods "who with all the Bolts of Fate, Blood, Fire, and Sword, for his deſtruction wait." Paris, being annoyed, threatens the Screech owl, that if ſhe abuſes Helen any more—

"by all the Pow'rs I ſwear
Ile drive my Chariot o'er thy trampled Head,
Beneath my rowling wheels Ile cruſh thee dead."

Caſſandra departs ſavagely; then "Hark," ſays Paris, "what Celeſtial Muſick 's this I hear.

[Venus *deſcends in a Chariot drawn by two Swans.*

She makes a ſoothing ſpeech in ſix lines; upon which cries Paris—

"Oh I am loſt in Raptures, this high Grace!
But where's my Vaſſals? where's my waiting Train?
Quick, quick, ye Slaves, for Goodneſs ſo Divine,
Joyn all your Ayrs, your Songs of Triumph joyn."

The ten Rich Figures in the Caſtles of the Elephants, addreſs themſelves to the Goddeſs with this following piece of Muſick in Chorus:

SONG.

Hail Beauteous Goddeſs all Divine,
Our upraiſ'd Eyes and Hearts all thine,
To Love we pray,
To Love we kneel:
Thy pow'r we own,
Thy Darts we feel.
To thy bright ſway, thy Sovereign Throne
Not ſuppliant mortals bend alone;
To the blind God, thy Boy, and Thee,
Even Jove, *Almighty* Jove, *here bows a knee.*

And upon that grand ſpectacle of ſong and ſhow, the curtain falls, for ſo the firſt Act ends.

Act II. *The Scene opens, and in a Wood without the Walls of* Troy, *appears the* Trojan *Horſe, being a Figure of that Magnitude, that 'tis* 17 *Foot high to the top of his Back. The whole Figure magnificently adorn'd with all the Trappings, Furniture of a War Horſe, ſet off with rich Gildings, Plumes of Feathers, and all other ſuitable Decorations. Under his Feet lies* Sinon, *with a mangled Face all bloody, his Noſe cut off, his Eyes out, &c., bound in Irons.*

The Mob enters, led by Briſtle, to talk fooliſhneſs. Briſtle's wife enters, with her new friend, to talk fooliſhneſs alſo. Ulyſſes enters in diſguiſe and beguiles them. Sinon is found and queſtioned; Ulyſſes perſuades the mob that, ſince the gates are too low, they ſhould make a breach in the wall, through which to drag into the city the horſe left, according to a warning of the gods, as a monument by the Greeks and pledge of peace ne'er to return in arms. The mob goes out huzzaing to pull down the walls. Ulyſſes makes a ſpeech by him-

ſelf in ſix lines, and exit. Enters Caſſandra, makes another ſpeech in ſeven lines, and exit.

The Scene opens and diſcovers the Temple of Diana, *being a magnificent Structure richly adorn'd, the Capitals, Urns, Creſcents, Feſtoons, and other carved Work, all gilt, conſiſting of ten pieces of Painting, in each of which, in a large Nych in each Front of theſe Paintings, are ſeen ten Statues of the Heathen gods,* viz., Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo, Neptune, Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres, *and* Mercury, *each Figure near five Foot high, and all gilt. In the back of the Stage, in the Center of the Temple, is a rich Altar-piece, bearing* 3 *Nyches in the Walls, in the middle of which, on a Pedeſtal* 18 *Inches high, ſtands a young Woman dreſt in Cloth of Gold, repreſenting the Statue of* Diana, *holding a Hunting Spear in her Hand; and on two other Pedeſtals of the ſame height on each hand of her, ſtand two more young Women in the like Golden Habit, repreſenting two of her Nymphs, each with a Bow and a Quiver. Over this Altar-piece, and beyond the View of the Temple, are ſeen three Beautiful Circles of Clouds, and on the Back Scene beyond them in a ſerene Heaven, is ſeen* Diana *driving in a Chariot drawn by two Hinds.*

Managers of London, with your Chriſtmas and your Eaſter glories, ye are but the great grandchildren of Mrs. Mynn; and it was in Bartholomew Fair that your great grandmother tickled the eyes of the mob, one hundred and fifty and more years ago! But Mrs. Mynn's pageant was a developing pageant, and ſhe had alſo her transformation ſcene; we are but at the firſt burſt of its glory.

Enter a Proceſſion of Prieſts *and* Prieſteſſes *in Veſtments, adorned with Silver Creſcents.*

VOCAL MUSICK.

Bright Cynthia, *Sovereign Queen of Light,*
With all thy Vaſſal Stars ſo bright,
Where thy Celeſtial Glories ſhine,
To Thee, to Thee,
We bend a Knee,
Our ſong of Triumph thine.

Caſſandra comes, becauſe the gods have given her power to work a miracle.

Seeſt thou thoſe glittering Statues of the Deities,
In all their ſhining Robes of Gold array'd?
Paris. Yes, all too bright for thy weak blaſt to ſhade.
Caſs. Thoſe radiant Forms, if poſſible to ſable,
Dark as thy Crimes, I'll at one Breath transform,
And hang yon ſmiling Skies, with all the Flames of Hell.

Here Caſſandra *moves her Wand, and in the twinkling of an Eye the ten Golden Statues in the Painting, are all turned to black, and the three Figures on the Pedeſtals are likewiſe ſtript of their Cloth of Gold, and all dreſt in Black; and the whole Viſta of the Heavens is changed to a flaming Hell.*

At Drury Lane there had been a more elaborate development, exactly according to the holiday taſte of our own day; and upon that, when it was complete, a double transformation, firſt to Heaven, and then ſuddenly to Hell. This demoniacal change viſible to the ſpectator, is ſeen by the Trojans only in Caſſandra. The curtain falls upon them talking ſtill about the ſhining of their golden gods. That is the one thing bordering on poetry in Settle's play. But upon new glories the curtain again riſes.

Act III. *The Scene opens, and diſcovers the town of* Troy, *conſiſting of ten Pieces of Uniform Painting, repreſenting a Street of Magnificent Buildings, terminating with a double Wall of the City, and over the Wall is ſeen an upper Town. In the Center of this City ſtands the Horſe, out of whoſe ſides, in the ſight of the Audience, two ladders ſlip, and immediately near forty Soldiers with their Officers, iſſue out of the Body of the Horſe, all with their drawn Swords.*

Officers 1 and 2 agree, in eight lines, to lie cloſe till Nightfall, and "the Scene ſhuts."

Enter Mob, *drunk.*

Mob ſober is not ſo agreeable that we ſhould care to enter into fellowſhip with Mob drunk. Cobler's wife enters to coax her huſband home, and home he goes, roaring a ſnatch.

The Scene opens and diſcovers the Town without the Horſe. Enter King, Ulyſſes, Grecians, *Guards, and Attendants, all with drawn Swords in one Hand and lighted Flambeaux in the other.*

They talk together, and iſſue orders in as much as eleven lines of fire and ſword, and worſe.

During theſe Commands given by the King, the Soldiers run up and down the Streets, ſeemingly ſetting the Town on Fire, whilſt near forty Windows or Portholes in the ſeveral Paintings all appear on Fire, the Flames catching from Houſe to Houſe, and all perform'd by Illuminations and Tranſparent Paintings ſeen ſcattered through the Scenes, both in the Upper and Lower Town. [Exeunt.

Here enter ſeveral Trojans *in various and diſtracted poſtures thro' the Flaming Streets, purſued by the* Grecians, *other* Grecians *running away with Young Women in their Arms, all with ſeveral Shrieks and Cries, &c.*

Paris comes in diſtracted; is met by Caſſandra, who gives him not three minutes to repent. The King enters; there is a deſperate broad-ſword combat, and within the three minutes Paris is killed. Then Helen, entering above, and ſeeing Paris dead, laments in two lines; is threatened horribly in three; and finally with an eight-line ſpeech, "leaps down into the Fire." The King and Ulyſſes then exchange in five lines their obſervations on this incident, and the "ſcene ſhuts." Briſtle and the mob enter and talk rubbiſh while the laſt ſcenic effect is being got ready. When it is ready,

The Scene opens and diſcovers a Grove terminating with a Triumphal Arch, with two Figures of Fame *hanging beneath the Arch; and beyond the Arch over a Terras Walk, is ſeen a Beautiful Garden of ſix Side Wings adorn'd with Statues, and ending in a Viſta of Garden-work.*

The King, Ulyſſes *and all his* Grecians *and Guards appearing by him.*

Twelve lines of unimportant talk then lead to *An Entertainment of ſeveral Dialogues and Dances. After which the King and the reſt come forward, and Ulyſſes ſpeaks*—four lines of an indifferent tag, which offer Helen as a warning to the Ladies! Finally there is An EPILOGUE, ſpoken by the King.

"Now, if the Hundreds we have expended, more
Than e're adorned a Smithfield Stage before,
Can hope your Gen'rous Favours to obtain,
And all this coſt is not laid out in vain;
If you are pleaſ'd our Moral Play ſhall take,
Expreſs your Smiles, by the Applauſe you make."

Poor Settle was within a year of ſixty when he thus ſpun Mrs. Mynn a play out of her own pocket, inſtead of his own brain. And it was after this that he turned actor in the Fair, and played the Dragon in a green caſe of his own invention.

Though Settle was one of the worſt poets, yet he was the beſt planner of ſpectacles and pomps that his day yielded. His was a day alſo when Bartholomew Fair was near the flood-tide of its fame as a Peru for players, in which very ſoon we ſhall find cleverer men than himſelf looking for gold. The pity in his caſe is, not that he ſhould have played the Dragon in the Fair, but that he ſhould have had to do ſo when his hairs were gray.

CHAPTER XIX.

The City against the Fair.

THE ſtrong hold taken by the Fair on many claſſes of the People, was not yet to be looſened, although energetic efforts were made by thoſe citizens whoſe ſlumbers were diſturbed at night by its kettle-drums, whoſe traffic was ſtopped in the daytime by its crowds, and who ſaw more than enough reaſon to be ſcandaliſed at the profligacy of which it was the ſcene. There was a ſtrong Puritanical feeling ſtill maintained by a ſection of the people, and the proteſts againſt exceſſes in the Fair, were, no doubt, very often tinged with it. If the Mayors had dealt as ſeverely with the muſic booths, as they did in their fitful courſe of reſtrictions with the ſtage plays in the Fair, we might more readily aſcribe their interference to a ſenſe of decency untainted by prejudice. The evil chiefly to be dealt with, was, of courſe, the long duration of the Fair, which yet could not be forfeited by exceſs on the part of its lords, for the Court of Piepowder ſat only for the legal term of three days, and its Steward gave only the lawful three days' licences for flying chairs and flying horſes, puppet-ſhows, drolls, marble-boards,

counterboards, dice, hazard and roley-poley. The additional licence had been taken by the ſhowmen and the Fair-goers at the Reſtoration, when there were no perſons in authority at all diſpoſed to check it. Attempts to check it, made on the part of the Corporation, had been, ſince that time, cramped by the habit of farming the profits of the Fair to a City Officer, who would regard their curtailment as a fraud upon him. But in the Year 1708, the twenty-one years' leaſe of the Fair to the Sword Bearer was to expire, and in anticipation of that event, there were great efforts made to ſecure a new order of management. The argument for limitation of the Fair was formally ſtated in a Memorial, and in ſpite of a ſtrong oppoſition, the prayer of the petitioners was heard. When, afterwards, the efforts for a reſtoration of the fourteen days' Fair were continued, the original argument againſt it was reprinted (in 1711) for the fortification of the public mind as—

"REASONS Formerly publiſhed for the PUNCTUAL LIMITING of *Bartholomew Fair* to thoſe *Three Days* to which it is determined by the ROYAL GRANT of it to the City of LONDON. Now Reprinted with Additions, to prevent a *Deſign* ſet on Foot to procure an Eſtabliſhment of the ſaid *Fair* for Fourteen Days. Humbly Addreſſed to the preſent Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, to the Worſhipful Court of Aldermen, and to the Common Council of the ſaid City. London, Printed in the Year 1711."

This document purports to be an Addreſs, deſigned for the Happineſs and Proſperity of London, in ſub-

ordination to the Glory of Almighty God, "by us who are a conſiderable Number of the Citizens and Inhabitants of this City, and the Parts adjacent." It dilates on the aſſertion that "of Vice Extravagance is the Nature, Diſorder the Product, Ruin the certain End. Men who have caſt off the Fear of God, when they do not ſee any ſuch Execution of Penal Laws from the Magiſtrate, as may be termed a Terror to Evildoers, become Thieves and Robbers, Coiners and Shoplifters, who annoy the Commerce of honeſt Citizens in the Day, and diſturb their Repoſe in the Night. And when this lewd and ravenous Crew have greatly hardened themſelves, and multiplied their numbers, they uſually form themſelves into a ſort of a Political Body, pitching on Places for their Rendezvous, and agreeing on Methods for the Management of their evil Purpoſes. And thus they become an open and daring Enemy to good Government, are able to make a ſtand againſt Authority, and are evidently an Overmatch to inferior Officers."

It is declared to be an intolerable ſhame "that the Thief, or his Compartner in Trade, dares to appear and treat with the injured Perſon on what Terms he ſhall have his own Goods again; and this altogether as confidently as an honeſt Tradeſman ſells his proper Wares in his ſhop." It is recommended, by the way, to multiply workhouſes, and to enable vicious people to be ſent to them for the inferior offences, for inſtruction in "a ſober, diligent, and frugal way of Life." It is ſuggeſted, that if ſome perſons had not ſtood up in the ſpirit of Phineas "to oppoſe, proſecute, and

puniſh great numbers of miſcreants," the impudence and blaſphemy of vice would have pulled down a Divine Vengeance upon London. It is thought wiſe not to uſe efforts only againſt open vice, "but alſo againſt all apparent *Inducements* to Lewdneſs and Debauchery, and againſt the viſible *Occaſion* of Diſorder and Miſdemeanour: for if we ſpare the *Roots*, we lop the *Branches* to no purpoſe." Reſtrict this Fair, then, to its ancient limits. All charters and writs, from the Reign of Edward the Firſt to this preſent time, ſpecify a three days' duration; "only in the Charter granted by King Charles the Firſt, the Time is not mentioned, but ſuppoſed to refer to the former grants; which do declare it to begin the day before the Feaſt of St. Bartholomew, and to continue one day after it, for the Sale of Live Cattle, Leather, and other Wares and Merchandiſe: And for this, Three Days are ſufficient." But the prolonged Fair everybody knows "to be a mere Carnival, a ſeaſon of the utmoſt Diſorder and Debauchery, by reaſon of the Booths for Drinking, Muſic, Dancing, Stage-plays, Drolls, Lotteries, Gaming, Raffling, and what not."

The repreſentation cites as an inſtance of the character of the concourſe, the exhibition in a booth at the previous Fair, of a book filled with pictures of the utmoſt obſcenity, the exhibitors of which were then under proſecution by the Magiſtrates of the city. In that laſt Fair, eighty perſons had been apprehended by the Peace-officers in the act of Lewdneſs, Diſorder, or Debauchery. But what were theſe diſorders to the multitudes that eſcaped the eyes of a few officers

in the crowd! The repreſentation dwells on the vice of the fourteen days' Fair, in which even ſeveral horrible murders had been perpetrated, and accounts it "not only unreaſonable, but unſufferable, that it ſhould continue longer than the lawful Buſineſs of it requires, and than the Cryer publicly proclaims it, that is, for Three Days; at which time alſo, the Court of Pye-powders breaks up; denoting that the juſt term of the Fair is then ended."

The Memorial goes on to urge that the time for a redreſs of the grievance is at hand, ſince the Leaſe of the Fair, which farmed its profits to the Sword Bearer for twenty-one years, at a rent of a hundred a year, was near its end, and there was a very prudent Order made at a Court of Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, 26 October, 1705, in the Mayoralty of Sir Owen Buckingham; "that no farther demiſe of Bartholomew Fair be entered upon, before publick Notice be given to that Court, by Summons to that purpoſe, and the ſpecial directions of that Court thereupon." A Hundred Pounds was nothing to the city in compariſon with the good to be derived from the ſhutting of the floodgates of Impiety and Diſorder. The Hoſpital of St. Bartholomew might complain of its loſs, for it profited by the better letting of its ſhops in the Cloiſters. But the Fair-traffic in the Cloiſters was eſpecially iniquitous, and begot more diſeaſe than the money raiſed by it for Hoſpital uſes would ſuffice to cure. But why ſpeak of worldly profit? What profit is the gain of a World that involves loſs of one Soul? Beſides there is no profit in a hotbed for thieves, or for

riots that expoſe the city to a riſk of mulct, and to a forfeit of the whole grant of the Fair by abuſe of privilege.

Again, the ſecond of September, anniverſary of the Fire of London, was kept as a day of Faſt and Humiliation, and although the booths were compelled to ſuppreſs open extravagance on that day, and had another day added to their time in lieu of it, yet they ſo trafficked as to ſet up the mockery of a town which lamented ſin in its churches, and indulged ſin in its ſtreets. "In the very laſt Fair much gaming and diſorder abounded therein, and we know one perſon that was on that very day ruined there by gaming." Now, at Southwark, a great Fire having broken out in the time of its Fair, A.D. 1689, "which conſumed many Houſes, and did much Damage; the Inhabitants prudently conſidering that this Deſolation came upon them by means of the Diſorderly Booths which were erected in this Fair, and by the juſt Vengeance of God for permitting ſuch pregnant cauſe of Licentiouſneſs, have ever ſince forbidden the ſetting up of Booths there, and have not ſuffered any to be erected.

"At Bartholomew Fair good orders of many Mayors had been fruitleſs by reaſon of the Twenty-one years' licence that maintained the Fair in its duration of a fortnight, ſo attracting from all parts throngs of booth-keepers, many of whom would not have encouragement to come, were the Fair to be concluded on the third day. That unhappy Leaſe expires Auguſt 10 next." The Memorial ends with a pious peroration, out of which I pick two facts, that the prolonged Fair had

been preſented for its immorality by ſeveral Grand Juries, and that thirty of the more ſubſtantial inhabitants of Smithfield and its neighbourhood had ſigned againſt it a petition to the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen. The Memorial ends with crying to the Citizens, "Diſcern, O diſcern! in this your Day, the things that belong to your Peace and Bliſs, Temporal and Eternal."

Not ſo much the reſult of this Memorial, as the iſſue of the prevalent opinion that ſuggeſted it, was the following reſolution paſſed by a Court of Common Council on the 2nd of June, 1708: "This Court taking Notice, that the Fair of St. Bartholomew, according to the Original Grant thereof, ought to be holden Annually Three Days, and no longer. And that by continuing the ſaid Fair for Fourteen Days, as of late hath been practiſed, and the Erecting and Setting up Booths in Smithfield of extraordinary Largeneſs, not occupied by Dealers in Goods, Merchandiſes, &c., proper for a Fair; but uſed chiefly for Stage-plays, Muſick and Tipling (being ſo many Receptacles of vicious and diſorderly Perſons), Lewdneſs and Debauchery have apparently encreaſed, Tumults and Diſorders frequently ariſen, and the Traffick of the ſaid Fair, by the Traders and Fair-keepers reſorting thereto, greatly interrupted and diminiſhed. After long Debate, and ſerious Conſideration had of the ſame, and being deſirous to put a Stop (ſo far as in them lies) to the further ſpreading of Wickedneſs and Vice, to preſerve the Peace of Her Majeſty's Subjects, and reſtore the ſaid Fair to its primitive Inſtitution, and the Traders reſorting thither,

to the full enjoyment of their Trades, without any hindrance or obſtruction. And this Court being of opinion, that no ways will be ſo effectual for the end aforeſaid, as reducing the ſaid Fair to its ancient Time of Continuance, doth *unanimouſly* reſolve, and ſo order, that for the future, the ſaid Fair ſhall be kept Three Days only, and no longer (that is to ſay) on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, that Day, and the Morrow after, being the 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of Auguſt, of which all Perſons concerned are to take Notice and govern themſelves accordingly." On the 3rd of July, the Common Council rejected certain ſtrong petitions for the revocation of this order; and that all perſons might the more readily take notice of it, this announcement in anticipation of the Fair, appeared in the *Gazette* for the 2nd of Auguſt (1708):

"The Committee for Letting the City's Lands in the account of the Chamberlain of the City of London, give Notice, That the Fair, commonly call'd Bartholomew Fair, annually held in Weſt Smithfield, London, is from henceforth to be held three Days, and no longer, viz.: On the Eve of St. Bartholomew, St. Bartholomew's Day, and the Morrow following, being the 23rd, 24th, and 25th days of Auguſt; and that the ſaid Committee will ſit every Wedneſday, at three of the Clock in the Afternoon, to Lett and Diſpoſe of the Ground in Weſt Smithfield, to perſons reſorting to the ſaid Fair; of which more particular Information may be had at the Comptroler's Office in the Guildhall of the ſaid City."

In the ſame year, 1708, it is recorded by the

Poſtman, of the 8th of June, that "a Perſon did Penance in the Chapter Houſe of St. Paul's, for publicly ſhowing in Bartholomew Fair a book called a Blow-Book, in which were many filthy and obſcene pictures. The book was likewiſe burnt, and the Perſon paid coſts."

In the ſame year, too, the temporary ſuppreſſion of May Fair was contrived in Weſtminſter. The gentlemen of four ſucceſſive Grand Juries for the County of Middleſex and the City of Weſtminſter, made preſentments of it in terms of abhorrence, as a vile and riotous aſſembly. Three of theſe juries took ſpecial notice of the "commendable zeal and worthy to be imitated care" of the magiſtrates of London, in the limitation of their Fair in Smithfield. The Bench of Juſtices for Middleſex addreſſed the Queen, and procured from her the Royal Proclamation by which May Fair was for a time ſuppreſſed. Bartholomew Fair, meanwhile, had only been confined within its old bounds, and was threatening to burſt them. There was clamour for a reſtoration of the fourteen days: care for the revenues of St. Bartholomew's Hoſpital being the chief reaſon aſſigned, as being the reaſon moſt likely to engage the public ſympathy.

CHAPTER XX.

Under the Firſt Georges.

COMMERCE in the Fair was ſtifled; but its pleaſures were thoſe not only of the ignorant and vicious, whoſe ſtarved minds could take the coarſeſt aliment with pleaſure. Its vulgar appeals to an idle curioſity anſwered the taſte of London better than the higheſt efforts of the dramatiſt and the comedian. Shakeſpeare's pre-eminence in the firſt years of the eighteenth century was a fact yet to be diſcovered; his works, though ſo much longer before the world, had not been diffuſed more widely than thoſe of Mrs. Aphra Behn. Theſe Memoirs have no right to diſcuſs ſocial truths of which the reaſons lie outſide the ſtory of the Fair; it is their ſole purpoſe to ſhow how in the ſtory of the Fair they are developed and illuſtrated. The age of ſcoffers againſt virtue led by Charles the Second, turned nearly all that was great and ſound in our literature, into the way of a ſtern ſatire, and ſo, for example, forced into the only form that would compel reſpect, the poetry of Dryden; which would have been mocked, had it been the gentle moraliſing by which it was ſucceeded. Againſt the energy of vice and folly repreſenting partly

the reaction from the preſſure of the Puritans, the true Literature of England ſet an equal energy of ſatire.

But the laſſitude of vice and folly, and the indolent frivolities that followed on a wild exceſs, ſat patiently to hear the kindly voices of the moraliſts who next addreſſed the town, year after year, in Tatlers, Spectators, Adventurers, Worlds, Ramblers, Moral Pieces, both in verſe and proſe. Loud battle was not for thoſe feeble ears. Society was then a ſort of invalid whom it took long to bring to health by gentle applications, and after any neceſſary bliſtering, by a light touch and ſoft anointment of its bliſters. The whole tone of the admonitions given in the Spectator ſuggeſts the exiſtence of a public by which the ſights of Bartholomew Fair were to be enjoyed,—heartily, I do not ſay, for it did few things heartily,—but exquiſitely and coarſely.

We may ſtep here out of the ſtrict rule of chronological ſucceſſion to advance beyond the middle of the eighteenth century, and ſhow how little change there is in this reſpect as to the nature of the ground in which the Fair laid its foundations. The *Adventurer* of the 3rd of February, 1753, commenting on the ſtate of the Theatre, tells us, "It is to humour the Town that the Necromancer Harlequin has aſſociated with Tumblers and Savages, to profane the place which, under proper regulations, would indeed be the ſchool of wiſdom and virtue." Later ſtill, Goldſmith, writing his Citizen of the World in the year 1760, makes his Chineſe philoſopher ſay that, "From the higheſt to the loweſt this people ſeem fond of Sights and Monſters. . . A cat with four legs is diſregarded, though never ſo uſeful;

but if it has but two, and is conſequently incapable of catching mice, it is reckoned ineſtimable, and every man of taſte is ready to raiſe the auction. A man, though in his perſon faultleſs as an aerial genius, might ſtarve; but if ſtuck over with hideous warts like a porcupine, his fortune is made for ever, and he may propagate the breed with impunity and applauſe." One or two alluſions in the eſſay here cited, will be illuſtrated when its date has been reached. I cite it here, only to ſhow why the efforts made by the Corporation of London to ſubdue the Fair, continued to be almoſt fruitleſs.

We paſs through the whole eighteenth century to one of the firſt years following 1805, when the Towneley collection of Sculptures came into the poſſeſſion of the Britiſh Muſeum, and read in a newſpaper of the day, this paragraph, which ſuggeſts a ſtriking contraſt between the temper of ſociety upon which Bartholomew Fair lived, and the change of temper which in our own time has ſecured its fall. I copy from an old newſpaper-cutting inſerted in a MS. collection of Metropolitana in the Guildhall Library, which would have been more valuable than it is, had not the collector often omitted, as in this caſe, to label his extracts with an exact reference to their ſource: "Though the admiſſion to the Britiſh Muſeum is open to the public three days in the week, only 2500 perſons availed themſelves, laſt year, of that permiſſion, and of theſe the greater part were foreigners. The fact is, John Bull, though a perſon of boundleſs curioſity, has no great taſte for the Fine Arts, and would rather ſpend his time and money in ſeeing a Calf with two heads than the fineſt

piece of ſculpture in the Towneley Collection for nothing."

Theſe notes may ſufficiently account for the fact, that in ſpite of all war made againſt it, we have now to purſue the Annals of Bartholomew Fair through yet another century.

John Edwards, Penkethman's Merry-Andrew, who was a quack horſe-doctor out of Fair time, died in the year 1706, in Caſtle Street, St. Giles's; and in a neighbouring ſtreet, there was at once printed a broadſheet of doggrel, called "*Pinkeman's Company in Mourning*, or an Elegy on the Much Unlamented Death of John Edwards, the Horſe Doctor, and Merry-Andrew," cruel in tone, and infamous in taſte. It gives the worſt character to the dead jeſter, the worſt character to Bartholomew Fair, and ends with this character of his Employer:

> Dull, ſneaking Pinkeman, this loſs bewail,
> And ſing his Dirge o're half a Pint of Ale,
> For if thou more didſt ſpend at once, your Note
> You'd change, and for your Charges cut your Throat.

Probably it was Settle who adviſed Mrs. Mynn to dignify her eſtabliſhment with the name of BEN JONSON'S *Booth*. Certainly it was Settle who planned in that booth, at about this time, the Spectacle of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, "concluding with a Lord Mayor's Triumph, in which are preſented nine ſeveral Pageants."

To Queen Anne's day, there belonged alſo "a Collection of Strange and Wonderful Creatures" diſplayed in the Fair, without any proprietor's name, at

the Booth near the Hoſpital Gate, which included "the Noble *Caſſeware*, brought from the Iſland of Java in the Eaſt Indies, one of the ſtrangeſt creatures in the Univerſe, being half a Bird, and half a Beaſt, reaches 16 Hands High from the Ground, his Head is like a Bird, and ſo is his Feet, he hath no hinder Claw, Wings, Tongue, nor Tail; his Body is like to the Body of a Deer; inſtead of Feathers, his fore-part is covered with Hair like an Ox, his hinder-part with a double Feather in one Quill; he Eats Iron, Steel, or Stones; he hath 2 Spears grows by his ſide." Cuvier would have been edified by that deſcription of a Caſſowary. There was alſo a Leopard from Lebanon; an Eagle from Ruſſia; a Poſown (*i.e.* an opoſſum) from Hiſpaniola; and "a little black hairy *Monſter*, bred in the *Deſarts of Arabia*, a natural Ruff of Hair about his Face, walks upright, takes a Glaſs of Ale in his Hand, and drinks it off; and doth ſeveral other things to admiration." After ſpecifying a few more wonders, this State Paper of the Fair ends with the Wonder of the World, the Great Mare of the Tartarian Breed, which "had the Honour to be ſhow'd before Queen Anne, Prince George, and moſt of the Nobility." But let us not paſs by "the noble Caſſeware" without remembering, that to the ſtudent, as well as to the idler, he gave occupation. The exhibition of rare animals was left entirely to the Showman. Sir Hans Sloane ſtudied in Bartholomew Fair, and employed alſo a draughtſman there.

An Elephant that fired a gun, was a ſight of the day. He is alluded to in the *Medley* for Oct. 16, 1710, where

reference being made to harmleſs ſquibs, theſe lines are quoted :

> "So have I ſeen at Smithfield's Wondrous Fair,
> When all his brother Monſters flouriſh'd there,
> A lubber'd Elephant divert the town
> With making legs, and ſhooting off a gun."

Dawk's Newſletter tells us, in the year 1715, that there is "one great playhouſe erected for the King's players, and the booth is the largeſt that was ever built." They were the King's Players then, George the Firſt having been proclaimed in the preceding year.

In the year 1719, there were twenty licenſed dice and hazard tables in Bartholomew Fair, and the reſtriction to three days had long been over-ruled by public voice.

There was once ſold in Bartholomew Fair a Fan on which the Fair was repreſented as it then appeared in the eyes of a Bartholomew artiſt, who having his own views of perſpective, carefully economiſed the number of his figures, and left out at diſcretion bodies or legs, in the treatment of which he was embarraſſed. A coloured engraving of this picture was iſſued by Mr. Setchel of Covent Garden, with a brief deſcription commonly aſſigned to Caulfield, the bookſeller, author of four volumes of Remarkable Characters. The date of the Fan is here ſaid to be 1721; but this cannot be right, ſince it diſplays, among other things, a puppet ſhow of the Siege of Gibraltar, which occurred in 1727. Almoſt every great Siege in which England was concerned reappeared on the firſt occaſion in the ſhows at the Fair. The date, therefore, of the Fan is evidently 1728. From this work Hone took for his *Table Book* ſome (not abſolutely faithful) copies, that have ſince been frequently re-copied.

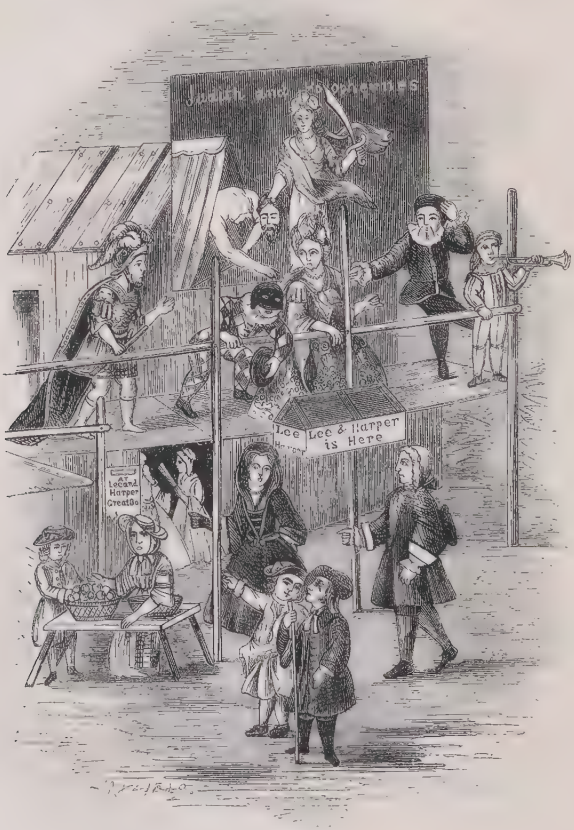
The licence of the Fair is variouſly repreſented in it. One ſource of ill manners muſt have been the free uſe of untaxed gin at drinking-ſtalls, diſplayed in the annexed ſketch. Here it will be ſeen that a leg of the table ☞ ſerves alſo for leg to a man.

The introduction of a pick-pocket—a juvenile offender—ſhows that the artiſt did not mean wilfully to overlook any of the leading features of his ſubject. The good children are but little to him.

Alſo a ſalutation, at once diſtant and familiar, ſerves to illuſtrate the freedom of the Fair. The applewoman here might be herſelf a ſhow for her ſtrange power of lifting up the baſket by the apples that are in it.

One of the pleaſures repreſented is the peepſhow of the Siege of Gibraltar, to which reference has already been made.

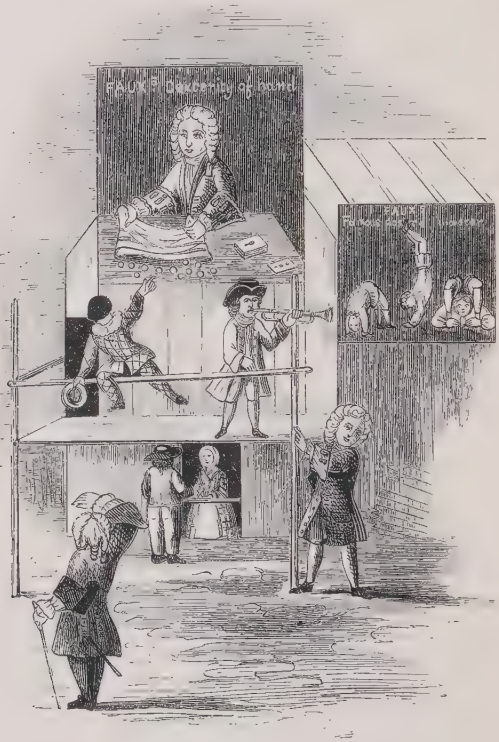
Another is Lee and Harper's Booth, preſently to be referred to.



Here, ſays the writer of the elucidation upon Setchel's print, the *Siege of Bethulia* is being acted. This was ſo far from being poſſible in 1721, that it was not poſſible in 1728. It was only in 1732 that there was firſt preſented at this booth "the Droll of the *Siege of Bethulia, containing the Ancient Hiſtory of Judith and Holofernes*, with the Comical Humours of Ruſtego and his Man Terrible." *Holofernes*, Mr. Mullart; *Ruſtego*, Mr. Harper; *Terrible*, Mr. Morgan; *Judith*, Mr. Spiller; *Dulcementa*, Mrs. Purden. The "Ancient Hiſtory" attached to the Siege of Bethulia was of old ſtanding in the Fair. Locke, early in his life, as we have found, ſaw *Judith and Holofernes* there, and there is not a word about Bethulia in the preceding picture.

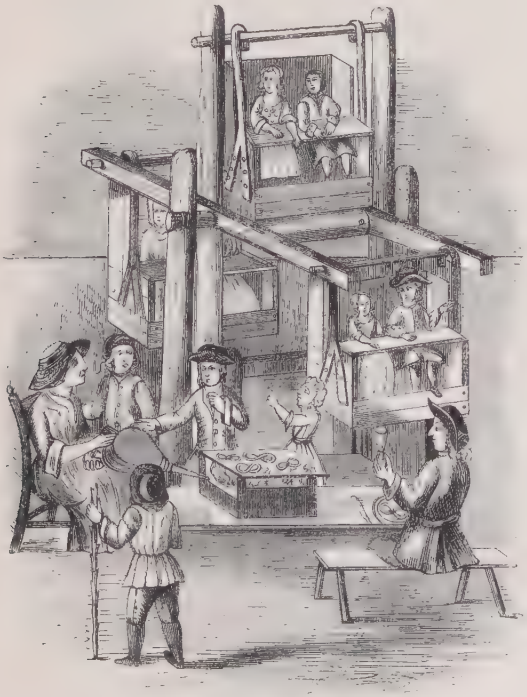
Another glimpſe of pleaſure is a promiſe of Rope-dancing in "the Great Booth over againſt the Hoſpital Gate." The proprietor invites attention with his trumpet, for blowing of which the Serjeant Trumpeter's man in the Fair has claimed his fee. There is a boy here in the corner wanting ſixpence.

This is the booth in which Fawkes the famous Conjuror diſplays his dexterity of hand.



Here again the few lines of deſcription attached to the print iſſued by Setchel are in error. The ſketch on the board is ſaid to be the only portrait of Fawkes extant. This ſtatement leads me to believe that the deſcription itſelf has been wrongly aſcribed to Caulfield, who does indeed adopt from this ſketch his picture of Fawkes in the "Remarkable Characters," but who there refers to a more elaborate portrait of him in another volume.

Below are Ups-and-Downs and ſauſages. The artiſt, finding that the fourth ſtall in the machine would complicate his picture, has got it under altogether; and with a view alſo to artiſtic effect he has denied legs to the gentleman who is taſting his ale with ſo much reliſh, while the hot ſauſage grows cold upon his plate. We are to ſuppoſe that he has been drinking till he loſt his legs. Bad, however, as the art is, the repreſentation of details in theſe pictures is exceedingly inſtructive. Michael Angelo could not have diſplàyed the anatomy of a Samſon with more care than the Fan painter has beſtowed on the anatomy of an Up-and-Down.



Finally there is Pye Corner with its "delicate Pig and Pork," upon which a high nobleman, who is confidently pronounced to be the premier, Sir Robert Walpole, has been feaſting. It was always a tradition that Sir Robert Walpole frequently was to be ſeen among the viſitors to Bartholomew Fair.

The ſketches here given, although detached, are exact facſimiles from portions of the coloured plate; and, except ſome unimportant figures with which ſpaces are filled, they are all that it contains.

In Lee and Harper's booth, Harper was chief Comedian. He was a fat round-faced man, with a jolly laugh that qualified him, more than his wit, for the poſition he held as the Falſtaff of his time. He is remembered alſo as one of the comedians who, in 1733, revolted from the patentees at Drury Lane, and eſtabliſhed themſelves at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. George Lee was an adventurous printer,

who did buſineſs in Blue-Maid Alley, Southwark. His name, except as manager, appears only as printer of the Drolls.

Fawkes, at his Booth at the lower end of Lee and Harper's, over againſt the The King's Head Inn in the Fair, exhibited entertainments in the manner following:

"His ſurpriſing and incomparable dexterity of hand, in which he will perform ſeveral entirely new Curioſities, that far ſurpaſſes any thing of that kind ever ſeen before. A curious muſical clock, that he lately purchaſed of Mr. Pinchbeck, Clockmaker in Fleet Street, that plays ſeveral fine Tunes on moſt Inſtruments of Muſick, and imitates the melodious Notes of various Kinds of Birds, as real Life: alſo Ships ſailing, with a number of curious and humorous Figures, repreſenting divers Motions as tho' alive." He had alſo a piece of clockwork called "Art's Maſterpiece, or the Venetian Lady's Invention," with a Dutch Tumbler and his little poſture-maſter, a child of about five years of age, ſome of whoſe feats are repreſented in the picture. Fawkes began his performances at two o'clock, and ended them at eight. His Chriſtian name is unknown; we know only that he was married, and that he was the chief profeſſional Juggler of the days of George the Firſt. Hogarth has introduced his name in his print of Burlington Gate, as part of an inſcription on a board: "Fawkes's dexterity of hand." He died on the 25th of May, 1731, having acquired by his art a fortune of ten thouſand pounds.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fielding's Booth at the George Inn Yard.

THE authority of the Maſter of the Revels ſuffered a ſevere blow in the year 1715, when Sir Richard Steele was aſſociated with Wilks, Cibber, and Booth as a playhouſe manager. The office of the Maſter of the Revels had been created in the year 1546, and Charles Killegrew, in whoſe perſon it practically became extinct, reigned until January, 1724-5. It was he who expunged the whole firſt act of Cibber's *Richard III.*, becauſe he thought that the diſtreſſes of King Henry the Sixth would remind people of King James. Steele and his friends reſolved to try the right of this official to be paid by them for meddling with their plays. They politely urged patent againſt patent, and gained their point. In 1725, Charles Henry Lee ſucceeded Killegrew in his office, and held it for nineteen years, unable to aſſert his claims againſt thoſe who might ſet them at defiance.

In the year 1727-8, Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was produced and took the foremoſt place among the pleaſures of the town. It took a foremoſt place, alſo, among the pleaſures of the next following Bartholomew Fair,

being acted during the time of the Fair, by the Company of Comedians from the New Theatre in the Haymarket, at the George Inn, in Smithfield. William Penkethman, one of the actors who had become famous as a booth manager, was then recently dead, and the Haymarket Comedians carried the *Beggar's Opera* out of Bartholomew into Southwark Fair, where "the late Mr. Penkethman's great Theatrical Booth" afforded them a ſtage. One of the managers of this ſpeculation was Henry Fielding, then only juſt of age, a young man who with good birth, fine wit, and a liberal education both at Eton and at Leyden Univerſity, was left to find his own way in the world. His father agreed to allow him two hundred a-year in the clouds, and, as he afterwards ſaid, his choice lay between being a hackney writer and a hackney coachman. He lived to place himſelf, in reſpect to literature, at the head of the proſe writers of England,—I dare even venture to think, of the world. That his inclinations led him to begin his town life as dramatic author, and that he entered into cloſe aſſociation with the players, everybody knows; it is known alſo that he joined in the management of a booth at Bartholomew Fair in the year 1733; but the ſimple act of turning over old newſpapers impoſed as a duty on the writer of theſe Memoirs, firſt brings to light the fact that Fielding, on beginning life in London, at once looked to the Fairs as a ſource of income, and was a booth-keeper during not leſs than nine years of his life.

The management of the performance of the *Beggar's Opera* at Bartholomew Fair in 1728, was anonymous,

but the removal of the ſame company from the George Inn in Smithfield, to the late Mr. Penkethman's booth at Southwark Fair, is ſpecified by a newſpaper of which I have ſeen only a cutting labelled ſimply with the date, which, as complete files of old papers are not acceſſible, I cannot directly verify. It is, however, indirectly and completely verified by the *Daily Poſt* for the 12th of September, 1728, in which the company is advertiſed as being at Southwark Fair, and Fielding's name ſtands firſt as manager.

At FIELDING and REYNOLDS'S

GREAT THEATRICAL BOOTH,

At the Lower End of Blue Maid Alley, on the Green in SOUTHWARK, during the time of the Fair, will be perform'd the BEGGAR'S OPERA, by the Company of Comedians from the Haymarket.

All the Songs and Dances ſet to Muſic, as performed at the Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

N.B. There is a commodious Paſſage for the Quality, and Coaches through the Half-Moon Inn, and care will be taken that there ſhall be Lights, and People to conduct them to their Places.

It was at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre that the *Beggar's Opera* had been produced, on the 29th of the preceding January, and it was acted there for the ſixty-third night of its memorable "run" on the day after the date of this advertiſement. The Haymarket Company had, of courſe, never performed the piece in its own houſe.

Again in the year following, 1729, the *Beggar's Opera* was performed during the Fair, the place of performance being "the Black Boy on the Paved Stones near Hoſier Lane, Smithfield," and the actors,

Rayner and Pullen's Company of Comedians. That is to ſay, the company of Mrs. Rayner and of Mrs. Pullen, who performed Polly and Lucy; the Macheath being that Mr. Powell whom the *Spectator*, not without ſaving words of praiſe, accuſed of a diſpoſition to obtain "a loud clap" by the artifice of uſing violence of manner where his author had been tranquil. Mrs. Rayner alſo ſang and danced; and the performances in this booth were repeated ſucceſſively during twelve hours, namely from eleven in the morning till eleven at night.

Hall and Jo. Miller formed a theatrical firm at Bartholomew Fair in this year, and, in the *Daily Journal* of Sept. 5th, on the twelfth day of the Fair—ſo little did the will of Mayors prevail—advertiſed that they would perform *Bateman* during its continuance: Bateman by Mr. Oates; Sparrow by Mr. Miller; Old Sparrow, Mr. Hall.

Giffard, a comic actor, attached to the Haymarket Company, ſucceeded to the Management of Penkethman's Theatrical Booth, which he opened in the name of Penkethman and Giffard, and in which he preſented in the year 1730, "Wat Tyler and Jack Straw; or the Mob Reformers. A Dramatic Entertainment." From Penkethman we may part alſo with a reference to the good word written on his behalf by the *Spectator*. After ſaying that "the Craft of an Uſurer, the abſurdity of a rich Fool, the awkward roughneſs of a fellow of half-courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half-wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Doggett," he goes on to obſerve that

"the petulancy of a peeviſh old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in *The Fop's Fortune*, where he anſwers no queſtions but to thoſe whom he likes, and wants no account of anything from thoſe he appoves. Mr. Penkethman is maſter alſo of as many faces in the dumb ſcene, as can be expected from a man in the circumſtances of being ready to periſh out of fear and hunger: he wonders throughout the whole ſcene very maſterly, without neglecting his victuals." It is well to be reminded of ſuch praiſe in annals by which the actor is preſented chiefly as a ſhowman.

The ſucceſs of the *Beggar's Opera* had excited inſtant imitation. The opera of the *Beggar's Wedding*, written by Colley, was produced at Dublin, and then reproduced at the Haymarket, to be performed again with its three acts fuſed into one long act at Drury Lane, when the part of Juſtice Quorum was ſuſtained upon the public ſtage by Henry Fielding.

One of the dated ſcraps of newſpaper, paſted, without the name of the paper from which it came, into the Guildhall collection, but corroborated perfectly as we ſhall ſee, is, in anticipation of the Fair of 1729, to this effect:—"We hear that Mr. Fielding, from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, deſigns to entertain the town, at his Booth in the George Inn Yard," (the phraſe may be thought to imply the fact that he occupied it in the previous year,) "in Smithfield," during the Time of Bartholomew Fair, with the BEGGAR'S WEDDING, having engaged Mr. Charke, Mr.

Hulett, Mrs. Egleton, Mrs. Roberts, Miſs Shireburn, and others, in order to give a general ſatisfaction to all ſpectators." I find, accordingly, in the *Daily Poſt* for Saturday, the 23rd of Auguſt, 1729, that

At Mr. FIELDING'S

GREAT THEATRICAL BOOTH,

In the George Inn Yard in Smithfield during the Time of Bartholomew Fair, will be Acted a diverting Dramatic Opera called

HUNTER, *or* THE BEGGAR'S WEDDING:

with Alterations. Conſiſting of Variety of Engliſh, Scots, and Iriſh Ballad Tunes, with additional Songs never perform'd therein before; particularly a Song of the Chimes of the Times, and the Conceited Farmer, ſung by Mr. Mountfort.

The characters are as announced in the preceding extract; Mrs. Egleton plays *Tippit*. There is Dancing and Harlequinade, partly by Mr. St. Luce, lately arrived from Paris; the Songs and Muſic are to be

Perform'd by a good Band of Inſtruments, accompany'd by a Chamber Organ provided on this occaſion, and play'd upon by the beſt Hand in England.

N.B. The Booth is very Commodious, and the Inn-yard has all the Conveniencies of Coach-room, Lights, &c., for Quality and others; and ſhall perform this Evening at Four, and every day during the time of the Fair; beginning exactly at Two o'Clock, and continuing every Hour till Eleven at Night.

Of courſe every play or opera was much abridged in adaptation for the Fair.

In this year alſo there was a dramatic battle fought with Fielding by the members of the Haymarket Company. Fielding, attached to Drury Lane, was preſenting in the Fair the work that had been juſt produced on their own ſtage, giving it the new firſt title of HUNTER, and, for an obvious reaſon, advertiſing Alterations.

The Haymarket actors, therefore, came into the Fair to act him down, and under the management of Reynolds, his former partner, opened "MR. REYNOLDS'S GREAT THEATRICAL BOOTH, Between the Hoſpital Gate and the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield." Mrs. Nokes, though actreſſes of note ſeldom repeated their parts in the Fair, retained her own Haymarket character of Tippit. Mr. Ray was brought over from Drury Lane to play the part of Hunter. They had alſo the Haymarket band and ſcenery. But their original repreſentative of Chaunter, King of the Beggars, Fielding had lured away. His own men claimed him; Fielding claimed him; and throughout this Fair time, in every number of the *Daily Poſt* from the 25th of Auguſt to the 30th of Auguſt, where there is a break in the file acceſſible to me, Fielding and Reynolds advertiſe the ſame play without a ſyllable of alluſion one to the other, and both claim to have Hulett acting in the part of Chaunter. How he managed to repeat the ſame part every hour in two booths at once, I cannot ſay. The deſign of Reynolds probably was to eſtabliſh ground of action, if deſirable. Hulett's name after this time diſappears from the Haymarket play bills, and he is found to have been received among the actors at Lincoln's Inn Fields. On the firſt day of the Fair, Auguſt the 23rd, only Fielding's advertiſement appears. Having acted the *Beggar's Wedding* until eight in the evening, Reynolds's Company went on until eleven at night with the Opera of *Damon and Phillida*, ending always with an entertainment of groteſque dancing, called the *Humours of Harlequin*.

Bullock had a booth to himſelf that year, in which was performed *Doraſtus and Faunia*, and the adaptation of Doggett's *Country Wake*, "after the manner of the *Beggar's Opera*," called *Flora*.

To Reynolds's advertiſement on the 2nd of September is the following: "Note. This being the Faſt for the Fire of London, we ſhall not play till to-morrow." The *Beggar's Opera* ſtill led the faſhion of the ſtage. There was produced at Lee and Harper's Great Theatrical Booth, in 1728, an adaptation of a piece that had been printed in 1725—"the Priſon Breaker, or the Adventures of John Shepherd, a Farce, as intended to be acted at the T. R. in Lincoln's Inn Fields;" the adaptation of this other ſtory of a thief being ſtyled the *Quaker's Opera*. In 1730, Lee and Harper, ſtill dealing in ballad operas and outlaws, produced at Bartholomew Fair the Opera of *Robin Hood*.

To this year, 1730, belongs a characteriſtic ſtate paper, which will be found printed in the *Daily Poſt* for the laſt day of Auguſt:

"Theſe are to give notice to all Ladies, Gentlemen, and others,

"That at the end Hoſier Lane, in Smithfield, are to be ſeen, during the Time of the Fair, Two Rattle Snakes, one a very large ſize, and rattles that you may hear him at a quarter of a mile almoſt, and ſomething of Muſick, that grows on the tails thereof; of divers colours, forms, and ſhapes, with darts, that they extend out of their Mouths, about two inches long. They were taken on the Mountains of Leamea. A Fine Creature, of a ſmall ſize, taken in Mocha, that bur-

rows under ground. It is of divers colours, and very beautiful. The TEETH of a DEAD RATTLE SNAKE to be ſeen and handled, with the Rattles. A SEA SNAIL, taken on the Coaſt of India. Alſo, the HORN of a FLYING BUCK. Together with a curious Collection of Animals and Inſects from all Parts of the World. To be ſeen without Loſs of Time."

The dramatiſts are not to have this part of the hiſtory entirely to themſelves, and readers of theſe Memoirs muſt be prepared for the occaſionally ſudden intruſion of a rattle-ſnake or other monſter on their quiet meditations.

Another ſhow in the year 1730, was Mr. Pinchbeck's (the watchmaker's) Grand Theatre of the Muſes. This probably was the machine containing a hundred moving figures which had been exhibited by Penkethman in the Little Piazzas, Covent Garden, as "the Pantheon, or the Temple of the Heathen Gods."

In 1730, Fielding was determined that nobody ſhould accuſe him of unfair play. He ſtill occupied his booth at the George Inn, now, however, in partnerſhip with a Drury Lane Comedian, and acted himſelf in a new play, written by William Rufus Chetwood, tutor of Barry, and for many years Drury Lane Prompter. In the *Daily Poſt* for Auguſt 21ſt, and following days, in 1730, it is announced that "At OATES and FIELDING'S Great Theatrical Booth, at the *George Inn Yard, Smithfield*, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be preſented an entire new Opera, call'd THE GENEROUS FREE MASON, or the *Conſtant Lady*. With the Comic Humours of Squire Noodle and his Man Doodle, by

perſons from both the Theatres. The parts of the King of Tunis by Mr. Barcock; Mirza, Mr. Paget; Sebaſtian, Mr. Oates; CLERIMONT, MR. FIELDING," &c. (Here the Capitals are mine.) "Queen, Mrs. Kilby; Maria, Miſs Oates," &c. All the characters newly dreſſ'd with ſeveral entertainments of Dancing by Mons. de Luce, Mademoiſelle de Lorme, and others; particularly the Wooden Shoe Dance; the Perrot and Pierotte, and the Dance of the Black Joke, &c. "Beginning every day at Two o'Clock."

Reynolds's Booth that year had alſo a new play. It was called *Scipio's Triumph* or the *Siege of Carthage*. With the Pantomime of *Harlequin's Contrivance*, or the *Plague of a Wanton Wife*.

In the following year (1731), at MILLER'S, MILLS'S, and OATES'S Great Theatrical Booth over againſt the Hoſpital Gate, the play acted was the *Baniſhed General*, or the *Diſtreſſed Lovers*, Mrs. Roberts being the chief actreſs, and Mills, Oates, and Miller the chief actors. At the end of the firſt act was "the Engliſh Maggot" dance. At the end of the ſecond act, appeared two Harlequins. "The whole concluding with a Grand Dance and Chorus; accompany'd with Kettle Drums and Trumpets. All the Scenes and Decorations entirely new."

Oates had entered into a new partnerſhip, but Fielding ſtill held to his old ground in the George Inn Yard (in 1731), and was managing his booth at Bartholomew Fair in company with Hippiſley and Hall. It was announced both in the *Daily Poſt* and in the *Daily Advertiſer*, as FIELDING'S, HIPPISLEY'S, and HALL'S

Great Theatrical Booth, in the George Inn Yard, Weſt Smithfield, with a Company of Comedians from both the Theatres. They preſented a New Dramatic Opera, called *The Emperor of China, Grand Vulgi*, or *Love in Diſtreſs and Virtue Rewarded:* written by the Author of the *Generous Free Maſon.* With the Comical Humours of Squire Shallow, in his Treatiſe of Marriage, and his Man Robin Booby, intermixt with Variety of Songs, Old Ballads, and Country Dances. The part of Shallow, the Welch Squire, by Mr. Hippiſley, being the firſt time of his appearing in the Fair. Emperor of China, by Mr. Roberts, &c. The other perſons of the play were Carlos; Reſident; Eugenio; Fidelia, Mrs. Templar; Iſabella; Robin Booby, Mr. Hall; Sir Arthur Addleplot, Mr. Penkethman (Penkethman, the younger); Freelove, Mr. Berry; "and the part of Loveit, the Chambermaid, by Mrs. Egleton." With Dancing, and "the whole to conclude with the favourite air in the Opera of *Porus;* accompany'd with Fiddles, Hautbois, Trumpets, and Kettle Drums. Scenes and Cloaths entirely new. Beginning every day exactly at One o'Clock."

At that Fair time it is recorded that an alarm of fire in the booth next to Mrs. Fawkes, ſcared Mrs. Fawkes into a premature confinement. This very ſlight record is the ſole hint I have found of a caſualty by fire in the crowded, careleſs little town of boards and canvas.

In the next year, 1732, Fielding was ſtill in the George Inn Yard, and held with Hippiſley the Great Theatrical Booth there. Their advertiſement is in ſucceſſive numbers of the *Daily Poſt.* The play was,

The Envious Statesman, or the *Fall of Essex*; the Part of the Queen by Mrs. Mullart. With an adaptation, of course by Fielding, of Le Medecin Malgré Lui, called "the Humours of the *Forc'd Physician*, done from the French of Molière, and intermixed with Variety of Songs to old Ballad Tunes and Country Dances. The part of the Physician by Mr. Hippisley." John Hippisley was a wit and a low comedian, who had succeeded to the characters of Penkethman, and was a favourite at once with men of wit and with the mob. He was attached to the new Covent Garden Company, when, by the opening of Covent Garden, rivalry of other houses, and the competition of the foreign opera, the profits of the players were reduced so greatly in the year 1733, that an unusual effort was in that year made by the actors to draw treasure out of Bartholomew Fair. Cibber then first came into the Fair. There were four great Theatrical Booths. One of them, opened in the joint names of Cibber, Griffin, Bullock, and Hallam, performed the Drury Lane play of *Tamerlane the Great*, and Fielding's *Miser*, which he had at the close of the previous winter adapted from Molière, and in which Miss Raftor, better known to us as Mrs. Clive, had appeared at her last benefit. In *Tamerlane*, Cibber himself was the Bajazet, and Mrs. Charke, his youngest daughter—who descended in her latter days to the keeping of a puppet-show, and the selling of sausages—was Haly. In the *Miser*, Griffin played to the Fair people his own part of Lovegold, but Miss Raftor's part of Lappet was transferred to Mrs. Roberts, neither did any other of the ladies who

firſt acted in it, travel with the play to Smithfield. There were alſo an Arlequin and Arlequinne dance, and there was an Epilogue by a little girl dreſſed in boy's clothes. Theſe entertainments were repeated ſeveral times a day. It is recorded that this booth had rich decorations, and was lighted by candles in glaſs luſtres.

A ſecond booth in 1733 was, of courſe, Lee and Harper's, in which *Jephthah's Raſh Vow*, was the entertainment, "with the comical humours of Captain Bluſter and his man Diddimo." Hulett, then attached to the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, was engaged to play the part of Diddimo, and ſtout Mr. Harper —who was ſtill a member of the company at Drury Lane—was Captain Bluſter. Mr. Harper, who has been already mentioned as the natural Falſtaff of his day, had to contradict, by public advertiſement, the rumour that he was engaged to perform Falſtaff in the Fair, at Cibber's Booth.

A third Great Theatrical Booth was maintained by three other members of the Drury Lane Company of Comedians, Miller, Mills, and Oates. They acted "the True and Tragical Story of *Jane Shore*, with the Comical and Diverting Humours of Sir Anthony Noodle and his Man Weazle." Noodle, Mr. Miller; Mr. Shore, by Mr. Mills; Timothy Stampwell, Mr. Oates; Jane Shore, Miss Oates. They gave French Dancing at the end of one Act, and a hornpipe at the end of another. They concluded with a dancing entertainment called "the Gardens of Venus, or the Triumphs of Love," and they undertook to amuſe the company, while they were waiting for the play to begin,

with rope-dancing and tumbling, by the celebrated Signor Morifini, Mons. Jano, and particularly the famous Italian Woman, Mademoifelle de Reverant, and (candour is great) her daughter.

Among the Drury Lane actors in that year, 1733, was the young Drury Lane author—then aged six-and-twenty—again at his old place in the George Inn Yard, and again opening his booth as partner with John Hippifley. The competition among the Theatrical Booths muft have been great. They were all doubly baited with French poſturing and rope-dancing. Fielding and Hippifley's play-bill for this year, is the following :

At FIELDING's and HIPPISLEY's

GREAT THEATRICAL BOOTH,

In the George Inn Yard in Smithfield, During the Time of Bartholomew Fair, will be preſented a Dramatick Entertainment (never perform'd there before), call'd

LOVE AND JEALOUSY,

OR

THE DOWNFALL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The Part of *Alexander* by Mr. Roſco; *Clytus*, Mr. Huddy; *Hepheſtion*, Mr. Houghton; *Lyſimachus*, Mr. Mullart; *Roſana*, Mrs. Mullart; *Statira*, Mrs. Houghton.

To which will be added a Ballad Opera, call'd

A CURE FOR COVETOUSNESS,

OR

THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN.

Done from the French of MOLIERE.

The Part of *Scapin* by Mr. Hippifley, from the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden; *Old Gripe*, Mr. Penkethman, Son to the late facetious Mr. Wm. Penkethman; *Sly*, Mr. Salway; *Octavian*, Mr. Jenkins; *Shift*, Mr. Hewſon; *Lucia*, Miſs Binks; *Loveit*, Mrs. Pritchard; *Medlar*, Mrs. Martin. With the diverting Humours of the Original Marqueſs en Chian, from the Ridotto Al' Freſco. All the Characters, both Roman and Modern, entirely new dreſs'd.

With ſeveral Entertainments of Dancing between the Acts, by Mons. Le Brun, Mrs. Ogden, Mr. Fiſher Tench, and Mademoiſelle D'Lorme.

And farther, to divert the Audience during the Filling of the Booth, the famous Mr. Phillips will perform his ſurpriſing Poſtures on the Stage.

N.B. An Extraordinary Band of Muſic is provided, conſiſting of Violins, Hautboys, Baſſoons, Kettle Drums, Trumpets, and French Horns.

Note. The Paſſage to the Booth will be commodiouſly illuminated with ſeveral large Moons, for the Conveniency of the Company; and Perſons of Quality's Coaches may drive up the Yard.

To begin every day at One o'Clock, and continue till Eleven at Night.

This was not Fielding's laſt year in Bartholomew Fair, although the only one of which mention is made by his recent biographer.

Mrs. Pritchard, born Miſs Vaughan, had recently made her firſt appearance before the public in one of Fielding's pieces at the Haymarket, and had performed alſo at Goodman's Fields; but it was in this part at Bartholomew Fair, alſo one of Fielding's adaptation, that ſhe firſt won the popularity that ſecured her an engagement at Drury Lane, and the opportunity of at once eſtabliſhing a high theatrical reputation in the character of Shakeſpeare's *Roſalind*. A duet ſung by her in the Fair with Mr. Salway, called "Sweet, if you love me, ſmiling turn," created ſo large a demand for copies, that Fielding and Hippiſley cauſed an unlimited number to be printed and given away gratis daily at their Booth while the Fair laſted. Mr. Hippiſley added to the entertainments made unexpectedly ſo popular, "his comic ſcene call'd the Drunken Man."

Mrs. Pritchard came to the ſtage a married woman; her huſband Mr. Wm. Pritchard had ſome office in Drury Lane Theatre; ſhe brought to her profeſſion an

unblemiſhed character, and lived to the laſt in private honour as a wife and mother, not leſs than in public honour as an actreſs. From the day of her firſt ſucceſs as Loveit, in Fielding's Booth at Bartholomew Fair, to the day thirty-four years afterwards when, a ſtout woman advanced in life, ſhe gave, in the year of her huſband's death, her farewell performance as Lady Macbeth to the Macbeth of Garrick, the reſpect and admiration of the town abided firmly by her. In the midſt of the ſeverities of his *Roſciad*, Churchill pauſed to honour

> Pritchard by nature for the ſtage deſign'd
> In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
> Her art, as much as nature's friend became:
> Her voice, as free from blemiſh as her fame.
> Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
> Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?

That praiſe was written ſix-and-twenty years after the firſt real diſcovery of her genius made at Bartholomew Fair, when it was very creditable in P—— H——, to ſend immediately to the *Daily Poſt*, certain lines that atteſt rather his faculty of criticiſm than of ſong:

To Mrs. Pritchard *on her playing the Part of* Loveit *at* Mr. Fielding's *Booth in Bartholomew Fair.*

> If to attract the *Eye*, to charm the *Ear*,
> And touch the *Heart*, an Actor's *Heights* appear;
> Nature and Wit ſo ſtrong in thee combine,
> Excellent Fair!—thoſe *Heights* will ſoon be thine.
> In thy *firſt Eſſay* ev'ry *meaning* ſtroke
> Awakes our Senſes, and ſupports the Joke;
> Surpriz'd we view thy dawning Excellence,
> Thy *Tones* and Geſtures—all reſult from *Senſe*.
> From hence tranſplanted to a brighter ſtage,
> (And Prophet may I be!) thou'lt charm the Age

> When *Art*, with delicate *Experience* join'd,
> Shall form thy *Action* and improve thy *Mind*,
> How wilt thou, perfect both in *Voice* and *Mien*,
> Add pointed Beauties to the painted Scene?

Thus far, then, it has appeared that in the firſt ſix years of Fielding's literary life he looked to Bartholomew Fair as a ſource of income. Freſh to his work, dependent wholly on his ingenuity for bread, and only twenty-one years old, he found London aſtir with the fame of Gay's operatic jeſt, and ſpeculated ſafely in the eſtabliſhment of a booth in the George Inn Yard, wherein he alſo might profit by the crowding of the public to the *Beggar's Opera*. The ſpeculation was inevitably profitable, and by the George Inn Yard, Fielding abided. Next year he looked for profit to a reproduction with ſome colourable alterations, of the Haymarket novelty, the *Beggar's Wedding*, and engaged from the Haymarket its chief actor in the piece. The Haymarket people, though the piece had not been written for them, reſented this poſſeſſion of their choſen ground, ran their own play againſt Fielding's in the Fair, and battled with him for poſſeſſion of the truant actor. The actor, doubtleſs, though announced to play in both the booths, played only at the George, for we find him from this date ſtruck off the liſt of the Haymarket Company. There was perhaps temper concerned in the fact that when, next year, Drury Lane alſo ſeized upon the *Beggar's Wedding*, Fielding appeared in it as actor. But at the Fair in that next year, determined to avoid a repetition of unprofitable conteſt, he was cheering the heart of the Drury Lane Prompter

by producing a play of his compoſition, an entirely new play, and himſelf acting before the Fair in one of its parts. The jeſts that the Fair needed, he furniſhed then and afterwards, not by the uſual buffooneries, but by adapting for his booth the gayeſt of the comedies of Molière. In this adventure he was proſperous, for in the next year he produced another of the prompter's plays. In the fifth year of his booth management he entertained the Fair with a piece which ſeems to have been of his own deviſing, called the *Earl of Eſſex*, and with another jeſt from Molière adapted by himſelf. That his booth by this time had become famous for the good amuſement he provided, is atteſted by this paragraph from the *Daily Poſt* of the 30th of Auguſt, 1732 :—"Yeſterday the Prince and Princeſſes went to Bartholomew Fair, and ſaw Mr. Fielding's celebrated Droll called the *Earl of Eſſex* and the *Forced Phyſician*, and were ſo well pleaſed as to ſtay to ſee it twice performed." A paragraph ſuggeſtive not only of the ſtrength of Fielding, but of the ſtrength alſo that yet abided by the Fair. Still renting the George Inn Yard at the next Bartholomew Fair, Fielding's booth became more than ever famous through the brilliant reputation ſuddenly acquired in it by Mrs. Pritchard.

But that was not the cloſing year of the career of Fielding as a booth-keeper. In 1734, he was again at Bartholomew Fair, for the ſeventh time manager of the booth in the Yard of the George Inn. Mrs. Pritchard, who in the interval had won her place at Drury Lane, did not withdraw herſelf from her firſt hearty

and effectual public friends. It was then "Fielding and Oates's Great Theatrical Booth in the George Inn Yard, Weſt Smithfield, during the time of Bartholomew Fair." The play was *Don Carlos, Prince of Spain*, without interpolation of buffoonery. Then followed a new ballad opera, the *Conſtant Lover*, in which Oates was Ragout, Mr. Stoppelaer played the part of Springgame, and Mrs. Pritchard was the Cloe. There were dances, poſtures, kettle-drums. The performances were continued every day from one o'clock until eleven.

Even now we have not traced to the end this eſſential feature in the life of the great Maſter of all Noveliſts. The next year, 1735, is that in which the Court of Aldermen came to a "final reſolve touching Bartholomew Fair, that the ſame ſhall not exceed Bartholomew's Eve, Bartholomew's Day, and the Day after; and that during that time nothing but ſtalls and booths ſhall be erected for the ſale of goods, wares, and merchandiſe, and no acting be permitted." They had come to many ſuch reſolves at divers times, but the paſſive reſiſtance of the ſhowmen was too ſtrong for them; an energetic Mayor might compel obedience in this year or that, but the fourteen day Fair had recovered from all corporate attacks, chiefly becauſe there was no law ſharp enough for uſe againſt rebellious players. But in 1735 there was an energetic Mayor, Sir John Barnard, who could defy a premier and compel obedience from a ſhowman; and ſhortly afterwards the Licenſing Act became a law, which reduced all unlicenſed players to the grade of vagrants, over whom

the Magiſtrate had a deſpotic power. That Act at laſt gave to the City Magiſtracy power enough to command obedience. For this reaſon it happens that after the year 1735 Bartholomew Fair could be reſtrained, actually and not nominally, to the original limit of three days. Nevertheleſs, after a few years it again had broken bounds, and had to be confined again in the year 1750. A complete interdict upon ſtage plays was in each year the perſonal act of the Mayor, and valid only in his mayoralty. In 1735 they were forbidden; Fielding, therefore, was not at the George Inn Yard, nor were there any other players in the Fair. Had there not been an interdict, Fielding, no doubt, ſtill would have been abſent, for that was the year of his marriage and retirement to the country.

But before the next Bartholomew Fair, when for the three days ſtage plays were permitted, he was poor again, ſeeking a livelihood in London; and again therefore, in the year 1736, he was to be found at his old quarters. It was then Fielding and Hippiſley's booth in the George Inn Yard. *Don Carlos* was repeated, and Molière's *Fourberies de Scapin* was adapted for the Fairgoer in ſearch of "Humours," as the *Cheats of Scapin*. Faithful Mrs. Pritchard came alſo to the Fair again to ſerve her friend, taking a part in the Molière piece, with the old name of Loveit, which reminded people of her earlieſt ſucceſs. For the next year, record is wanting to me. In the acceſſible files of newſpapers thoſe are omitted which contain the booth advertiſements, and I have only two or three dated ſlips

in the collections, among which there is no ſlip telling by whom the booth at the George Inn Yard was occupied. In the year following, Fielding having joined one of the Inns of Court, his name does not appear as manager of the booth in the George Yard. It was "Hallam's Booth," and the play acted was the *Dragon of Wantley*, to be played by the Company of Lilliputians from Drury Lane. After that date, it is obvious that Fielding looked no more to Bartholomew Fair for a portion of his income. If we may aſſume that Fielding occupied the George Inn Yard in 1737, then it is over ten years of his life that his connection with Bartholomew Fair muſt be ſaid to extend. If we reject what is a moſt uncertain ſurmiſe, the certain fact remains, that for nine years of his life Fielding was connected with the Fair, making his name familiar in men's mouths as a booth proprietor; year after year renting the ſame piece of ground; holding it during Fair time, now with one actor, now with another, as his partner, in uninterrupted poſſeſſion during all that time; and never abſent from the Fair, except in the one year when all ſtage-playing was excluded. This is ſomething that entirely differs from the accidental partnerſhip in a booth at the Fair, during the year of diſtreſs at Drury Lane, which induced even Cibber to appear upon a ſtage in Smithfield.

In the Muſical Companion or Ladies Magazine for 1741 are ſome verſes, entitled *A Trip to Bartholomew Fair*. Though printed in 1741, they muſt have been written ſome time before, or founded on old memoirs. They begin by aſſuming that a wife ſteals out to the

Fair during her huſband's abſence, in hope of finding a truſtworthy ſpark. With him ſhe ſays,

——I would ramble
The Fair all around;
I'd eat and I'd drink
Of the beſt could be found.

There's *Fielding* and *Oates*,
There's *Hippeſley* and *Hall*,
There's *Bullock* and *Lee*,
And the Devil and all.

Here Fielding's connection with the Fair is, to a contemporary, ſo obvious, that his name is the firſt to come to mind in an enumeration.

CHAPTER XXII.

State Papers.

ALTHOUGH ſuch monarchs of the ſtage as Betterton, Quin, and Garrick, were not induced by large profits and quick returns to perform ſix times a day before a Smithfield audience; and although no actreſs of high ſtanding, except, for good reaſon and in good company, Mrs. Pritchard, and in one year Mrs. Cibber, brought her genius to market in the Fair; yet had the Smithfield Drama certainly its golden age in the days of which we have been ſpeaking and now ſpeak. The three or four "Great Theatrical Booths" were, in fact, three or four playhouſes, ſuſtained by nearly all the favourite comedians of the day. The names of actors who had made themſelves moſt clearly the favourites of the town by their drollery, ſerved as attractive labels to the booths they managed. If, for the ſake of illuſtration, I may take a moment's liberty with the names of actors living in our time, I ſhould ſay that had they lived in the middle of the laſt century they would have eſtabliſhed, without loſs of profeſſional or ſocial credit, ſuch Theatrical Booths in Bartholomew Fair as "Robſon's and Keeley's," or "Buckſtone's, Compton's, and Wright's;"

and that they would have acted pieces altered or written to suit the occasions of the Fair in association rather with their brother actors of the playhouse, than with the strolling players who were left a few years later in the sole possession of the booths. We have seen that a Smithfield Theatre was in those days able to attract to itself Royal visitors. Two playhouses, at least, were closed during the Fair, and their audiences flocked into Smithfield for amusement. That a large part of the audience in one of the principal Theatrical Booths was composed of the regular play-goers is suggested by the fact that when, in 1733, Cibber the younger announced from the stage in the Fair, that on the 20th of September next following, the Haymarket Theatre would be opened with Congreve's *Love for Love*, such an announcement made in that place was received with strong applause.

Of course there was also in the Fair the party of the Pig-Woman to be considered, and the rough English mob, raw material of the more polished English people, which has a predominant delight in jesters. I believe that the quiet love of what is best called "fun," in which the Englishman stands high above all rivalry, and his quick instinct for the ridiculous, which is a part of it, have been even more serviceable than his patriotism in checking dangerous extravagance and keeping safe sense uppermost in public writing and in public action. If there had been no spirit of fun in us, we might have gone to ruin in one Revolution; and then, good patriots as we all are, have clashed about the fragments of our constitution in the chaos of a dozen revolutions more. Therefore I look with no contempt at all the fooleries of

Bartholomew Fair. The jack-puddings are gone, but we have ſtill good ſtore of clowns every Chriſtmas, and the nation is the ſtronger for its power of enjoying them. The "Humours interſperſed" at the Fair with tales of Rome and Babylon, ſtill live in the farces and burleſques which keep us merry at the theatres. We practiſe ourſelves well in laughter over feigned abſurdities, and we in the meantime learn to ſubdue with laughter alſo real abſurdities of life, which, in a nation holding itſelf to be wiſer for its want of fooliſhneſs, would prompt only to follies that occaſion tears and groans. Then let us not ſtand aloof magnificently from the nonſenſe of the Fair. The ludicrous things to be read in the Manifeſtoes of its Miniſters of Pleaſure, are in the worthieſt ſenſe State Papers to us, if we underſtand them thoroughly. Such State Papers have done more good to England than will ever be done to her neighbour country by the programmes, with no fun in them, proceeding from the manager, who, regardleſs of expenſe, has produced the Tragi-Comedy of "the Empire" at his Great Theatrical Booth ſomewhere in Paris. It is wiſer as well as merrier to have at Bartholomew Fair than at Weſtminſter a Dragon of Wantley repreſented by a Company of Lilliputians.

Having thus claimed due reſpect for them, I ſhall produce ſome more Bartholomew State Papers. A juſt intereſt in Henry Fielding makes it right that we ſhould clearly know what the Fair was when he was part of it, and how, therefore, his booth-keeping touches our impreſſion of his character.

The George Inn Yard and the ground facing the

Hoſpital gate were the two principal ſites for a Smithfield playhouſe. In (1736) the firſt year of plays after the reduction of the Fair to its original three days, the only Great Booth, except Fielding and Hippiſley's, was Hallam and Chapman's, where, as the managers mournfully announced, "during the Short Time of Bartholomew Fair," the performances conſiſted of *Fair Roſamond* and a Ballad Opera.

In 1737, at Hallam's Great Booth, over againſt the Hoſpital Gate, the play was *All Alive and Merry*, with the ſurpriſing performances of various Tumblers and Poſture maſters, having French and Dutch names, alſo the Italian Shadows by "the beſt Maſters from Italy, and which have not been ſeen here theſe Twenty years." The whole to conclude with a grand Ballet Dance call'd *Le Badinage Champêtre*. "With a Complete Band of Muſick of Hautboys, Violins, Trumpets, and Kettle Drums. All the Decorations entirely new. To begin every Day at One o'Clock, and continue till eleven at Night. The Fair begins to-morrow at One o'Clock."

In the ſame year at Yeates' Senior and Junior's Great booth facing the Hoſpital Gate, the Artificial Moving Wax Work, five feet high, preſented the *Lover his own Rival*. There was alſo a machine coach and horſes made by Mr. Cornues of France. Yeates' junior's dexterity of hand. Alſo the famous tumbler. All new. "Note. The Tap is to be lett."

In 1738, at Penkethman's Great Theatrical Booth, againſt the Hoſpital Gate, there was, "during the Short Time of Bartholomew Fair," a New entertainment called *The Man's Bewitched*, or the *Devil to Do About Her*.

Diego, Furioſo's Man, Mr. Penkethman (the Younger). Added to this was the *Country Wedding* or the *Roving Shepherd*, and an Extraordinary Band of Muſic, not forgetting kettle-drums. Time 1 a.m.—11 p.m. At Hallam's Great Theatrical Booth in the George Inn Yard, a celebrated burleſque opera, *The Dragon of Wantley*, was performed by the Lilliputian Company from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. And during the time of filling the Booth, the famous Mons. Rapineſe was to perform his ſurpriſing poſtures on the Stage. "Note the extraordinary band of muſic, Violins, Hautboys, Baſſoons, Kettle-Drums, Trumpets, and French Horns. The Paſſage to the Booth will be commodiouſly illuminated with ſeveral large Moons and Lanthorns, for the Conveniency of the Company, and that Perſons of Quality's coaches may drive up the yard.

"The Fair begins to-morrow and will end on Saturday Night. Time, 1—11."

In 1739, at Lee and Phillips' Great Theatrical Booth, corner of Hoſier Lane, there were ſerious and comic entertainments. 1. A Grand Scene of Cupid and Pſyche. 2. A Scaramouch Dance by Mr. Phillips and others, which he perform'd at the Opera Houſe in Paris, upwards of forty ſucceſſive nights, with univerſal applauſe. 3. A Dialogue between Punch and Columbine. 4. The Drunken Peaſant, by Mr. Phillips. To which was added, a Dramatic Pantomime Entertainment, call'd *Columbine Courteſan*. Harlequin, Mr. Phillips from the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. Columbine, Mrs. Phillips. Spaniard and Clown.

The Booth at the George Inn was occupied that year

by Hippifley, Chapman, and Legar, who played *The Top of the Tree*, with a (then famous) dog fcene, and a Harlequinade of *Perfeus and Andromeda.* A new taſte for harlequinade was then predominant in the playgoer, and the Booths of the Fair made haſte to take advantage of it. Hallam, oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate, played in this year *Harlequin turned Philoſopher* and the *Sailor's Wedding.*

In 1740, at the Booth in the George Yard, Hippifley and Chapman played the *Cheats of Scapin*, which Fielding had preſented as a ballad opera, at a time when the *Beggar's Opera* had brought all kinds of Ballad opera into requeſt, but which was preſented now in accordance with the change of taſte that Rich eſtabliſhed, as *Harlequin Scapin.* In this Booth, Hippifley, Oates, and Yates all acted. This was the bill:—"At Hippisley's and Chapman's G. T. B., in the George Inn, Smithfield. Harlequin Scapin, or the Old One Caught in a Sack, with the Comical Tricks, Cheats, and Shifts of *Scapin's* Two Companions, *Tim the Barber* and *Bounce-about the Bully.* The part of Scapin by Mr. Hippifley; Tim, Mr. Chapman; Bounce-about, Mr. Arthur; . . . Slyboots, Mr. Yates. With entertainments of Singing and Dancing by Mr. Oates, . . . Mr. Yates, Mrs. Phillips and others, particularly a new Whimfical and Diverting Dance called the *Spaniſh Beauties.* The whole to conclude with a new Mufical Entertainment called *The Parting Lovers*, or the *Preſs-gang.* The part of Tom Trueblue, by Mr. Bencroft; Old Briton, Mr. Arthur; Lieut. Dreadnought, Mr. Arthur; Nancy, Mrs. Villeneuve. With a grand chorus accompanied by

Violins, Baſſoons, Hautboys, French Horns, Trumpets, and Kettle-Drums. Note. The Fair ends this Day."

In the ſame year, Yeates and Hallam maintained ſeparate booths oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate, one playing *Orpheus and the Death of Eurydice*, with the Metamorphoſes of Harlequin, the other playing *The Rambling Lover*, with Comical Humours of Squire Softhead, his Man Bullcalf, Mother Catterwawl, and ſo forth. There was alſo a Great Theatrical Booth maintained in that year, by Fawkes, Pinchbeck, and Terwin.

In the following year there was ſo large a muſter of the players in the Fair, that we might ſuppoſe they had already conquered the three days' reſtriction, if they were not all advertiſing their performances for "the ſhort time of Bartholomew Fair." Hippiſley and Chapman were at the George Inn acting a Droll called *The Devil of a Duke*, with the Comical Humours of Capt. Tipple. Hallam from Covent Garden had *Fair Roſamond*; another Hallam produced Rope Dancers and Tumblers. Fawkes and Pinchbeck had a working model of the ingenious clockmaker's manufacture, advertiſed as "the true and exact Siege of Cartagena," with an announcement that "Before the Siege begins, will be ſpoken and given gratis the authenticated Speech of the Admiral;" —a reflection again of the great world in the Fair, thrown back, not from the paſſions of the people, but from the mechanical ſkill in which they had begun to excel and delight, and of which the Fair, therefore, now diſplayed abundant evidence. Fawkes and Pinchbeck promiſed a Comedy after the mechaniſm, and invited cuſtom with a burleſque flouriſh meant for fun.

The Comedian Yates, in this year, 1741, appears for the firſt time as a manager at Bartholomew Fair, where he was deſtined to be very popular:

> In characters of low and vulgar mould,
> Where nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
> Where deſtitute of every decent grace,
> Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
> There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
> Acts truly from himſelf and gains applauſe.

In the Fair, if anywhere, he could earn that opinion from Churchill. We have ſeen that he made his firſt appearance there in the preceding year. This year he ruled the booth of Turbutt and Yates, oppoſite the King's Head and Greyhound, where, after the dramatic pantomime of *Thamas Kouli Kan, the Perſian Hero*—founded on news of the day from the Eaſt—he acted "a Drunken Epilogue, in the character of an Engliſh Sailor." Engliſh ſailors now, in war time, begin to form an important and liberal part of the public at the Fair, and performances not ſeldom conclude with a tribute to them in a grand ſcene of the Temple of Neptune.

Finally, there was in this year, the theatrical booth of Lee and Woodward, oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate, in which was to be ſeen *Darius, King of Perſia*, or the *Noble Engliſhman*, with the Comical Humours of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, at the Siege of Babylon (!)

Fielding, it will be ſeen, had parted altogether from the Fair. It was in the next year, 1742, that his firſt novel was iſſued. We paſs on—croſſing the blank year 1744, in which the Mayor and Aldermen of London again interdicted ſtage-plays at the Fair—to the year

1748, in which we find a hint of Smollett's popularity. The George Inn Yard was then occupied by Bridges, Croſs, Barton, and Vaughan, with a Company from the Theatres Royal, and they acted An Hiſtorical Drama (on events comparatively recent), never acted before, called, the *Northern Heroes*, or the *Bloody Conteſt between Charles the Twelfth and Peter the Great, Czar of Muſcovy, &c.*, Interſperſed with a Comic Interlude, never acted before, called *the Volunteers*, or the *Adventures of Roderick Random and his Friend Strap*, with entertainments of dancing, &c. Boxes, 2*s.* 6*d.* Pit, 1*s.* 6*d.* Firſt Gallery, 1*s.* Upper Gallery, 6*d.* New Dreſſes. Begin at 12. In the ſame year, Couſins and Reynolds, at the G. T. B. over againſt Cow Lane, played the *True and Ancient Hiſtory of King Henry IV.*, or the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, &c., with several diverting Scenes between Squire Punch and his Man Gudgeon. Likewiſe there was a beautiful repreſentation of the Court of the Queen of Hungary in Waxwork, being the moſt beautiful figures in England, and as big as life. With Variety of dancing between the Acts. To conclude with the Italian Sword dancers, who had the honour to perform before His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, with great applauſe. Pit, 1*s.* Firſt Gallery, 6*d.* Upper Gallery, 3*d.*

In the ſame year we find reference to Foote, for by a Company of Comedians from the Theatres, after there had been performed for the delight of the ſailors, at Huſſey's G. T. B., facing the Hoſpital Gate, a new Droll, called *the Conſtant Quaker*, or the *Humours of Wapping;* there was ſinging and dancing, including "a

new dance, called *Punch's Maggot*, or *Foote's Vagaries*, by Maſter Harriſon and Maſter Dominique. Then a Pantomime, *Harlequin's Frolics*, or the *Rambles of Covent Garden*. "The whole to conclude with a magnificent Piece of Fireworks, never exhibited before, in Honour of the approaching Peace; in which will be repreſented a ſuperb Temple of Apollo, adorn'd with a grand Triumphal Arch, decorated and embelliſhed with various Trophies of War; to be accompanied with a chorus of vocal and inſtrumental muſic. Boxes, 2*s*. Pit, 1*s*. Gallery, 6*d*. To begin each day at Twelve o'clock."

In that year alſo there was a ſhow at the firſt houſe on the pavement from the end of Hoſier Lane, which contained a Camel, a Hyæna, a Panther, a "young Oronutu Savage," and "the wonderful and ſurpriſing ſatyr, call'd by Latin authors, Pan."

The genius of the Fair has not departed from it: ſtill there is—

The greateſt Prodigy in Nature. To be ſeen, during the Fair, on the Pavement, near the End of Cow-Lane, Smithfield, A moſt extraordinary LARGE HOG, near Twelve Feet long, and weighs 120 Stone. Being the moſt remarkable Sight ever offered to the Public. His Keeper is the amazing little DWARF, Being the ſmalleſt Man in the World.

Admittance only 3*d*. each.

The Hog is of all time. The next advertiſement is probably of older date than the year under which it is inſerted.

THE GERMAINE MASTERPIECE,

BEING

That FAMOUS KNIFFE, which hath been for ſome time in England, and highly applauded by y^e^ moſt Exquiſite Artiſts, containing in the Haſt ſixty odd ſeveral Figures, ſome Engraved, others Carved, and all to the admiration of thoſe that behold them; it hath two Keys, which open

ſeaven Locks, including thoſe various Rarities contrived therein: it was ſeaven years a Making, and Valued by the Authour, that famous Artiſt of Germany, at Fifteene Hundred Pounds, and is now expoſed to publique View, for Englands ſatisfaction. To be ſeen At Bartholomew Faire, againſt the King's Head, with other Rarities.

By me, JOHN GIFFORD.

To the Nobility and Gentry, and to all who are Admirers of the Extraordinary Productions of Nature.

There is to be ſeen in a commodious Apartment, at the Corner of Cow-Lane, facing the Sheep-Pens, Weſt Smithfield, During the ſhort time of Bartholomew Fair,

MARIA TERESIA,

the Amazing CORSICAN FAIRY, who has had the Honour of being ſhown three Times before their Majeſties.

☞ She was exhibited in Cockſpur-Street, Hay-market, at two ſhillings and ſixpence each Perſon; but that Perſons of every Degree may have a Sight of ſo extraordinary a Curioſity, ſhe will be ſhown to the Gentry at ſixpence each, and to Working People, Servants, and Children, at Three-pence, during this Fair.

This moſt aſtoniſhing Part of the Human Species was born in the Iſland of Corſica, on the Mountain of Stata Ota, in the year 1743. She is only thirty-four Inches high, weighs but twenty-ſix Pounds, and a Child of two Years of Age has larger Hands and Feet. Her ſurpriſing Littleneſs makes a ſtrong Impreſſion at firſt Sight on the Spectator's Mind. Nothing diſagreeable, either in Perſon or Converſation, is to be found in her; although moſt of Nature's Productions, in Miniature, are generally ſo in both. Her Form affords a pleaſing Surpriſe, her Limbs are exceedingly well proportioned, her admirable Symmetry engages the attention; and, upon the whole, is acknowledged a perfect Beauty. She is poſſeſſed of a great deal of Vivacity of Spirit; can ſpeak Italian and French, and gives the inquiſitive Mind an agreeable Entertainment. In ſhort, ſhe is the moſt extraordinary Curioſity ever known, or ever heard of in Hiſtory; and the Curious, in all countries where ſhe has been ſhown, pronounce her to be the fineſt Diſplay of Human Nature, in Miniature, they ever ſaw.

*** She is to be ſeen, by any Number of Perſons, from Ten in the Morning till Nine at Night.

In 1749, Croſs and Bridges, oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate, announced in the *General Advertizer*, that they would preſent a New Dramatic Droll, called the *Fair Lunatick*, or the *Generous Sailor*. Being founded on

a Story in Real Life, as related in the Memoirs of Mrs. Conſtantia Phillips. In which will be introduc'd a new Scene of Bedlam, call'd *Modern Madneſs*, or, *A Touch at the Times*. Interſperſ'd with a merry interlude, call'd the *Jovial Jack Tars*, with the Comical Humours of Nurſe Prate and Will Bowling, the Jovial Tars; as alſo of Jack Handſpike, Nick Hatchway, and Simon Buckely, Sailors; with Mary the Chambermaid, Suſan of the Dairy; Kate of the Kitchen, and Nan the Spinner. The whole to conclude with the *Jubilee Ball*, dances, trumpets, and kettledrums.

In the ſame year, Yeates was alone, oppoſite the George Inn, with the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, and the *Bottle Conjuror out-done*. He was alſo oppoſite the Hoſpital Gate (during the Short Time of Bartholomew Fair), with Lee and Warner, acting the *Hiſtory of Whittington* "perform'd in the ſame manner as it was by Mrs. Lee, fifteen years ago."

Alſo in this year, "YATES *from the* Theatre Royal *in* Drury Lane," had the Great Theatrical Booth in the George Inn, and performed according to announcement in the *General Advertizer*,

A New, Pleaſant, and Diverting Droll, call'd the DESCENT of the HEATHEN GODS, with the LOVES of JUPITER and ALCMENA; or Cuckoldom no Scandal. Interſperſed with ſeveral Diverting Scenes, both Satyrical and Comical, particularly the Surpriſing Metamorphoſis of *Jupiter* and *Mercury*; the very remarkable Tryal before *Judge Puzzlecauſe*, with many Learned Arguments on both Sides, to prove that One can't be Two. Likewiſe the Adventures and whimſical Perplexities of *Gormandize Simple* the Hungarian Footman; with the wonderful Converſation he had with, and the dreadful Drubbing he received from, *His Own Apparition*; together with the Intrigues of *Dorothy Squeezepurſe* the Wanton Chambermaid,

And so forth, very much reminding us of Hero a

Wench o' the Bankſide, who was ſpied by Leander landing at Trig-ſtairs. The part of Jupiter was by Mr. Oates. Mr. Yates mixed with the Heathen Gods as the Hungarian Footman, and Miſs Hippiſley was Dorothy the Chambermaid.

The laſt booth-bill belonging to this ſchool of Bartholomew Fair drama that I care to quote, is that iſſued in the ſame year of the Fair by "CUSHING, *from the* Theatre Royal *in* Covent Garden." His booth was oppoſite the King's Head, Smithfield, and he alſo announced in the *General Advertizer*, with ſpecial emphaſis, that it was during the Short Time of Bartholomew Fair, he meant to preſent "The Tragical Hiſtory of the LIFE and DEATH of KING JOHN. Interſperſed with a Comic Piece, call'd the Adventures of Sir LUBBERLY LACKBRAINS, and His Man BLUNDERBUSS. The Tragedy contains the barbarous contrivances of King John, againſt his Nephew, Prince Arthur; his method of perſuading Hubert to undertake the cruel Murder of that Youth; the Sufferings of Arthur in his confinement, where Hubert attempts to put out his eyes, with Red-hot Iron" &c. "The comic contains the exquiſite Drolleries of Sir Lubberly," and includes a Tom Raſh, a Jeffery Holdfaſt, and a Moll Tatler. Sir Lubberly, Mr. Cuſhing; Lady Conſtance, Mrs. Cuſhing; Prince Arthur, by Miſs Yates, from Drury Lane. "Violins, Hautboys, Baſſoons, Trumpets, Kettledrums."

There is a man here named Ford, who was famous in Bartholomew Fair and in London by the name that his cry gave him, of Tiddy Doll the Gingerbread Baker.

His diſappearance from his uſual ſtation in the Haymarket in 1752 (when he was gone among the country

fairs) gave riſe to a Grub-ſtreet halfpenny account of his murder, which produced a week's wealth to its publiſher. The annexed ſketch of him is by Hogarth, who introduces him into the picture of the Idle Apprentice executed at Tyburn.

After a few years, one more of the beſt comedians of this generation, became famous alſo as a booth-manager in Smithfield. Yates in the Fair was ſoon followed by Edward Shuter:

> Shuter who never cared a ſingle pin
> Whether he left out nonſenſe or put in.

It is a hard fate for the actors of a hundred years ago, that their features come moſt readily to mind in the ſharp lines with which Churchill drew them in *The Roſciad.* Shuter, it is to be remembered, was the man who took the thruſt into his ribs with the beſt humour. In him the line of true comedians acting at the Fair became extinct, but while he played he ruled there, for he was the darling of the crowd:

> From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
> And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo droll.

In 1760, when *The Roſciad* was written, he was monarch of the Smithfield ſtage, on which the Satiriſt bade Murphy ſeek his proper throne:

> A vacant throne, high placed in Smithfield, view,
> To ſacred Dulneſs and her firſt-born due.
> Thither with haſte in happy hour repair;
> Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there.
> Shuter himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
> And venal *Ledgers* puff their Murphy's name;
> While Vaughan, or Dapper, call him which you will,
> Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.

A writer in the *St. James's Chronicle* (March 24, 1791) wiſhed to place upon record the fact, that it was Shuter who, in the year 1759, when Maſter of a Droll in Smithfield, invented a way, ſince become general at Fairs, of informing players in the booth when they may drop the curtain and diſmiſs the company, becauſe there are enough people waiting outſide to form another audience. The man at the door pops in his head and makes a loud inquiry for "John Audley?"

There lived about this time a popular Merry-Andrew,

who ſold Gingerbread nuts in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and becauſe he received a guinea a-day for his fun during the Fair, he was at pains never to cheapen himſelf by laughing, or by noticing a joke, during the other three hundred and ſixty-two days of the year.

In 1760, there was ſtill enough life in the Smithfield drama to give expectation of a Smithfield Roſciad from Churchill. But very ſoon afterwards, the Hiſtory of the Engliſh Stage parted entirely from the Story of the Fair. No actor of note appeared in a booth after Shuter's time. Garrick's name is connected with the Fair only by ſtories that regard him as a viſitor out of another world. He offers his money at the entrance to a Theatrical booth, and it is thought a jeſt worth tranſmitting to poſterity, that he is told by the check-taker, "We never takes money of one another." He ſees one of his own ſturdy Drury Lane porters inſtalled at a booth door, when he is preſſed ſorely in the crowd and calls for help. "It's no uſe," he is told, "I can't help you. There 's very few people in Smithfield as knows Mr. Garrick off the ſtage." The great actor was in the Fair ſimply a little man, born to be always worſted in the cruſh. Bartholomew Fair did indeed witneſs ſome of the firſt flaſhes of the genius of Edmund Kean, as Maſter Carey, and may alſo have ſeen him, as tradition ſays it did, with no known father, and a doubtful mother, falling as a boy-rider, in the circus, and receiving the hurt to his leg of which the mark remained in later years; but I have ſought in vain among its ſtate papers for any mention of the name of "Maſter Carey." The playhouſe of the Fair

left to itſelf by the playhouſe of the Town, had no more royalty of rank or wit before the curtain. Every year it ſank, till it had fairly ſuited itſelf to the taſte of its new public. Abſurd and wretched as were the pieces played in Yates's and Shuter's time, yet it was certainly a notable fall when the Bartholomew Addiſon tumbled into a pit full of ſkeletons, and murderers, and ſpectre brides, out of the company of Cephalus and Procris, or Orpheus and Eurydice, even though Squire Gawky intruded there, and Maſter Ferg performed a ſolo on the kettle-drums.

Smithfield, no longer in the ſuburbs, had not only been hemmed in by the growth of London until it had become a central point in the Metropolis, but it chanced alſo that it was immediately hemmed in by regions, black with neglected ignorance, in which were ſome of the moſt famous haunts of London thieves. By every thief living in London, Bartholomew Fair was regarded as an annual performance for his benefit; and all the ignorance and vice of the town, poured therefore, as it had always done, into the Fair: but the town was become larger, the tide of evil in it fuller and ſtronger, and the old breakwaters were gone. Decency did indeed go to the Fair to buy toys, and enjoy the outſide gaiety of all its buſtle; but its receſſes were left uſually unexplored by creditable viſitors, and ſhowmen were left to diſcover, that an ignorant and vicious rabble was the public by whoſe pleaſure they muſt live. One evidence of this we ſhall find in the fact that, during the laſt years of Bartholomew Fair, nearly all the ſhows charged but a ſingle penny for admiſſion.

But in the year 1760, there was outſide Smithfield ſtill a taſte that made ſome corners of it, in due ſeaſon, an Elyſium to the faſhionable. "Theſe people," ſaid Goldſmith's Citizen Philoſopher, writing in that year, "are not more fond of wonders than liberal in rewarding thoſe who ſhow them .... A fellow ſhall make a fortune by toſſing a ſtraw from his toe to his noſe; one in particular has found that eating fire was the moſt ready way to live;"

This is the man ☞
His name was Powell.

"and another, who gingles ſeveral bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of, who has received emolument from the labours of his head."

This is the man ☞
His name was Roger Smith.

I have no wiſh to be the ſhowman's Plutarch. Details of the laſt and leaſt intereſting part of the Fair's hiſtory are thoſe which moſt

abound, but the main facts illuſtrated by them are few in number. The accidental exceſs of material muſt not divert our attention from the plan and purpoſe of the hiſtory we build. The roof is not to be as large as the houſe, becauſe we chance to have more tiles than bricks at our diſpoſal. One uſe, however, it will be worth while to make of the increaſed maſs of documents connected with the laſt days of the Fair. In theſe laſt days, as ordinary arts of life advanced in England, picture makers multiplied, and ſhowmen indulged freely in cheap illuſtrations to their handbills. Comic engravings alſo found both publiſhers and purchaſers in plenty. Therefore it is now eaſy to tell much to the eye that formerly was to be told only through the ears, and from this new advantage we muſt get what benefit we can. A Fair is full of ſights, and we muſt uſe our eyes as much as poſſible before we leave it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Laſt Years of the Condemned.

Old cuſtom had eſtabliſhed that as the civic proceſſion paſſed, on its way to Cloth Fair, under Newgate, it pauſed while the Keeper of that priſon drank to the Mayor in what is uſually deſcribed as "a cool tankard," but is more particularly defined in the *Weekly Journal* or *Britiſh Gazetteer* for the Fair-time in 1728, as "a lemonade." It is defined, however, as a "cup of ſack, &c.," in a newſpaper for September, 1779. Doubtleſs, it was a very comfortable lemonade. Sir John Shorter, Mayor in 1688, and maternal grandfather to Horace Walpole, let the lid of the tankard fall with a click that ſtartled the horſe, and cauſed the rider a fall of which he died. Succeeding Mayors changed, therefore, the new ſaddle for the State Coach, and lumbered in it to the Fair, where they were received, again according to old cuſtom, by three ſtrokes from the bells of St. Bartholomew. The State Coach at firſt traverſed Cloth Fair, but after the time of Alderman Bull's Mayoralty, it was left in the ſtreet, and the Mayor walked through the adjoining houſe of a Smithfield tradeſman into the gateway between Smithfield and Cloth Fair, which was the

place of proclamation. The proclamation was read in the Mayor's preſence by a clerk, who then announced whether his Lordſhip would allow ſtage plays and interludes. If he forbade them, yells and riots followed. If he allowed them, all the drums, kettle-drums, and trumpets, wild men and wild beaſts in the Fair, claſhed and roared to their ſatisfaction.

There remained a memorial of the ancient privileges of the Priory, in a toll payable to the repreſentatives of the Rich Family, from thoſe who brought goods to the Fair in Weſt Smithfield. The Earldoms of Warwick and Holland, together with the Barony of Kenſington, became extinct in the year 1759, in the perſon of Edward Rich, couſin and heir male of the Earl, whoſe mother had married Joſeph Addiſon. But Francis Edwardes married a daughter of the houſe of Rich, and their ſon William Edwardes became in default of the direct line, heir to its eſtates. This William was created, in 1776, Baron Kenſington of the Peerage of Ireland, and the inheritors of his barony inherited alſo his rights over Bartholomew Fair.

Even as late as the year 1826, when the collectors of Lord Kenſington were reſiſted in an attempt to levy toll for ſtandings even outſide Smithfield, in Giltſpur Street, the claim ſo made was regarded not as an unjuſt but as a doubtful one. But on behalf of the citizens of London, in the year 1752, a leather-ſeller in Newgate Street, Mr. Richard Holland, reſolved to claim immunity from toll. On the firſt day of the Fair in that year, Mr. Holland entered it carrying under his arm a ſmall bundle of leather, and when this was ſeized for

the fee by a Toll collector, Mr. Holland fetched a conſtable to take him into cuſtody for an unlawful invaſion of the rights of citizens. On the 30th of June in the next year, there was a large crowd aſſembled at Guildhall, to hear the trial of the caſe between Mr. Richard Holland, plaintiff, and the Proprietors of the Bartholomew Fair Toll, defendants. Objection was made on the part of the defence to a jury of citizens, and the cauſe was poſtponed, but it was determined at Guildhall, on the 17th of July, 1754, in favour of the right claimed for the citizens. At the Fair time in 1753, while the queſtion in diſpute ſtill remained open, on Monday the 3rd of September—Mr. Richard Holland's cart, loaded with hay, paſſed unmoleſted by the Toll collectors at Smithfield Bars and Pye Corner into Bartholomew Fair. On one of the Horſes' foreheads was fixed a writing, and round his neck a halter dreſſed with flowers. On the front of the Hay another writing was fixed, with a halter hanging by the ſide of it. As the Crowd might prevent many perſons from reading the two papers, Mr. Holland made his appearance in good time before the Cart, and read his poems to the populace.

On the Horſe's forehead he had inſcribed:

> My maſter keeps me well, 'tis true,
> And juſtly pays whatever is due.
> Now plainly, not to mince the matter,
> No Toll he pays, but with a Halter.

On the Hay was written:

> The Time is approaching, if not already come,
> That all Britiſh Subjects may freely paſs on;

> And not on pretence becauſe it's Bartholomew Fair,
> Make you pay for your paſſage with all you bring near.
> When once it is try'd, ever after depend on,
> Will incur the ſame fate as on Finchley Common.
> Give Cæſar his due, when by law 'tis demanded,
> And thoſe that deſerve, with this Halter be hanged.

To complete the ſtory of this civic patriot and poet, I have only to add that on the 9th of Auguſt, 1758, at the Election of Sheriffs, Richard Holland, Eſq., Leather Seller in Newgate Street, was propoſed, but pleaded incapacity on account of his advanced age. He was then 69 years old, and in his addreſs to the livery ſet forth that "he had been always a zealous aſſerter of the rights and privileges of the Corporation, and had not been ſparing of either time or money on that account." He died in 1760, worth a quarter of a million, and left 5000*l.* to the perſon by whom he was firſt placed out in the world.

It was a part of the Mayor's duty when he proclaimed the Fair, to open formally the Court of Piepowder, which was a part of the Fair to the end. Its efficiency was increaſed by the Act, 19 Geo. III., cap. 70, which ſecured that againſt the deciſions of the Piepowder Courts a writ of error might lie in the nature of an appeal to the Courts of Weſtminſter, and that ſuch Courts ſhould have the right to iſſue writs of execution, in aid of their proceſs after judgment, where the perſon or effects of the defendant were not in the Fair, and therefore beyond the ancient limits of their juriſdiction. The officers of the Piepowder Court were—until ſome years before the cloſe of the ſeventeenth century, but never later—an Aſſociate, who was the Common Serjeant

or one of the Attorneys of the Mayor's or Sheriff's Court; ſix Serjeants at Mace (two for the Mayor, two for the Poultry, and two for the Giltſpur Street Compters); and in later days, a Conſtable appointed by the ſteward of Lord Kenſington to attend on his behalf. Its jury was termed "the Homage."

In the year 1804, a newſpaper reports an action brought in the Fair, before the Court of Piepowder on the 5th of September, by a fire-eater againſt one of the ſpectators of his tricks, who had half ſuffocated him by ſuddenly clapping a bundle of lighted matches under his noſe. The defendant was fined a guinea by the Homage, and the Steward gave charge to the conſtables to turn the man out of the Fair if he appeared in it again. The appearance of the Court of Piepowder is repreſented in the ſubjoined picture. The caſe before the Court is a diſpute between ſeveral members of a Grand Theatrical Booth.

The degeneration of theſe booths is forcibly ſhown in another ſketch which diſplays Proteus and his Brother Actors taking refreſhment during the ſhort interval between the performances at Bartholomew Fair.

After the Mayor had made proclamation of the Fair and opened the Piepowder Court, it was uſual for him to ſtation at the Ram Inn one of the City Marſhals and a ſtrong body of Conſtables to keep the peace. The City Marſhal, when the Fair was over, gathered from the ſhowmen fees for his ſervices in this reſpect, varying from one guinea to three from each proprietor.

His ſervices, however, were not in the higheſt degree valuable. The conſtables of old had never dared to cope with Lady Holland's Mob. And yet upon the eſtabliſhment of a good ſyſtem of City Police, it was ſuppreſſed at will, and ſo came to its end before the Fair of which it had ſo long remained a formidable feature. This Mob made, with an orderly and ſolemn

form of words, its premature and illegal proclamation. This was the form of it:

"The Form of the Proclamation for Proclaiming *The Fair of Saint Bartholomew:* at 12 o'clock of the Night Previous to the Day on which it is Proclaimed By the Lord Mayor of London.

O yez! O yez! O yez! All manner of perſons may take notice, that in the Cloſe of Saint Bartholomew the Great and Weſt Smithfield, London, and the ſtreets, lanes, and places adjoining, is now to be held a Fair for this day and the two days following, to which all people may freely reſort and buy and ſell according to the Liberties and Privileges of the ſaid Fair, and may depart without diſturbance, paying their duties. And all perſons are ſtrictly charged and commanded in His Majeſty's name, to keep the peace, and to do nothing in the diſturbance of the ſaid Fair, as they will anſwer the contrary at their peril, and that there be no manner of arreſt or arreſts, but by ſuch officers as are appointed: And if any perſon be aggrieved, let them repair to the Court of Pie-Powder, where they will have ſpeedy relief, according to Juſtice and Equity.

GOD SAVE THE KING."

The Mob proceeded then to break the peace. In the year 1735, three armed horſemen met the proclaimers at night, in Long Lane. "Smugglers! Smugglers!" was the cry. The Horſemen turned and fled; the Mob following in a wild hunt through the ſtreets, and therein accounting itſelf faithful ſervant of the law. But its ordinary character is not ill repreſented by the record of its behaviour in 1802, when its members abuſed, knocked down, or robbed, almoſt every perſon they met; knocked down a carpenter who came to his door with a light; ſnatched a watch from a tradeſman who was at his own door, and beat him ſeriouſly with bludgeons upon his endeavouring to ſeize the thief. Thoſe who came with lights to their windows were aſſailed with volleys of

ſtones, and "it was impoſſible for the watchmen" to ſecure even one offender.

The courſe of this narrative again follows the order of the years.

In 1750, Alderman Blackford, being Mayor, proclaimed in the middle of July his determination to reduce the Fair to its original three days, and to uſe the powers of the Licenſing Act (10 Geo. II.) for the more effectual puniſhment of rogues and vagabonds. He acted upon the repreſentation of more than a hundred of the chief graziers, ſaleſmen, and inhabitants of Smithfield, who complained that the "inſolent violation of the law" by the fair people, not only encouraged profligacy, but alſo obſtructed buſineſs for ſix weeks; the time occupied in putting up and taking down the booths being a time alſo of great hindrance to the uſual Smithfield marketing and trading. The Mayor and Aldermen reſolved that this ſhould be ſuppreſſed; and from this year the real ſuppreſſion of the Fair as a fourteen day riot, may be dated.

In the ſame year, there was at No. 20, Hoſier Lane, during the time of the Fair, "the Wonderful and Aſtoniſhing Arabian Poney," who could count the ſpots on cards, and tell the time to a minute by the watch of any viſitor. He could find out particular perſons, and do other clever things before an audience that had paid for admiſſion ſixpences and threepences.

In 1752, Mr. Birch, Deputy Marſhal, died of a beating received in the Fair, and a detected pickpocket was very roughly treated. Evans, a rope-dancer, fell from a wire in the George Yard, and broke his thigh.

In that year there was "At the Greyhound in Weſt Smithfield, the famous ITALIAN FEMALE SAMSON, who has been applauded in Courts of Europe and in England at laſt Briſtol Fair. Walks barefoot on a bar of red-hot Iron. A block of marble, 2 or 3 thouſand weight, on her perſon, ſhe will throw to a diſtance of 6 feet, without uſing her hands. She puts her head on one chair, and feet on another, and bears ſix large men from her ſtomach to her inſtep. Performs from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Pit, 1*s.* Gallery, 6*d.*"

In 1752, occurred an event that worked ſtrongly in aid of the Licenſing Act to ſecure permanence to the reſtriction of time for the Fair. The alteration of the Calendar transformed in that year the third of September into the fourteenth, to the conſternation of the million who thought themſelves defrauded of ſo many days' work and income, and ſhouted "Give us back our Eleven Days!" Old Bartholomew's Day thus ſtood at a new date in the Calendar; and in the following year, 1753, the Fair that was aſſociated with it, alſo paſſing out of the Month of Auguſt, was proclaimed—then and from that time forward—on the third of September. From the third of September onward a fourteen day Fair would have carried Smithfield Revels to an unaccuſtomed date. Its firſt days had been effectually ſevered from it, but uſe and habit were againſt addition to its laſt days of a period with which it ſeemed at no time to have been aſſociated. A rough inſtinct againſt innovation came, therefore, in aid of the endeavours of the London Corporation.

The "Ups and Downs" in the Fair broke down in

1754, but none of the perſons who fell with them were ſeriouſly hurt. The Mob ſeized and burnt them, and to make the better bonfire, burnt alſo the chairs, tables, and other properties of the black-pudding ſellers.

In the year following, four or five boys from Bridewell eſcaped into the Fair. In a ſubſequent year, for ſuch a cauſe, a crowd of people out of Smithfield, mobbed the gates of Bridewell, and knocked down officers of the place who came out to ſpeak to them.

In 1758, we find a writer in the *Chronicle*, complaining of the conduct of the rabble at Bartholomew Fair, which bawled "King George for Ever!" while knocking down every perſon who came in their way, and behaving otherwiſe in an outrageous manner. A ſad little fragment from the life of the Fair in the following year, further illuſtrates the dark ſide of its character. A woman with a child in her arms went into a public-houſe there, and called for a pint of beer. About the payment for this there enſued a quarrel, and the drawer, ſtriking at the woman, ſtruck the child and killed it on the ſpot.

On the third of December, in the year 1760, the London Court of Common Council referred it to its City Land's Committee to conſider the Tenures of the City Fairs, with a view to their abolition. The ſubject was then carefully diſcuſſed, and a final report ſent in, with the opinions of counſel, upon which the Court came to a Reſolution, that our Lady Fair at Southwark, over which they had the ſole control, ſhould be thenceforward aboliſhed; but that, becauſe of the intereſt of Lord Kenſington in Bartholomew Fair, that was a

nuiſance which they could endeavour only by a firm practice of reſtriction to abate.

In 1760, George the Third came to the throne, and in the year following, Shuter preſented at his booth in the Fair, the *Triumph of Hymen*, a Maſque, with the landing of the Queen. (It was printed in Wignell's Poems, 1762.)

The Court of Common Council recommended, in the Mayoralty of Sir Samuel Fludyer (1762), that plays ſhould be interdicted at the Fair; and at the legal cloſe of the Fair time, the Mayor ſent conſtables to prevent its unlawful continuance. There can be no doubt whatever, that in all this conteſt with the people of the Fair, the London Corporation fought the battle of good order, and deſerved well of the citizens; but, as regards the players, certainly the battle was at times fought with ungenerous ſeverity. Sometimes, as in this year, the announcement that there were to be no plays, was not made until after poor men, who were ſtruggling for a livelihood, had incurred expenſe in the erection of ſtages which they ſuddenly were ordered not to uſe. A comedian in 1762, had paid to an innkeeper, forty pounds for the right to erect a booth upon his ground, and had begun to build. But when the interdict appeared, the publican retained the money and diſpute aroſe. It was decided that the money paid by him to the innkeeper, ſhould be returned to the comedian, and that the comedian was to pay for the booth he had begun. Theſe meaſures alſo preſſed ſeverely againſt innkeepers, in whoſe rents Bartholomew Fair perquiſites had been conſidered by the landlord.

The following was, in the year 1762,

A DESCRIPTION OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR IN LONDON. BY GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS:

While gentlefolks ſtrut in their ſilver and ſatins,
We poor folks are tramping in ſtraw hat and pattens;
Yet as merrily old Engliſh ballads can ſing-o,
As they at their opperores outlandiſh ling-o;
Calling out bravo, ankcoro, and caro,
Tho'f I will ſing nothing but Bartlemew fair-o.

Here was, firſt of all, crowds againſt other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary ſtriving;
Shrill fiddling, ſharp fighting, and ſhouting and ſhrieking,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow girls ſqueaking,
Come my rare round and ſound, here's choice of fine ware-o;
Though all was not ſound ſold at Bartlemew fair-o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and ſhowing of poſtures,
With frying blackpuddings; and op'ning of oyſters;
With ſalt-boxes ſolos, and gallery folks ſquawling;
The taphouſe gueſts roaring, and mouthpieces bawling,
Pimps, pawnbrokers, ſtrollers, fat landladies, ſailors,
Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot, Sir,
With beaſts all alive, and peaſe-porridge all hot, Sir;
Fine ſauſages fry'd, and the black on the wire,
The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
Here's the up and downs; who'll take a ſeat in the chair-o?
Tho' there's more up and downs than at Bartlemew fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaiſe without horſes, and queen of Hungary:
Here's the merry-go-rounds, come who rides, come who rides, Sir?
Wine, beer, ale and cakes, fire-eating beſides, Sir;
The fam'd learn'd dog that can tell all his letters,
And ſome men, as ſcholars, are not much his betters.

The world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things:
Our parſons, like children, are tempted by play-things;

By ſound and by ſhow, by traſh and by trumpery,
The fal-lals of faſhion and Frenchify'd frumpery.
What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o?
And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair-o.

In 1769, not only were plays and puppet-ſhows prohibited, but ſeventy-two officers were appointed to prevent all gambling within the Fair, and to ſee all places of reſort in it clear by eleven o'clock at night.

At this period of the Fair's hiſtory, the great Wild Beaſt Show in the Fair was Pidcock's, conſiſting of animals brought from the Menagerie in Exeter Change. Pidcock, whoſe charge for admiſſion was a ſhilling, afterwards gave up attending, and to his place of honour there ſucceeded a Wild Beaſt Showman named Polito. Miles was another chief of a menagerie. There was a fine collection of ſtuffed birds and beaſts exhibited between the years 1779 and 1782, by "the ingenious Mr. Hall of the City Road, Iſlington."

In 1775, an account of profits of the Mayoralty, delivered to Alderman Wither on his taking office, ſhows that the profits of the Fair no longer formed an element in the Chief Magiſtrate's official income. In lieu of it there are ſet down, "two Freedoms yearly," value twenty-five pounds each. In that year a Turkiſh artiſt danced on a rope thirty-eight feet high above the ground.

Alderman Bull, Mayor in 1776, who was re-elected two years afterwards, was a tea-dealer in Leadenhall Street, and a leading man among City Diſſenters, attached warmly to Wilkes and Liberty. As he refuſed to permit the erection of booths for ſhows during his Mayoralty, the mob broke the windows of almoſt every inhabitant

of Smithfield. Alderman Sawbridge alſo, when Mayor, ſuppreſſed the ſhows, and riot was the conſequence.

In 1778, a foreigner exhibited at Bartholomew Fair, curious ſerpents from the Eaſt, who danced on ſilk ropes to the ſound of muſic.

Flockton, who was nearly throughout the laſt half of the eighteenth century one of the great ſhowmen of Bartholomew Fair, was at this time in his meridian ſplendour. He was the Prince of Puppet-ſhowmen, and his puppets were called the Italian Fantoccini. He had alſo at one time a fine Newfoundland, whom he taught to fight with and overcome the Devil. This is the form of one of his ſtate-papers, iſſued in 1789.

"MR. FLOCKTON'S Moſt Grand and Unparallelled Exhibition. Conſiſting firſt, in the diſplay of the Original and Univerſally admired ITALIAN FANTOCCINI, exhibited in the ſame Skilful and Wonderful Manner, as well as Striking Imitations of Living Performers, as repreſented and exhibited before the Royal Family, and the moſt illuſtrious Characters in this Kingdom. MR. FLOCKTON will diſplay his inimitable DEXTERITY OF HAND, Different from all pretenders to the ſaid Art. To which will be perform'd an ingenious and Spirited Opera called The PADLOCK" . . . . principal vocal performers, Signor Giovanni Orſi and Signora Vidina. "The whole to conclude with his grand and inimitable MUSICAL CLOCK, at firſt view, a curious organ, exhibited three times before their Majeſties." In this clock there were nine hundred figures at work upon a variety of trades. His prices were for the pit 1*s.*, and for the gallery 6*d.*

"The celebrated Mr. Flockton, of facetious memory," died at Camberwell upon the 12th of April in the year 1794. He had made a little fortune of five thouſand pounds. His Company was his family; and for diviſion among the members of it, he was generous enough to bequeath the chief part of the money they had helped him to acquire. It is well to think of the relations of good fellowſhip that muſt have been maintained among theſe booth companions.

The fame of Flockton's Puppet-ſhow ſuggeſted, in 1790, the publication of a ſixpenny mechanical ſheet of pictures opening and ſhutting to diſplay a whole performance. This is the outſide ſketch of Punch's Puppet-ſhow.

The next is a ſcene inſide—on the old ſtory of "Pull devil, pull baker," which ſhows that not only did Flockton retain the traditions of the puppet-ſhow, but

that he retained alſo ſome of the earlieſt traditions of the Engliſh ſtage. The picture carries our thoughts back to one of the firſt chapters of theſe Memoirs.

In 1792, a Puppet Showman, venturing to revive in another form an ancient humour of the Fair, turned ſatiriſt upon the Camp at Bagſhot, with wooden puppets which he gave out as "equal if not ſuperior" to the originals. He carved one of his puppets into a likeneſs of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, attacked Henry Dundas, and introduced a figure dreſſed in black, labelled in braſs upon the forehead, "Dirty work done at a moment's warning by the Roſe of the Treaſury."

Treaſury Servants-of-all-Work followed, with a Toad upon their banner.

In 1797, Jobſon and other puppet-ſhowmen were proſecuted for having made their puppets talk, and do the buſineſs of players in ſpite of the Licenſing Act.

The enormous ſale of pig in Bartholomew Fair came to an end in the middle of the laſt century, and its place was taken by beef ſauſage. There was a ſtrong gale from the S.S.W. when the Fair opened in 1778, and a contemporary newſpaper reporter found it adviſable to "ſteer half a point to windward of the ſauſage ſtalls." In that year the Duke and Ducheſs of Glouceſter rode through the Fair, by Flockton's, Jobſon's Grand Medley, Ives's, Baſil's, Clarkſon's, and the other booths, entering at Giltſpur Street, and paſſing out through Cow Lane into Holborn. They paſſed the eſtabliſhment of Mr. Lane, his Majeſty's Conjuror,

who repreſented himſelf thus upon his handbills, and by that of Mr. Robinſon, Conjurer to the Queen.

Some of Mr. Lane's manifeſtoes headed by the preceding picture were in verſe. The painter and the poet joined to do him honour; the painter as above, the poet in this happy vein.

> It will make you to laugh, it will drive away gloom,
> To ſee how the egg it will dance round the room;
> And from another egg a bird there will fly,
> Which makes the company all for to cry,
> O rare Lane, Cockalorum for Lane, well done Lane,
> You are the Man.

He ended his entertainment with "the two Miſs Lane's Surpriſing Poſturing, and a Hornpipe by Miſs Ann Lane."

Many perſons, that year, were impreſſed in the Fair, and among the reſt a Merry Andrew, of whom a newſpaper wit aſked how it could be conceived that he had no viſible way of living, when he was aſking all the Fair to look at him.

In 1779, the Britiſh Preſs paid homage to the Genius of Smithfield, ſtill in the midſt of the Fair, and ſaid, "Of all the curioſities that are now to be ſeen at Bartholomew Fair, it is a ſurpriſing large Hog, who receives the greateſt applauſe. This amazing animal is near fourteen feet long, and when he riſes from the ground for the ſpectators to ſee him, he roars in ſuch a manner that his voice ſeems to mix, as it were, with the earth." He is an Earth ſpirit of courſe. Still, a profound ſilence about his age.

The American War came to an end in the year 1783, and the Peace of Paris was ſigned at Bartholomew Fair time. In the Fair, that year, this little tract was

diſtributed among the great number of ſailors who attended it.

LARGE SIEVES AND PLAIN TRUTHS.

Attend you Seamen all unto the Lines I have here penn'd; the Truth doth ſpeak. You are all my Countrymen; and if you are not, I am yours. My Tongue and my Heart, and my Pen goes now to ſpeak my Mind; for we poor Sailors are compelled to ſpeak the Truth, for now the War is over, we poor Sailors, who it pleaſed God to let live, where many of us was born and brought up; who was taken away from our Wives and Children, from our Fathers and Mothers, Siſters and Brothers, Trades and Callings, full ſore againſt our Will, to ſerve our King and Country, to face our Enemies where Balls do wilfully fly, to ſpill our Blood, to receive our Wounds, and leave our Limbs. I'll tell you how we are rewarded for all our pains, to go in the ſtreets and beg, thieve, or ſtarve and be Hanged for what they care what become of us. We once fought like Men, the ſame as we go unregarded, and die like Dogs; we who was prized once, are now deſpiſed, and become the Objects of hatred. I will only aſk you my countrymen, what muſt we do, to ſee my poor children cry for bread, I turn into the ſtreets publickly to declare it.

Dare I to ſpeak my mind,—I ſay we have been uſed cruel after all our ſervice; can any one of you ſay we are well uſed after all our ſervice; I muſt ſay, we leave it to any man to judge how hard we have fought for our Country and the Gold, and cannot get it now, for the War is over. For to ſee the Numbers of poor Seamen ſwarm about the Navy Office to demand their Wages and Prize Money; it would grieve you to ſee the French Horn, Lamb, the Globe, the Ship, the White Horſe, the Cheſhire Cheeſe, crowded with Wives and Widows, Fathers and Mothers, Siſters and Brothers, how they come for it, and return as they come.

Suppoſe a War breaks out with England again, what will we do to get Men; for my part I do not know. I do pray to God to bleſs our good and gracious King, to preſerve him and his Crown and his Land, all gallant officers, ſuch as Hood and Elliot. Now I conclude in hopes that ſome of you will take compaſſion on us poor Sailors, who fought for the honour of the Nation, its Rights to maintain. My prayers to God that we may be paid with all ſpeed, ſo farewell my countrymen.

The above is printed for the benefit of Anthony Jackſon, late Mariner of the Warwick of 50 guns, commanded by Robert Clayton, Eſq.; the above Seaman is ſtab'd in his left Breaſt with a Bayonet, ſhot in his right arm, and wounded in his head, having a wife and one child, humbly hopes for generoſity.

Here is a copy of a pen-and-ink ſketch of a flower of the Fair, taken in the year 1787. It is Kelham

Whitelamb, born at Wiſbeach, age twenty-two, height (?) inches.

This is the famous Unicorn Ram, ſhown at Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1790.

Of the laſt of the true Comedians in Smithfield, the memory ſurvived in 1790, when the Fair alſo paid its reſpects to the French Revolution. There was

entertainment "during the Short Time of St. Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield. At the Original Theatre (Late the celebrated YATES and SHUTER, of facetious Memory), Up the *Greyhound* Inn Yard, the only real and commodious place for Theatrical Performances. The Performers ſelected from the moſt diſtinguiſhed Theatres in England, Scotland, &c. The Repreſentation conſiſts of an entirely New Piece, called, The Spaniard Well Drub'd, or the Britiſh Tar Victorious . . . . The Piece concludes with a GRAND PROCESSION of the King, French Heroes, Guards, Municipal Troops, &c., to the Champ de Mars, to ſwear to the Revolution Laws, as eſtabliſhed by the *Magnificent National Aſſembly*, on the 14th of July, 1790. Hornpipe dancing by the renound JACK BOWLING," and, among other things, "Mr. Swords will deliver his Olio of wit, whim, and fancy, in Song, Speech, and Grimace." Box and Pit, 1*s.* Gallery, 6*d.*

This is the famous Ram with Six Legs, ſhown at Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1790.

The Fair had given birth to ſo many public-houſes in the pariſhes of St. Bartholomew the Great, that on the 30th of March, 1791, the Court of Aldermen

agreed to ſuggeſt to the General and Quarter Seſſions, to receive no recommendation for licences in that pariſh which was not ſigned by the Alderman either of Alderſgate, or Farringdon Without.

In 1792, with the preamble that the Author of Nature is wonderful even in the LEAST of His Works, it was announced that a Caravan in Bartholomew Fair contained MR. THOMAS ALLEN, the moſt ſurpriſing SMALL MAN ever before the Public. He had at the Lyceum in the Strand excited in the breaſts of the Dukes of York and Clarence, ſenſations of wonder and delight.

Alſo MISS MORGAN, the Celebrated WINDSOR FAIRY, known in *London* and *Windſor* by the Addition of LADY MORGAN, *a Title which His Majeſty was pleaſed to confer on her.*

This unparallelled Woman is in the 35th year of her age, and only 18 pounds weight. Her form affords a pleaſing ſurpriſe, and her admirable ſymmetry engages attention. She was introduced to Their MAJESTIES at the *Queen's Lodge, Windſor,* on Saturday the 4th of Auguſt, 1781, by the recommendation of the late Dr. *Hunter*; when they were pleaſed to pronounce her the fineſt Diſplay of Human Nature in *miniature* they ever ſaw.—But we ſhall ſay no more of theſe great Wonders of Nature: let thoſe who honour them with their viſits, judge for themſelves.

Let others boaſt of ſtature, or of birth,
This Glorious Truth ſhall fill our ſouls with mirth:
"That we now are, and hope, for years, to ſing
The SMALLEST ſubjects of the GREATEST King!"

☞ Admittance to Ladies and Gentlemen, 1s.—Children, Half Price.

§ In this and many other parts of the Kingdom, it is too common to ſhow deformed perſons, with various arts and deceptions, under denominations of perſons in miniature, to impoſe on the public.

This Little Couple are, beyond contradiction, the moſt wonderful diſplay of nature ever held out to the admiration of mankind.

N.B. The above Lady's mother is with her, and will attend at any Lady or Gentleman's houſe, if required.

As another illuſtration of the literary powers of the

ſhowmen's author at the cloſe of the eighteenth century, I quote the deſcription of a Lion, from a handbill iſſued in the Fair in 1794.

The Noble Lion and Lioneſs (from the Tower of London),

Whoſe like Earth bears not on her ſpacious Face
Alone of Nature ſtands the wond'rous Race.

Theſe moſt magnanimous Animals need no other Recommendation than to behold them. The Lion is univerſally allowed to be the King of all the Brute Creation, whoſe majeſtic Looks, and Voice like Thunder, ſtrikes Terror to the whole kingdom of Quadrupeds; yet theſe tremendous Beaſts are ſo Tame, by being brought up from a few days old by ſuckling of Goats inſtead of their Dam, that the moſt Timorous may approach them with the greateſt ſafety.

Flockton's ſucceſſors, when he had retired on his ſmall fortune, were "the Widow Flint and Gyngell, at Flockton's original Theatre up the Greyhound Yard, Smithfield." They preſented in one year Mr. Gyngell's ſleight of hand and muſical glaſſes, Mrs. Gyngell's ſinging with Fantoccini, from Sadler's Wells, and (late Flockton's) the Grand Muſical Clock, with five hundred (Flockton had advertiſed nine hundred) "figures at work in different trades and callings."

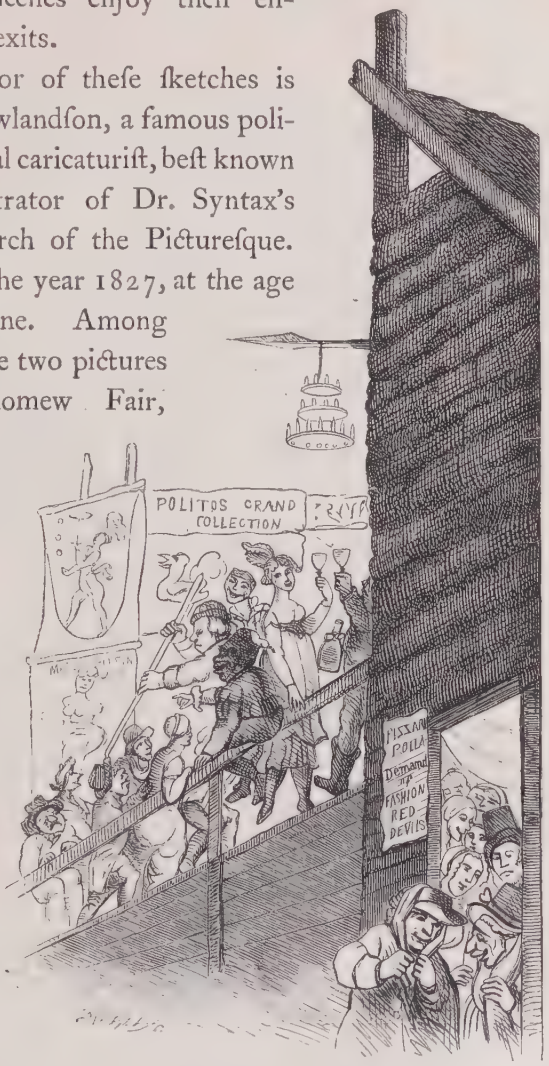
In 1798, a pickpocket, caught in the Fair, proteſted to the City Marſhal that he got a very honeſt living by buying and ſelling bad ſhillings. There were in the Fair that year according to a newſpaper wit, "Some of the firſt actors, the firſt ſingers, the firſt dancers, and the firſt horſemen in the whole world; ghoſts, ſpectres, bluebeards, and bleeding nuns, deſcending amidſt flaſhes of roſin, and aſcending amidſt clouds of tobacco."

In a coloured picture of Bartholomew Fair, by

Rowlandſon, publiſhed in 1799, we ſee ſome things that hitherto we have but talked about. Here is part of the line of ſhows drawn up againſt the pavement,

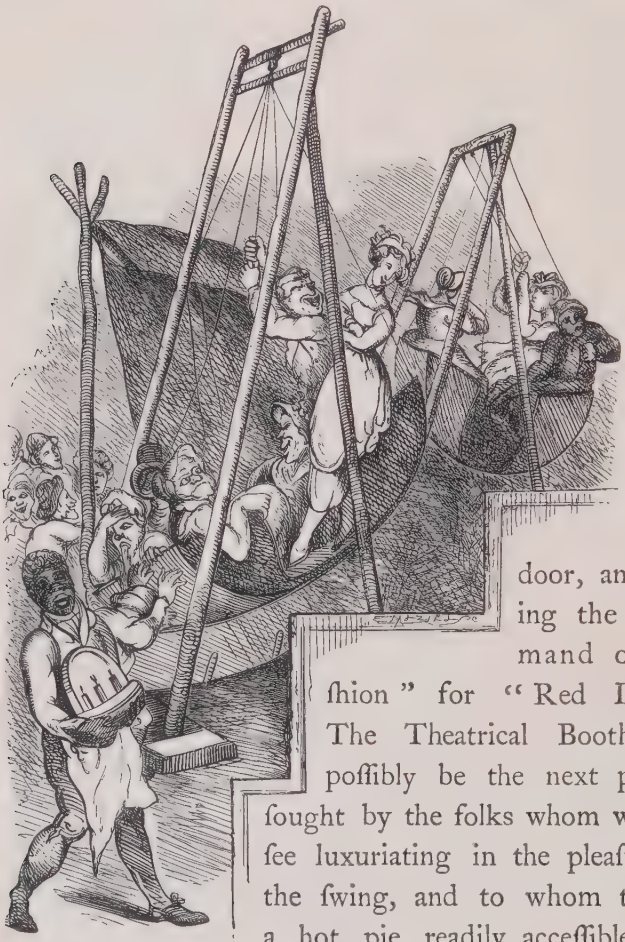
with their backs to the backs of the gingerbread ſtalls that faced the houſes, and their fronts to the free area of Smithfield. The chaiſe without horſes introduced into the picture, is, outſide, a place of frolic and a poſt of obſervation; inſide, a reception room.

And here is a corner of a booth, ſhowing how folks before the ſcenes enjoy their entrances and exits.



The author of theſe ſketches is Thomas Rowlandſon, a famous political and ſocial caricaturiſt, beſt known as the illuſtrator of Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque. He died in the year 1827, at the age of ſeventy-one. Among his works are two pictures of Bartholomew Fair, which, as the reader will perceive, admit of being ſeparated into groups; for while, in each caſe, the whole picture is effective, every group in it is a perfect little ſtudy of ſome incident or feature of the ſcene. One of the two pictures is founded on a drawing by another hand.

The kind of audience obtained by the actors, is expreſſed in other ways than by the bill at the booth



door, announcing the "Demand of Faſhion" for "Red Devils." The Theatrical Booth may poſſibly be the next pleaſure ſought by the folks whom we here ſee luxuriating in the pleaſures of the ſwing, and to whom there is a hot pie readily acceſſible when they touch earth again.

Mr. Bull's ſervant and his lantern, when he chooſes to retire betimes through the dim throng, with the young family that he has been amuſing, ſeem to be hardly brilliant enough to make him independent of

the link-boys, who are anxious that his lady ſhall not ſtep into a puddle.

But there is firelight enough to ſhow him as he paſſes out the gamblers and the gluttons in the ſauſage market—

and he needs muſt meet the revellers who, when the quiet people go, begin the loudeſt frolic of the Fair.

The picture on page 465, contains a libel on Miſs Biffin, who was a perſon really capable of ſhowing talent as a miniature painter, without hands or arms. She was found in the Fair, and aſſiſted by the Earl of Morton, who ſat for his likeneſs to her, always taking the unfiniſhed picture away with him when he left, that he might prove it to be all the work of her own ſhoulder. When it was done he laid it before George the Third, in the year 1808; obtained the King's favour for Miſs Biffin; and cauſed her to receive, at his own expenſe,

further inſtruction in her art from Mr. Craig. For the laſt twenty years of his life he maintained a correſpondence with her; and after having enjoyed favour from two King Georges, ſhe received from William the Fourth a ſmall penſion, with which, at the Earl's requeſt, ſhe retired from a life among caravans. But

fourteen years later, having been married in the interval, ſhe found it neceſſary to reſume, as Mrs. Wright late Miſs Biffin, her buſineſs as a ſkilful miniature painter, in one or two of our chief provincial Towns. Her picture is here given from a lithograph, publiſhed in 1817, before her complete retirement from the Fairs.

A Biffin of the Nurſery was Maſter Vine, who, by the annexed picture, is ſhown to have been not an armleſs miniature painter, but a producer of ineſtimable pieces of another ſort. It was his peculiar merit to draw landſcapes in pencil with the ſhrunken, misformed ſtump that repreſented hand and arm.

In 1803, there was to be ſeen at Bartholomew Fair, in a commodious caravan, "A Surpriſing large Fiſh, The Nondescript. This ſurpriſing Inhabitant of the Watery Kingdom, was drawn on the ſhore by 7 horſes, and about 100 men. She meaſured 25 Feet in length, and about 18 in circumference, and had in her belly, when found, one thouſand ſeven hundred mackerel." With her were ſhown two amazing calves, one with a compound of heads, the other with a compound of bodies.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, all that was vile in London held its revel at the expenſe of

much that was reſpectable. In 1801, a mob of thieves and pickpockets ſurrounded helpleſs women in exulting crowds, tearing their clothes from their backs. In 1802, Lady Holland's Mob, as has been ſaid before, committed robberies, beat paſſengers with bludgeons, and fired volleys of ſtones at thoſe perſons who, diſturbed in their ſleep, came with lights to the windows.

A ſhow of the Fairs at this time, was "the Beautiful Albineſs," whoſe portrait was carefully engraved; but

with whoſe beauty a Mob at Glaſgow Fair had been ſo little affected, that they turned her out of her booth, as they turned out alſo a ſhow full of wild beaſts.

In 1807, the King's Deputy Trumpeter having found great difficulty in collecting his fees, obtained on his own behalf a proclamation from the Lord Cham-

berlain's office; but a lady, who was acting Belvidera, in *Venice Preſerved*, and occaſionally came out to blow a trumpet, being applied to by the King's Deputy Trumpeter's collector, knocked him down with her trumpet, and was compelled by the officers who came up, to make him compenſation.

Again comes a reminder of the vice that the Fair foſtered. Among offenders in this year, was a gang of children, under a boy, aged fifteen, called Captain Stirrick, who diſpoſed of the plunder of the band through a ſauſage man, named William Perfect. The gang was brought to juſtice at Guildhall, by help of a king's evidence, aged 10; and theſe were found to be its members: 1. Ned Stirrick, Captain, about 15 years of age, dreſſed in a thickſet jacket and coarſe canvas trouſers. 2. Caroline Cottenham, a girl of about 13 years of age; wore a grey cloth ſpencer, and coarſe old cotton gown, and barefooted. 3. Billy Long, about 12 years old; ragged and bare legged. 4. Maria Taylor, a beggar-girl, 11 years old. 5. Peg Green, a match-girl, 11 years old. 6. Joe Coverley, a boy about 10 years old. 7. Charles Clark, ditto, ditto. 8. Thomas Grey, aged 12. 9. Jack Wilkes, aged 11. 10. A girl about 10 years old; a ballad-ſinger. 11. A boy, Jones. 12. Scott, a beggar-boy. 13. Jem Barnes, a plaiſterer's boy, about 13 years old. 14. Donougho, aged about 12; a naked, ſickly-looking boy. Truly a melancholy group of children at the Fair; and they ſtole toys, ſays the record, but to barter, not to play with!

The Playbills of Richardſon's Theatre, the Chief

Dramatic Booth in the laſt days of which we are now ſpeaking, ſhow how completely the amuſements of the Fair were planned to the taſte of the moſt uncultivated playgoers. This is one of them:

A CHANGE *of Performances each Day,*

RICHARDSON'S THEATRE.

MR. RICHARDSON has the honour to inform the Public, that for the extraordinary Patronage he has experienced, it has been his great object to contribute to the convenience and gratification of his audience. Mr. R. has a ſplendid collection of Scenery, unrivalled in any Theatre; and, as they are painted and deſigned by the firſt Artiſts in England, he hopes with ſuch Decorations, and a Change of Performances each day, the Public will continue him that Patronage it has been his greateſt pride to deſerve.

The Entertainments to commence with a New Melo-Dramatic Romance, with New Scenery, Dreſſes, Decorations, &c., by the moſt eminent Artiſts, called, The

MONK AND MURDERER!

Or, The Skeleton Spectre.

Baron Montaldi . . . . . Mr. H. CAREY.
Deſperado (his Confidant) . Mr. REED
Nicolina (Steward of the Caſtle) . . Mr. WILMOT.
Edmund (Page to Edgar) . Mr. ODEY.
St. Julian of France . . . . } Knights { Mr. DENNEY.
Harold, the Dane . . . . } Knights { Mr. WATERS.
Mohammed, the Perſian . . . } Knights { Mr. HUNTER.
Edgar (an Engliſh Knight) . Mr. SEYMOUR.
Romaldo (the Myſterious Monk) . . Mr. BROWN.
Emilina (Daughter to the Baron) Mrs. H. CAREY.
Lauretta (her Confidante) Mrs. WILMOT.

A ſhort Sketch of the Scenery: 1. A Gothic Hall in Montaldi's Caſtle.—2. View of the Rocks of Calabria, with the appearance of the Myſterious Monk.—3. Myſterious Foreſt.—4. A ruſtic Bridge, with diſtant View of the Caſtle: a Grand Proceſſion of Knights, &c.—5. Gothic Chamber.—6. Interior of the Caſtle,

decorated with Banners, Trophies, &c., and a Grand Combat with Shield and Battle-Axe.

The Piece terminated with the fall of the Murderers, the aſcenſion of the Spectre Monk, and the predicted union of the Engliſh Knight and Emilina.

The whole to conclude with an entire New Pantomime, called

MIRTH AND MAGIC!

Or, a Trip to Gibraltar.

Harlequin, Mr. RILEY.—Panteloon, Mr. GREEN.
Lover, Mr. SMITH.
Sailor, with the Song of "The Britiſh Flag," Mr. RAYMOND.
Market Woman, Mr. WILMOT. — Countryman, Mr. WATERS.
Landlord, Mr. SEWELL.
Clown, Mr. BERGEMAN.—Columbine, Mrs. WILMOT.

The whole to conclude with the Grand Panorama View of

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR,

PAINTED BY THE FIRST ARTIST.

Boxes 2s., Pit 1s., Gallery 6d.

Mrs. Carey's name will be obſerved in this bill. I ſhall form no theory upon a very doubtful queſtion, but record ſimply that if Ann Carey, ſaid to have been one of Richardſon's actreſſes and an itinerant flower-woman, who figures as the aſſumed mother in the early hiſtory of Edmund Kean, be the ſame Mrs. H. Carey here mentioned, and the only Mrs. Carey I have found in a conſiderable file of Richardſon's announcements, then it is worth obſerving that there was a Mr. H. Carey, who for ſome time played firſt male parts in the ſame caſt with her, and that ſhe appears to have been one of the chief ladies, if not the chief, who was permanently attached to Richardſon's Company. Her portrait, as

here copied, was engraved in a ſmall medallion with ſome care. The ſingular head-dreſs repreſented in it is not ſtage coſtume, but a form of lady's bonnet faſhionable when the ſketch was made.

Richardſon ſometimes had the only Theatrical Booth in the Fair, but his rival uſually was Scowton. Sometimes Richardſon and Scowton worked as partners. Mr. Scowton in the opening to his Farewell Bill pleaſantly combines his gratitude to his patrons with a deſire to recommend "the whole of his extenſive concern" to anybody who deſires to ſpend his latter days in Comfortable Retirement.

SCOWTON'S THEATRE.

Mr. Scowton, deeply impreſſed with heart-felt Gratitude for the liberal Patronage and Support which he has for a ſeries of Years experienced from his Friends and a generous Public, and which will enable him to ſpend his future Days in comfortable Retirement: begs leave to announce that the whole of his Extenſive Concern, is to be diſpoſed of by Private Contract; and therefore, at the ſame time, as he takes leave, requeſts them to believe that the Memory of their favours and indulgence will never be eradicated from his Memory. For this Day only. Will be performed a new grand Dramatic Romance, called THE TREACHEROUS FRIEND, or *Innocence Protected.*

Alphonſus, Mr. Scowton, &c. With a Pantomime.

Boxes 2*s.*, Pit 1*s.*, Gallery 6*d.*

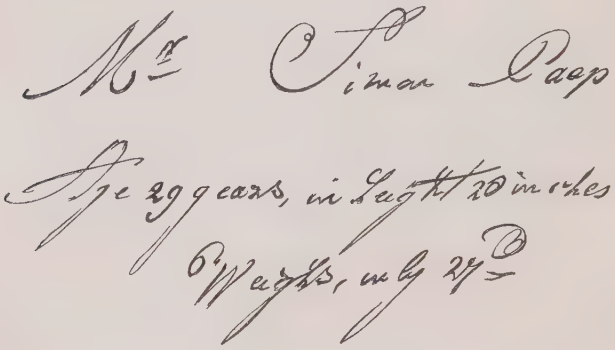
A famous perſon in the Fair, before and after the year 1814, was the Fireproof Lady, Madam Giradelli. This lady put melted lead into her mouth, and ſpat it out marked with her teeth, paſſed red-hot iron over her body and limbs, her tongue and her hair, thruſt

her arm into fire, and waſhed her hands, not only in boiling lead, but alſo in boiling oil and aquafortis.

Mr. Simon Paap, the celebrated Dutch Dwarf, 26 years of age, weighs 27 Pounds, and only 28 Inches high, had the honour of being Preſented to the Prince Regent and the whole of the Royal Family, at Carlton Houſe, May 5th, 1815. He was introduced by Mr. Daniel Gyngell to the Lord Mayor on the 1ſt of September 1815, and was exhibited in

the courſe of four days in Smithfield to upwards of 20,000 Perſons.

A collector of the autographs of little men procured the following:



The fourteen day Carnival had now been effectually ſuppreſſed, and the utmoſt licence obtained by the ſhowmen was the holding of Bartholomew Fair for three days, in which the day of proclamation (made at noon by the

Mayor, Sheriffs, and City Marſhals) was not counted. The Mayor, having made his proclamation, uſually returned as he came; but John Wilkes, Eſquire, diſtinguiſhed himſelf by making the entire circuit of the booths in his State Coach.

The ground of Smithfield was entirely parcelled out in booths and ſtandings. In the centre among the ſheep-pens, were thoſe who ſold in booths or at ſtalls oyſters and ſauſages. Tables were ſet for company in a moſt faſcinating ſtyle, and in 1808 women invited paſſers by into the ſauſage rooms with an appeal to their patriotiſm—for the popular political feeling ſtill had its repreſentation in the Fair. "Walk into Wilkes's parlour," was their cry; the ſauſage-rooms being in thoſe days called Wilkes's parlours. Outſide the pens, the exhibitions were ſet in a row cloſely ſide by ſide, with their backs to the pavement and their fronts to the central ſpace of Smithfield. There alſo was the immenſe multitude of up-and-downs and round-abouts, many of them elevated to a dangerous and painful height. On the pavement before the houſes, fronting their cloſed doors and ſhutters, were the lines of gilt gingerbread and toy ſtalls. The ſhow booths had, in 1808, lately become gay with unwonted decoration, and with many-coloured lamps. Horſe-riders were favourite performers. Aſtley, in his day, uſed to attend with his "learned horſe." In 1808, Saunders kept the beſt of three or four horſe-riding exhibitions. Itinerant muſicians congregated in the Fair. There was a famous London ſtreet-band conſiſting of a double drum, a Dutch organ, a tambourine, violin, pipes, and "the new Turkiſh jingle,

uſed in the army," which uſed to play military pieces for a long time on winter evenings before the Spring-Gardens coffee-houſe, and oppoſite Wigley's great room, to entertain the diners. This well known ſtreet orcheſtra was generally engaged by one of the chief booths in Bartholomew Fair; but there was always too much jangle of more diſcordant inſtruments, and too much bawling of "Show them in! Juſt going to begin!" to make their harmonies of any conſequence to the fair-goers. There was a large caravan of well known tumblers and poſture-men. Bear dancing, a ſtreet fight, was an incident of buſtle in the outer crowd. The bear now and then turned a good ſummerſault and generally danced to the bagpipes. His companions were ſome little dogs dreſſed in red jackets, and a monkey who uſually rode on the bear's back.

Pupils of the celebrated Fair conjuror, Mr. Lane, practiſed the ſublime art of legerdemain. There were tricks with cards, and tricks with balls, and there was fortune-telling. Knives were run through the hand without producing blood; knives and forks were taken as pills; flames and ſparks, as from a forge, were blown out of men's mouths. The more ambitious Puppet-ſhows were in their decline, and Punch in the full tide of his popularity rioted over their decay.

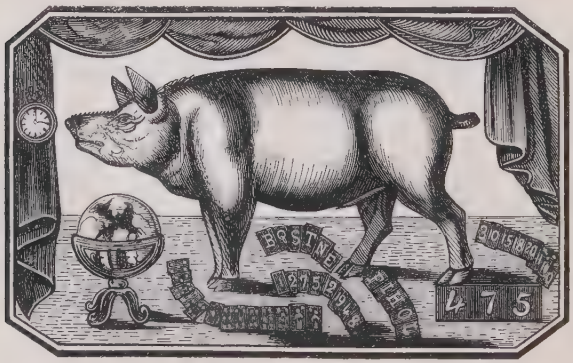
At this date there was a noted perſon in the Fair, who walked about hatleſs, to ſell ſlices of hot plum-pudding, with his hair powdered and tied *en queue*, his dreſs neat and his apron ſpotleſs, jeſting wherever he went, with a mighty voice in recommendation of the pudding, which for the ſake of greater oddity he ſome-

times carried on a wooden platter. This was James Sharp England, the flying pie-man.

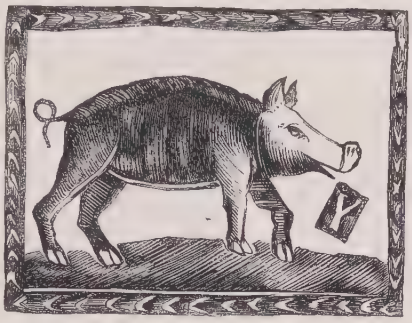
Rowlandſon, in one of the extracts I have taken from his pictures, repreſents a negro pieman of the ſame deſcription, who ſeems to have been England's predeceſſor. Other ſuch characters of the Fair are theſe two which ſpeak for themſelves:

The blind pig-dealer's wares are made of piecruſt, and have currant eyes.

Certainly not a piecruſt pig, hardly indeed to be thought of as pork, was the learned Toby, to whom we are now brought a little prematurely by aſſociation of ideas. The genuine Toby firſt appeared in the Fair in the year 1817, and is ſaid to have been the pupil of one Maſter Nicholas Hoare. He muſt have arrived therefore at a pig's years of diſcretion, when he appeared in the year 1833, as the "Unrivalled Chineſe Swiniſh Philoſopher, TOBY THE REAL LEARNED PIG. He will ſpell, read, and caſt accounts, tell the points of the ſun's riſing and ſetting, diſcover the four grand diviſions of the Earth, kneel at command, perform blindfold with 20 handkerchiefs over his eyes, tell the hour to a minute by a watch, tell a card, and the age of any party. He is in colour the moſt beautiful of his race, in ſymmetry the moſt perfect, in temper the moſt docile. And when aſked a queſtion, he will give an Immediate Anſwer." On the faith of the handbill, here is the portrait of the moſt beautiful of pigs.



Inſolent, indeed, was the pretenſion that oppoſed againſt Toby, this counterfeit beaſt, under the name of the AMAZING PIG OF KNOWLEDGE. A peculiarity, however, about the Amazing Pig of Knowledge (who was to be ſeen in a commodious room at the George), which may account for his ſomewhat ſhabby appearance, is, that he knew the value of money.



He alſo could tell black from white, diſtinguiſh colours; with a ſhrewd eye count his audience; and even tell people their thoughts. J. Fawkes, the proprietor of "this moſt amazing pig," which was to be ſeen for three-pence, ſummed up his handbill with theſe very ſuitable and lucid obſervations:

A learned Pig in George's reign
To Æſop's Brutes an equal Boaſt;
Then let Mankind again combine,
To render Friendſhip ſtill a Toaſt.

Let Albion's Fair ſuperior ſoar,
To Gallic Fraud, or Gallic Art;
Britons will e'er bow down before
The Virtues ſeated in the Heart.

But while the Great Hog of the Fair was thus ſubliming himſelf into pure intellect againſt the day when he was to vaniſh altogether, human life in the Fair was dropping faſt into the hog's old poſition. In September, 1815, there were heard in one morning

at Guildhall, forty-five caſes of felony, miſdemeanour, and aſſault, committed in Bartholomew Fair. To this fact let me add the titles of a few of the plays performed at Richardſon's Great Booth. I ſelect ſome of thoſe in which Mrs. Carey was an actreſs. *The Caſtles of Athlin and Dunbaine*, or *the Spectre of the North*. Glenroy, Mr. H. Carey. Julia (of the Houſe of Roſs), Mrs. H. Carey. (After this play, Mr. Carey played the Pantaloon, in a Fair verſion of Mother Gooſe.) *Donald and Roſaline*, or *the Spectre of the Rocks*. Donald (rightful heir of Athlin), Mr. H. Carey. Spectre of Marian, Mrs. Carey. *Agnes of Bavaria*, or *the Spectre of the Danube* (no Mr. Carey); Agnes, Mrs. H. Carey. *The Haunted Cavern*, or *Myſterious Cheſt* (no Mr. Carey); Emeline, Mrs. H. Carey. *The Hall of Death*, or *Who's the Murderer?* Cardinal Gonzaria, Mr. H. Carey. Ducheza Roſanna Vinſenza, Mrs. H. Carey.

One does not wonder that the men zealous for ſouls began to flock into the Fair with pious tracts; that exhortations to diſcountenance the Fair were diſtributed among houſeholders in its neighbourhood; that, in one year, "Boatſwain Smith" ſet up a pulpit at the end of Long Lane, over which floated a flag, with the inſcription, "Bethel Union," and opened his buſineſs with a hymn, beginning—

> Hinder me not; for I 'll proceed,
> Though Earth and Hell oppoſe!

Wiſer men than that rude enthuſiaſt, longed for the releaſe of London from a yearly riot of iniquity. In one year a ſtrong mob of pickpockets formed wild rings

about decent women who approached the Fair, and tore their garments from their backs.

There was a disfigurement upon the Fair greater than that here repreſented in the picture of "the Beautiful Spotted Negro Boy," who was to be ſeen in his travelling pavilion, and who was afterwards engaged by Mr. Richardſon to appear at his theatre, where he ſtood on the bills between the *Monk and Murderer*, or the *Skeleton Spectre*, and *Love and Liberty*, or *Harlequin in his Glory*.

The writer, in 1837, of a ſmall pamphlet called *A Poetical Deſcription of Bartholomew Fair*, by One under a Hood, a lamentable imitation of the puns of Thomas Hood without his wit, tells pleaſantly enough what, no doubt, was a real incident, and a ſtrange one :—

> At Richardſon's ſo tedious 'twas
> Before they would begin ;
> A wag propoſed the gap to ſtop,
> By giving out an *imn !*
>
> This ſtriking *im*-propriety
> Made one and all to crave it :
> It was ſo obviouſly wrong,
> They cried that's right, let's have it !

In 1825, Mr. Hone, in his Table Book, expecting the end of the Fair, carefully deſcribed it as it then was for the information of poſterity. At the ſame time

he publiſhed a few intereſting notes by way of contribution to its early hiſtory. In that year, the Fair began on Saturday, and trading was forbidden on the Sunday, although thouſands then viſited in its quietude the ſcene of noiſe and buſtle. He tells us that the largeſt of the toy-ſtalls had eighteen or five-and-twenty feet of frontage; that the ſhutters of the houſes were all up, and the doors cloſed; that ſauſages and oyſters, yielding three-penny or four-penny dinners, were ſold at tables with cloths on them, in the ſheep-pens; but that the ſtalls were no longer called by ſuch names as Brighton Pavilions, or Fair Roſamond's Bowers. Among the ſhows were theſe: A peep-ſhow of the Murder of Mr. Weare, of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, &c., to be ſeen for one penny. A penny giant. Penny tumbling at Ball's Theatre. A Sixpenny wild beaſt ſhow—Atkins's—with "that Coloſſal Animal, the wonderful performing ELEPHANT, upwards of ten feet high!! Five tons weight!! His conſumption of Hay, Corn, Straw, Carrots, Water, &c., exceeds 800lbs. daily." Eight muſicians were outſide this booth, in ſcarlet beefeater's coats and with ſkin caps, and a ſtentorian ſhowman drowned the muſic with his ſhouts of "Don't be deceived. The only Lion and Tigreſs in one den that are to be ſeen in the Fair, or the proprietor will forfeit One Thouſand Guineas. Walk in! walk in!"

Richardſon's platform was lined with green baize, feſtooned with crimſon curtains, and lighted with fifteen hundred variegated lamps. His moneytakers ſat in Gothic ſeats. He had a band of ten beefeaters, and a parade of his dramatic force.

Samwell, a very fat man in tight ſatin jacket, led a troop of tight-rope-dancing children, and the Dancing Horſe.

Clarke, from Aſtley's, had a ſpacious platform, ten feet high, and a large booth of which the interior was lighted by gas in a ſingle hoop.

Wombwell is ſharply cenſured by Hone for having expoſed his fine Lion Nero, to be baited by dogs, at Warwick. He diſplayed a diſguſting picture of the fight outſide his ſhow. He is deſcribed in the Table Book as "underſized in mind, as well as in form, a weazen, ſharped-faced man, with a ſkin reddened by more than natural ſpirits, and he ſpeaks in a voice and language that accords with his feelings and propenſities." Of this man, who began life as a cobbler in Monmouth Street, I find only unfavourable record. He had a yellow card, with a Tiger above his addreſs, of "Wombwell, Wild Beaſt Merchant, Commercial Road, London. All ſorts of Foreign Animals, Birds, &c., bought, ſold, or exchanged, at the Repoſitory, or the Travelling Ménagerie." He muſt, however, have had unuſual ability and energy in his peculiar way. His collection was good. Its boaſt, in 1830, was the Elephant of Siam, a theatrical performer in the ſpectacle of the *Fire-*

fiend, wherein it uncorked bottles and decided for the Rightful Prince. On each ſide of it he had in his ſhow two miniature elephants the "ſmalleſt ever ſeen in Europe."

Mr. Hone ſaw the Mermaid, and ſketches the beautiful ſiren, painted on the outſide canvas of the booth. But if things of the earth fallen in water ſuffer "a ſea-change into ſomething rich and ſtrange," things of the water being hauled on earth may have a land change to go through. In the caſe of a Sea Nymph this is proved to be the caſe by the annexed ſtudy publiſhed at the time by Mr. George Cruikſhank, of the Mermaid as exhibited inſide the booth.

The kind of public to which the ſights of the Fair were left, is indicated by the fact that in 1830, except that Wombwell, Atkins, and Richardſon charged 6*d.*, and Morgan, a part of Wombwell's, 3*d.*, all the ſhows were penny ſhows. Ball's Theatre; Ballard's Beaſts (including a Seal in a tub); Key's Conjuror; Fraſier, Conjuror; Pike; the Learned Pony; the Pig-faced Lady; the Shaved Bear, ſhown in oppoſition to her, and pronounced by Smithfield wit a bear-faced impoſition; the Living Skeleton; the Red Barn Tragedy; the Court of Pekin; the Fat Boy and Girl; the Fire Eater; the Diorama of Navarino; the Scotch Giant; and, George the Fourth being lately dead, two or three ſhows of His Late Majeſty Lying in State.

In 1832, Clarke from Aſtleys, who had a good exhibition, inſcribed on his booth, "We have Met the Times—Lowered the Price—only Threepence."

Signor Capelli was at one Fair time during this period, exhibiting his own ſleight of hand and the powers of the LEARNED CATS. They beat a drum, turned a ſpit, ground knives, played muſic, ſtruck an anvil, roaſted coffee, rang bells; and one of them obeyed orders in French or Italian. Alſo, the Signor announced that "the Wonderful Dog will play any gentleman at Dominoes that will play with him." This exhibition was at a houſe in Giltſpur Street. The admiſſion charge was for gentlemen, 4*d.*; work-people, 2*d.*

This, printed in 1842, is ſuppoſed to be the laſt of the handbills iſſued in Bartholomew Fair:

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON!!!

THE GREATEST WONDER IN THE WORLD

Now Exhibiting Alive,

AT THE GLOBE COFFEE HOUSE, No. 30, KING STREET,

Smithfield,

A FEMALE CHILD WITH TWO PERFECT HEADS;

Named Elizabeth Bedbury, Daughter of Daniel and Jane Bedbury, Born at Wandſworth, Surrey, April 17th, 1842. The public is reſpectfully informed that the Child is now LIVING; and hundreds of perſons has been to ſee it, and declares that it is the moſt Wonderful Phenomenon of Nature that they'd ever ſeen.

ADMISSION 1*d.* Each.

No Deception; if diſſatisfied the Money Returned.

In 1849, from the 3rd to the 6th of September, the Fair contained only a dozen gingerbread ſtalls; ſhows having been removed to the New North Road, Iſlington; where a large ſpace was taken for their occupation. They were obliged to cloſe at ten at night, and were not ſuffered to be ſtirring before ſix.

Earth to earth. Bartholomew Fair, after long ſickneſs, was dead, and bred corruption. That which it now remains for me to tell is, not the manner of its death, but of its burial.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Earth to Earth.

In what manner the body of the Fair was removed, few words will tell. For a dead man there needs but a coffin and a coach, for a dead inſtitution there need certain acts and ordinances. In the year 1798, when the queſtion of aboliſhing the Fair was diſcuſſed very ſeriouſly by the Corporation, a propoſal to reſtrict it to one day was made and ſet aſide, becauſe that meaſure might produce in London a concentrated tumult, dangerous to life. In the courſe of a trial at Guildhall in the year 1827, involving the rights of Lord Kenſington, it was ſtated on Lord Kenſington's behalf, that conſidering the corrupt ſtate of the Fair, and the nuiſance cauſed by it in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, he ſhould throw no obſtacle in the way of its removal, and was ready to give up his own rights over it, on being paid their value. His receipts from toll were ſtated to be thirty or forty pounds a-year, and their eſtimated value five or ſix hundred pounds. In the year 1830, the Corporation of London did accordingly buy from Lord Kenſington the old Priory rights, veſted in the heirs of Chancellor Rich, and all the rights and

intereſts in Bartholomew Fair then became veſted in the City. Having thus ſecured full power over the remains in queſtion, the Corporation could take into its own hands the whole buſineſs of their removal.

That the Fair was dead there could be no doubt. In 1831, Richardſon paid, not only for his own booth, but alſo for the ground, ſhutters, and making up of Ewing's Wax Work, on condition that he received half of what was taken in the ſhow. But he loſt fifty pounds that year; and Wombwell, who had a ſecond booth called Morgan's, at the corner of the Greyhound Yard, made only his expenſes.

After Bartholomew Fair in the year 1839, a Memorial having been preſented to the Corporation by the London City Miſſion, pointing out the pollution ſpread by the retention of the Fair in Smithfield, it was referred to the City Lands' Committee, to conſider the power of the Corporation to remove the ſame. The City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearſon, gave in an able Report the opinion for which he was aſked. He reſpected the queſtion of privilege which had induced a former City Solicitor, adviſed by counſel, to recommend that an Act of Parliament be ſought; and did not therefore recommend the immediate and entire abolition of the Fair. He adviſed the abridgment of it to two, inſtead of three clear days, and the refuſal to let ſtandings for ſhow-booths in a Fair that was created in the firſt inſtance for purpoſes of trade.

This advice was followed by a reſolution of the Market Committee, Mr. Deputy Hicks, Chairman, which aboliſhed the irregular midnight proclamation

until then accepted as a legal act on behalf of Lord Kenſington, adviſing a proclamation by the Mayor (if neceſſary), but without the uſual ſtate, on the afternoon of the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and that the Fair be permitted to continue only for the remainder of that day and the two following days. It adviſed alſo that all theatrical repreſentations ſhould be thenceforth entirely excluded, and that the Mayor and Corporation, as well as the Commiſſioner of Police be requeſted to enforce theſe regulations. Further, it was reſolved that no diſturbance of the pavement be permitted, and that there ſhould be no roundabouts or flying wheels in any part of Smithfield Market; that no perſon ſhould be admitted who was in debt to the City for his ſtandings in a former year; and that the ground about all ſtandings ſhould be cleaned morning and night by thoſe who held them. Theſe regulations were confirmed by the Corporation; and the uſual renters of ground were informed of their eſſential clauſes in a lithographed circular, dated the 23rd of July, 1840, which ſtated alſo that no ſtalls whatever might be erected until the morning of the day on which the Fair would open, and that they muſt be all removed on the day of its cloſing.

This very effective meaſure followed on a courſe of beneficent and diſintereſted extortion practiſed upon the ſhowmen by the Market Committee, with a view to their excluſion from the Fair. Though their number decreaſed every year, yet in the income of Smithfield Bartholomew Fair (in the account of receipts from Smithfield Market) was an item of 162*l.* in 1836, of 206*l.* in the year following, of 284*l.* in 1838, and of

305*l.* in 1839. Thus, in 1837, Mr. Clark the equeſtrian was charged 25*l.* for his ground, but next year, he had 50*l.* to pay. Wombwell's rent was raiſed from 35*l.* to 70*l.*, and Johnſon's rent was in like manner doubled. In 1839, the rents, though not doubled, were again raiſed. Wombwell paid more than 80*l.* for his ground, which was let at 15*s.* 6*d.* a foot on the Grand Line; and at prices varying from 10*s.* to 16*s.* a foot—the higher charge for double frontages—in other places.

The next year, 1840, ſtruck away the exhibitions; and from the meagre liſt of applicants even the dwarfs and giants were excluded, but wild beaſt ſhows were allowed. I copy the Chairman's notes of the—

MEETING OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE FOR LETTING THE CITY GROUND IN SMITHFIELD PREVIOUS TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW FAIR, *Auguſt 29th*, 1840.

20*s.* per Pen for Toy Stalls, &c., &c.
Mr. Clark, Equeſtrian, excluded.
Mr. Fraſer, Gymnaſtics, do.
Let, 31*l.*—Mr. Hylton, Wild Beaſt, Ground the ſame Terms as laſt Year.
Mr. Laſkey, Living Giant and Gianteſs, excluded.
Mr. Crockett, Living Curioſities, Gianteſs, Dwarf, Serpents, Crocodile, &c., excluded.
Mr. Reader, do.
27*l.* 18*s.*—Mr. Wright, Wild Beaſt, 36 feet at 15*s.* 6*d.*, North end.
Meſſrs. Lee and Johnſon, do., 30 feet at 15*s.* 6*d.*, South or Centre.
Mr. Groves, Works of Art, Machinery, &c.

The neceſſary reſult of theſe meaſures was that in a very few years, Bartholomew Fair was attended only by the proprietors of a few handfuls of ginger-bread, who had no proteſt to make againſt the laſt act requiſite to complete the ceremony of interment, the ſuppreſſion of

the uſual proclamation. Proclamation of Bartholomew Fair had been made ſince the year 1840 without any of the luſtre ſhed of old by a gilt coach over the ceremony. The Mayors had withdrawn the formality as much as poſſible from public obſervation, until in the year 1850, and in the Mayoralty of Alderman Muſgrove, his worſhip having walked quietly to the appointed gateway, with the neceſſary attendants, found that there was not any Fair left worth a Mayor's proclaiming. After that year, therefore, no Mayor accompanied the gentleman whoſe duty it was to read a certain form of words out of a certain parchment ſcroll, under a quiet gateway. After five years this form alſo was diſpenſed with, and Bartholomew Fair was proclaimed for the laſt time in the year 1855. The ſole exiſting veſtige of it is the old fee of three and ſixpence ſtill paid by the City, to the Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, for a proclamation in his pariſh. The Monday Cattle Market when the Fair happened on Monday, nevertheleſs was held and claſhed with it in a wild uproar; but even that alſo has quitted Smithfield. There is entire ſilence now on the hiſtoric ground over which, century after century, the hearts of our forefathers have throbbed with the outſpoken joys of life, and with the ſuppreſſed agonies of death; in which the concourſe of a heroic people has in its youth enjoyed the life and the wit of a groſs Fair: even as Prince Hal, till he came to his Royalty, enjoyed his fellowſhip with Falſtaff.

I have told from firſt to laſt the ſtory of a Feſtival which was maintained for ſeven centuries in England. Of the few popular Feſtivals that occaſion yearly

gatherings of ſtrangers in the open ſtreets of one of our great cities, this was the chief. In its humours, we have ſeen the humour of the nation blended with the riot of its mob. Yet when the nation had outgrown it, a Municipal Court with the help of but a few policemen put it quietly away.

INDEX.

A.

Acrobats, 57
Admiralty, Bartholomew Fair jests at, 335
Aguecheek, Sir Andrew, at the Siege of Babylon, 429
Ale in the Fair, 168, 231, 250
Alfuin, first Almoner for St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, 12, 13, 29, 30
Amaze, Roger in,—Verses on the Fair,—249, 250
Amazing Pig of Knowledge, the, 481
Amusements, the First, at Fairs, 21
Ancient Song of Bartholomew Fair, an (A.D. 1655), 231, 232
André, St., dancer, 247
Andrews, Merry, 293, 294, 341-344, 390
Antiphoner, the Miracle of the, 11
Arden of Feversham in his Fair, 126, 127
Astley, 477
Atkins's Show, 486

B.

Babies, Bartholomew (Dolls), 253, 333, 334
Ballad Singers, 164, 166, 283
Banbury Puritans, 180, 181, 202. (*See* Busy, Rabbi.)
Banks's Horse, 318
Barnes, Rope-dancer, 339, 340, 353
Bartholomew Fair—
A.D. 1120... Established by Rayer, 1-14
1133. Charter of Henry I., 1, 3, 15; Confirmed by Henry II., 4
1133-1143. Miracles at, 27-31
1144-1174. Prior Thomas the Rhymer, 33, 34
Bartholomew juggling in his time, 34-43
The site in Smithfield, 49, 51-58
. . . 1300. In the 13th Century . . . 61
In the Priory Churchyard, 61, 62, 64
Entertainment of strangers at, 63, 64
Trade in, 69, 92-94

Bartholomew Fair (*continued*).
A.D. 1292. Ralph Sandwich, Custos of the City, appeals to Edward I., with claim of half tolls for the Crown, 68-70
1305. William Wallace executed at, 71, 72
Men and Women sold in, 72
1348. After a Pestilence, 73
Writ of Quo Warranto, Edward II. and III., 73, 74
Rights of the Priory over, 74
. . . 1400. Tournaments and Combats on site of, 76-78
Martyrdoms on site of, 79
. . . 1500. Earliest Dramas in, 81-90
First Wild Beast Show, 91
Clothiers, Drapers, and Merchant Tailors in, 94, 95, 144
The Piepowder Court in, 95, 100, 149, 150, 252, 444, 445
1445. City rights in, 101-108, 128-130
1533. General site of, in the days of the Priory, 111
1539. Severed from the Church, 112
1546. Priory rights over, secured by Sir Richard Rich, 115-118, 130-132
1550. Disputations of Scholars in, 62, 123-125
1593. Suspended by Plague, 133, 134
Trade of, in Queen Elizabeth's time, 134, 135
1596. Composition of the tolls of, between Lord Rich and the City, 136
1598. Described by Paul Hentzner, 136-138
Customs of Proclamation, &c., 138-144, 158, 287, 441, 442
1603. Suspended by the Plague, 139, 140
1614. Site of, first paved, 144-146
Depicted by Ben Jonson, 147-180
Puritanism against, 159, 160, 171, 174, 179-181, 186, 187, 199-201, 222-225
1625. Suspended by the Plague, 182, 183

Bartholomew Fair (*continued*).
A.D. 1630. Suspended by the Plague, 184
1641. The oldest description of, 185-189
Lords of the Cloth Fair, 190-196, 225-228, 442
1649. *A Bartholomew Fairing*, Cavalier Tract, so called, addressed to Fair-goers under the Commonwealth, 196-224
Other Political Fairings, 229
1651. Sir Edward Dering at, 230, 231, 248
1655. Ancient Song of, 231, 232
Stage of, under the Commonwealth, 232-234
The Dagonizing of, a Ballad, 235, 236,
Lady Holland's Mob, 235, 238; its Form of Proclamation, 447
1661. *News from*, a Tract, 238-240
Strange News from, another Tract, 240
Becomes a fourteen-day Fair, or even more, after the Restoration, 240
1663. Mr. Pepys on, 241
1664. John Locke has visited, 241, 242
1665-1666. Suspended by the Plague, 242-244
1667-1668. Mr. Pepys, Lady Castlemaine, &c., at, 244, 245, 250-252
. . . 1668. Jacob Hall, the Rope-dancer at, 245-248
Roger in Amaze, or the *Countryman's Ramble Through*, 249, 250
1671. Corporation of London inquires into profits of, 252
1678. First question of Suppression raised by London Corporation, 252
1680. *The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth*, a Protestant Booth Play at, 255-279
Compared in a Tract to the Church of Rome, 281
The Pope placed among the Zanies in, 281
Rachel, Lady Russell, receives Fairings from, 282
. . . 1680. . . . The Master of the Revels and his Claims in, 400, 282-284, 295, 359, 360
The Serjeant-Trumpeter and his Claims in, 285, 337, 359, 471
Ballad Singers, 164, 166, 283
Mountebanks at, 284, 286, 295-297
Shows at, 286-288, 339
1685. Leased by the City to the Sword-bearer, 252
Decay of, as a place of trade, 252, 253
Sir Robert Southwell's Letter on, 288-291

Bartholomew Fair (*continued*).
A.D. 1687. Lotteries, 292, 338, 33
1688. Merry-Andrews at, 293, 294
The Zany at, 297
1690. *The Royal Voyage*, a Politica Booth Play, 299-314
. . . 1700. . . . Monsters at, 315-332
Smithfield Inns during, 332
Dolls at, 333, 334
1691. Reduced to its three days, 336
1693. Politics in, suppressed by the Government of William of Orange, 335
1694. Reduced to its three days, 336
1697. Stage Plays suppressed in, 336
1698. M. Sorbière at, 337
1699. Part of Endowment of the Mayoralty, 338; ceases to be so, 453
The Cloisters during, 186, 338-340, 350, 351
The London Spy's account of, 340-351
1700. Stage Plays suppressed in, 336
1701. Presented as a Nuisance by the Grand Jury, 351
Described in *A Walk to Smithfield*, 352-354
1702. Rope-dancing at, 361, 362
1702-1707. Actors from the London Theatres in, 363-366
1707. Elkanah Settle's *Siege of Troy* in Mrs. Mynn's Booth at, 367-377
1708. Repression of, to its three days, 379, 384-385
Penance done for offence at, 386
1711. Publishing of *Reasons for the Punctual Limiting of*, 379-384
Taste for the Sights and Monsters of, 388-390
Sir Hans Sloane studied in, 391
1715. Great Play-house in, 392
1719. "Punctual Limitation" of, long overruled, 392
1728. Depicted on a Fan, 392-399
1728-1760. Actors from the London Theatres in, 400-438
1728-1736. Fielding's Booth in, 401, 402, 404-406, 408-411, 413-421
1750. Reduced to its original three days, 448
1752. The Deputy-Marshal killed at, 448
1753. Opens, Sept. 3, in consequence of alteration of the Calendar, 449; ceases to become famous for pig and pork, 457
1752-1754. Mr. Richard Holland secures freedom from toll at, for the Citizens, 442
1760. Abiding taste for the Sights of, 439

Bartholomew Fair (*continued*).
A.D. . . . 1760 . . . Ceremonies of the Mayor's State Proclamation, 441, 442
Barons Kensington, heirs to the rights over, bought by the Rich Family, 442
City Marshal's fees from the Showmen at, 446
Corporation of London having considered the tenures of its Fairs, with a view to their abolition, resolves upon more rigid restriction of, 450, 451
1762. Plays interdicted at, Constables sent to prevent unlawful continuance of, 451
Described in verse by G. A. Stevens, 452, 453
1769. Plays, puppet-shows, and gambling suppressed, 453
1775. Is no longer left to be a source of the Mayor's income, 453
1776. Plays and shows interdicted, 453
. . . 1776 . . . Flockton's Puppet-Show in, 454-456
1792. Political Puppets in, 456, 457
1792-1840. Sights and Amusements, 457-487
1798. Corporation of London again discusses Abolition of, 489
1827. Corporation buys the rights of Lord Kensington over, 489, 490
1839. Measures taken for Suppression of, 490-492
1850. Last Proclamation of, by a Mayor, 493
1855. Last Year of, 493, 494
Bartholomew Knives, at Croyland Abbey, 109
— St., Book of the Foundation of the Church of, 1-3, 5-14, 28-43
— Hospital of, 1, 2, 9-13, 25-27, 29, 66, 110-115, 386
— Priory of, 2, 3, 5-14, 28-43, 92, 110-112
— Parish of, the Great, 110, 130, 131, 143, 144
— — the Less, 110
Bacon, Friar, a Droll, 347
Barcelona, Siege of, a Droll, 363
Barnard, Mayor, 419
Bat and Ball, 56
Bateman, a Droll, 366, 403
Bear and Child, 287; Dancing Bears, 288, 478
Beaucaire, Fair of, 21
Beautiful Spotted Negro Boy, the, 483
Beggar, the Blind, of Bethnal Green, 430, 433
Beggar's Opera, its success felt in the Fair, 404-407, 416
— Wedding, the, 404-406
Bell-ringer, Roger Smith, the, 439
Ben Jonson's Comedy of Bartholomew Fair, 146-180, 250, 251
— — Booth, kept by Mrs. Mynn, 390
Bethulia, the Siege of, 395
Biffin, Miss, 468, 469
Birch, Deputy-Marshall, killed in the Fair, 448
Black Prince, the, 324, 325
Blackford, Mayor, 448
Blake's Booth, 336
Blaythwaite, William, 248
Boatswain Smith at the Fair, 482
Bodies, two to one Head, 328
Boniface, Archbishop, at St. Bartholomews, 67, 68
Booths, the First, 16, Robbery from, 24, 121
Bottle Conjuror, the, outdone, 433
Bowls, 56
Bows and Arrows, 232
Britons Strike Home, a Droll, 344
Buchinger, Matthew, 326
Buckhurst, Lord, on the Rabbi Busy, 180
Buckler fighting, 59
Building of St. Bartholomew's Priory, 9
Bull, Mayor, 453
Bullock, Comedian, 363, 364, 411, 421
Burley, Fair at, 22
Burning the Pope, 278-280
Busy, Rabbi Zeal-in-the-Land, 159-161, 171-175, 200
Butcher's Meat, Miracle of the, 13

C.

Calendar, change in the, alters date of Fair, 449
Calf, a Saint's, 37
Calvary, Mount, a Fair on, 17
Camel, a Show of a, 230
Canonbury, 110
Cardinals ridiculed in the Fair, 262, 263, 267, 268
Carey, Mr. and Mrs. H., 437, 472-474, 482
— Master (Edmund Kean), 437
Cash payments, a Merry-Andrew on, 341-343
Casheware, the Noble, 391
Casting the Stone, 59
Castlemaine, Lady, at the Fair, 245, 246
Cats, the Learned, 487
Cattle Trade in the Fair, 69, 134, 253, 493
Cavaliers in the Fair, 196-209, 213-224

Charing Cross, Jacob Hall at, 247
Charke, Mrs., 411
Charters, Early, of the Fair, 14, 15, 25
Cheapside, 104, 105
Chetwood, Wm. Rufus, Fielding produces two Plays by him, at the Fair, 408, 410, 417
Child and Bear, back to back, 287
Children physically deformed in the Fair, 319, 323, 324, 328-330, 469; morally, 471
Churches, the first Fairs in and about, 16, 18
Cibber, Colley, in the Fair, 411, 412
— Mrs., junr., acting there, 422
Citizen's freedom of toll at the Fair, established by Mr. Richard Holland, 442-444
Clark, Joseph, Posture-Master, 355, 356
Clarke's Circus, 486, 487
Clerk of the Market, the, 151, 152
Cloisters, Christchurch, during the Fair, 186, 338-340, 350, 351
Cloth-Fair, the, 64, 69, 92-95, 118, 121-123, 134, 150, 190, 238
Cockfighting, 55
Coiners, 238
Cok, Brother John, his MS. Rental, 25-27, 74-76; his MS. Bible, 26
Cokes, Bartholomew, 152, 153
Comic Scenes in Bartholomew Plays, character of, 260-263, 355, 362, 363, 408, 410, 412, 428, 433, 434
Commonwealth, the, ridiculed in a Bartholomew Fair Pamphlet, 198—209
Conjurors, 457, 458, 478
Constant Lover, the, a Droll, presented at the Fair by Fielding, 418
Cooked Meat at the Fair, origin of, 63, 64
Cornwell, Dentist, and the Bold Grimace Spaniard, 322, 323
Coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the, a Protestant Bartholomew Fair Play, 255-281
Corporation of London, its Rights over the Fair, 68, 69, 74, 101-103, 106-108; arranges a composition of Tolls with Lord Rich, 136; repression and suppression of Bartholomew Fair, 252, 336, 448-451, 453, 490-494; ceremonies connected with the Fair, 138-143, 441
Corsican Fairy, the, 432
Cow Lane, 146
Cox, Robert, Comedian, 233
Creation of the World, Shows of the, 82, 288, 354, 355
Cries of the Fair, 162, 163, 188
Cromwell, Oliver, discussed in the Fair, 197, 199, 203, 209
Cross and Bridges, 432
Crowd in the Fair, the, 345, 346, 352
Crypt of St. Bartholomew's Priory, 45
Cushing's Booth, 434

D.

Dagon, Zeal-in-the-Land, Busy against, 178, 179
Dagonizing of Bartholomew Fair, the, a broadsheet of verse, 235, 236
Damon and Phillida, a Booth Opera, 406
Dancing, 275, 279, 348-350
Darius King of Persia, or the Noble Englishman, 429
Decretals of Gregory IX., 66; a Bartholomew copy of, 58, 61; of three Popes in favour of the Fair, 66
Delaval, Sir Ralph, ridiculed at the Fair, 335
Denis, St., Fair of, 19, 20
Dering, Sir Edward, at the Fair, 230, 231, 248
Derrick, 229
Derry, Siege of, in a Booth Play, 305, 306, 309-312
Dethick, Mayor, 234
Devil, Stories of the, 41, 42, 60, 86; appearance of the, at Bartholomew Fair, 65, 86, 87, 257-260, 264-269, 272-277, 353, 455, 456; associated there with the Pope, 264-268, 272-276
Dice play, 56, 350, 351
Dirt in Smithfield, 70, 71
Dives and Lazarus, a puppet-show, 288
Doggett, Thomas, Comedian, 346, 347, 365, 366, 403, 407
Dolls, probable origin of the word at Bartholomew Fair, 333, 334
Don Carlos, acted by Fielding in Bartholomew Fair, 418
Dorastus and Faunia, 407
Downfall of the Pope, acted in the Fair, 255-281
Dragon of Wantley, the, 420, 424, 426
Drama, the Modern, born at the Fair, 80-90; its subsequent condition there, 146-148, 232-234, 255-280, 305-314, 339-346, 354, 355, 361-378, 400-434, 437, 472-474, 482
Drapers at the Fair, 94, 95, 144
Droll Booth, a Visit to a, 345, 346
Dryden on Hall the Rope-dancer, 247
Dublin, Ormond's Raised Siege before, a Bartholomew Fairing on, 196-222
Duck Lane, 235, 240
Dulte, 17
Dunwich, the Carpenter of, 29

Duration of Bartholomew Fair, 240, 336, 378-385, 448, 449, 476
Dusty-feet, 99, 100
Dutch Rope Dancers, 248, 288, 353
Dwarfs, 321, 322-326, 329-331, 460, 462, 475

E.

Eating House, one in all London, 63
Elephants, Wonderful, 391, 392, 485, 486
Elizabeth, Queen, trade of the Fair in her reign, 134, 135
— — Coronation of, a Booth Play, 255-281
Elms, the, in West Smithfield, 9, 71
Ely Fair, 23
England, James Sharp, the Flying Pieman, 478, 479
Essex, the Fall of, a Droll, played by Fielding in the Fair, 411; visited by the Prince and Princesses, 417
Evelyn, John, at the Fair, 230
Execution of William Wallace, at Bartholomew Fair, 71, 72
Eyes, a Man with writing inside his, 323

F.

Fair, Bartholomew (*See* Bartholomew).
— James's, St., 103, 139, 242
— Katherine's, St., on Tower Hill, 103
— May, 103, 104, 386
— Southwark (Our Lady), 101, 102, 184
— Stourbridge, 22, 93, 140, 182, 184, 190, 251
— at Westminster, 23, 68
— under the Oak Mambre, 16; on Mount Calvary, 17; of St. Denis, 19, 20; Frankfort, 20; Magdeburg, 18; Beaucaire, 21; Leipsic, 21; Munich, 17; Winchester, 23, 24; Ely, 23; Feversham, 126, 127; Burley, 22
Fair Lunatic, the, a Droll, 432.
Fair Rosamond, a Droll, at Bartholomew Fair, 231, 428
Fairies, exhibited in Bartholomew Fair, 323, 328, 330, 432, 462
Fairing, a Bartholomew, New, New, New, Cavalier pamphlet for Bartholomew Fair, A.D. 1649; Summary of, 196-222
Fairs, the First, 16-24; the Free, 20, 21; the Public of the Scholar as well as of the Politician sought at, 123-125
Fan, a Bartholomew Fair, scenes on, 392-399
Faustus, Doctor, a Booth Play on, 353
Fawkes the Conjurer, 396, 399, 410, 428
Feet, Wonders without, 324, 326
Fielding, Henry,
A.D. 1728. At Bartholomew and Southwark Fairs presents in his Booth — partner with Reynolds — the *Beggar's Opera*, 401, 402, 416
1729. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—no partner—in the George Inn Yard, *Hunter*, or the *Beggar's Wedding*, 404, 405, 416; contest in the Fair with the Haymarket Company, 405, 406, 416; acts in this Ballad Opera, at Drury Lane, the part of Justice Quorum, 404, 416
1730. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Oates—in the George Inn Yard, a new play by William Rufus Chetwood (*The Generous Free-mason*), and acts in it himself the part of Clerimont, 408, 409.
1731. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Hippisley and Hall—in the George Inn Yard, another new play by William Rufus Chetwood (*The Emperor of China*), 409, 410
1732. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Hippisley—in the George Inn Yard, *The Envious Statesman*, or the *Fall of Essex*, and an adaptation of Molière's *Médécin Malgré Lui*, 410, 411; the Prince and Princesses come to the Booth and stay for a repetition of the performances, 417
1733. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Hippisley—in the George Inn Yard, *Love and Jealousy*, or the *Downfall of Alexander the Great*, and an adaptation as a ballad opera of Molière's *Fourberies de Scapin*, in which Mrs. Pritchard plays the part of Loveit, and achieves her first great success, 413-416
1734. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Oates—in the George Inn Yard, *Don Carlos*, and a new Ballad Opera, the *Constant Lover*, in which Mrs. Pritchard appears as the Cloe, 417, 418
1735. Stage plays forbidden by the Corporation; year also of Fielding's marriage, 418, 419

FIELDING, HENRY (*continued*).
A.D. 1736. At Bartholomew Fair presents at his Booth—partner with Hippisley — at the George Inn Yard, *Don Carlos*, and the adaptation of the *Fourberies de Scapin*, in which Mrs. Pritchard re-appears as Loveit, 419
1737. No record found
1738. Has retired from the Fair, 420
Finley's Booth, Lady Mary, 339, 340
Fire in Bartholomew Fair, 410; at Southwark Fair-time, 383
Fire of London at Fair-time, 243, 244
Fire-eater, Powell the, 439; assault on a, 445
Fire-proof Lady, Madame Giradelli, the, 474, 475
Fires, St. Bartholomew at, 12, 42
Fire-wood, Royal Grant of, 66
Fitz Stephen's Account of Smithfield, 51-56
Fleshpots, a Monk at the, 60
Flockton's Puppet-show, 454-456, 463
Fludyer, Mayor, 451
Flying Pieman, the, 478, 479
Foote, allusion to, in the Fair, 431
Ford (Tiddy Doll), the Gingerbread Baker, 434, 435
Foreigners at Fairs, 19-21, 24
Forfeit of Fairs, 22
Franchise of Fairs, 18-23
Frankfort Fair, 20
Free Trade first granted at Fairs, 19
Fruit sold at Bartholomew Fair, 288, 345, 347
Funeral, an Irish Military, in a Booth Play, 310-312

G.

Gallows, the, on the site of St. Bartholomew's Priory, 8, 9; under the Elms, 71; removed to Tyburn, 133
Gambling in Bartholomew Fair, 340, 392, 453, 467
Garrick, 437
Gay's Beggar's Opera, 400, 401, 404-407, 416
Generous Freemason, the, a Droll in which Fielding acted at Bartholomew Fair, 409
George Inn Yard, Fielding's and other Booths in the, 401-416, 427, 430, 433
German Dancers, 287, 339, 345
Giants, 317, 318, 331, 332
Gibraltar, Peepshow of Siege of, 394
Giffard's Booth, 403
Giles's, St., Fair, Winchester, 23, 24
Gin, untaxed, 393
Gingerbread, gilt, 18, 162. 165
Giolo, the Painted Prince, 320
Giradelli, Madame, the Fireproof Lady, 474, 475
Goldsmith, Oliver, on Monsters, 388, 389, 439
Goldsmith's Hall, under the Commonwealth, 201
Grand Jury, Bartholomew Fair presented as Nuisance by the, 351
Grant of a Fair from the Crown, 18-22
Griffin, Comedian, 411
Grimace, a Master of, 322, 323
Groom Porter's, Gambling at the, 350, 351
Guests, Norman Law concerning, 63
Gun Music Booth, the, 350
Gunpowder Plot at the Fair, 177
Gyngell, 463, 464

H.

Hall, Jacob, the Rope-dancer, 238, 239, 245-248, 288
— Comedian, 421,; and Jo Miller's Booth, 403; with Fielding and Hippisley, 409, 410
—'s Stuffed Animals, 453
Hallam, Comedian, 411, 420, 425
Hand and Shears, the, 133, 237
Hands, Wonders without, 324, 326, 468, 469
Harangue of a Mountebank, 295-297
Harlequin in fashion, 388, 426, 427
Harper, Comedian, 394, 398, 412
Hastings on Fire, 42
Heads, two, to one Body, 321, 330; in last Handbill of Bartholomew Fair, 487
Hedgehog Boy, 324
Hell Mouth of the Miracle Plays, 80, 86, 87
Henry I., King, Rayer at the Court of, 3-5; grants Rayer Land, Fair, 8, and Charter, 15, 25
— VIII. dissolves the Priory, and refounds Hospital, 112-115
Hentzner, Paul, a German, at Bartholomew Fair, 137-139
Hermaphrodite, 324
Higgins, Posture-Master, 356
Hippisley, John, Comedian, 409-414, 419, 421
Hog, the Great, 170, 360, 431, 458
Holland, Henry Earl of, 193-196; his Lady, 194, 227, 228, 233; was the Lady Holland of the Bartholomew Fair 'Mob,' 234

Holland's Mob, Lady, 235, 238; its Form of Proclamation, 447; and behaviour, 447, 448; put down, 492
Holland, Richard, Leather-seller, secures freedom of Toll in the Fair for Citizens of London, 442-444
Honorius, Pope, on a Bull of, 27
Horn Thumb, the, 151
Horse, the Smallest, 325
— Fair, the, in Smithfield, 151
— Pool, the, in Smithfield, 53, 146
Hosier Lane, 146
Hospital, St. Bartholomew's, established, 1, 2, 9, 10; Alfuin, almoner of, 12, 13; Brother Cok's Rental of, 25-27; an early cure in, 29; annual grant of an Oak to the poor in, 66; before disjunction from the Priory, 110, 111; new foundation, 112-115; its Rents in the Cloister, 386
— Gate, Booths opposite the, 363, 425
Hunter, or the Beggar's Wedding, acted by Fielding in Bartholomew Fair, 405, 406
Hunting at Bartholomew Fair, 241

I.

Idiot, Rayer affects to be an, 9
Improvvisatore, Thomas Hagno, Prior and, 33, 34
Indian Waterworks, the, 286
Inniskillen, the Defence of, in a Booth Play, 306, 308, 309
Inns of Smithfield, Exhibitions in the, 332, 451, 461, 462
Irish Expedition of William III., Booth Play on the, 299-314
Irish men, the Fair on, 286, 300, 303-305, 308-313

J.

Jackanapes, Consolation in a, 323
Jack Pudding, the, 236, 297; imprisoned, 249, 293, 294, 335, 341-344, 436, 437, 458
James II., King, in a Booth Play, 305, 306
James's, St., Fair, 103, 139, 242
Jane Shore, a Droll, 412
Jephthah's Rash Vow, a Droll, 336, 337, 366, 412
Jesuits, the Fair against the, 264, 268, 269, 272, 273, 298
Jobson's Grand Medley, 457
John Audley? 436
Jonson, Ben, his Comedy of Bartholomew Fair, 146-180, 250, 251, 288
Jordan, Capt. Daniel Knockem, 151
Jousts in Smithfield, 77
Jovial Jack Tars, the, a Droll, 433
Joyce, William, the, English Sampson, 326, 327, 352
Judith and Holofernes, 242, 394
Jupiter and Alcmena, a Droll, 433
Jury, the Grand, of Middlesex, present the Fair as a Nuisance, 351

K.

Katherine, St., Fair of, on Tower Hill, 103
Kean, Edmund, 437, 438
Keeper of Newgate, the, his Cool Tankard, 441
Kensington, Lord, title in the family of Rich, 194; passes to the family of Edwardes, 442; by which its rights over the Fair are sold to the Corporation of London, 489
Kentish Sampson, the, 326, 327, 352
Killegrew, Thomas, Master of the Revels, 282
— Charles, 283, 284, 359
— Admiral, ridiculed in the Fair, 335
Kindheart, the tooth-drawer, 154
King, Dr. John, of Chelsea, on Jacob Hall, 248
King's Market, Smithfield, the, 8, 106-108
Kirmess, 17
Knife, a Wonderful, 431, 432

L.

Ladder Dance, the, 350, 353
Lady Holland's Mob, 234, 237, 238, 446; its form of Proclamation, 447; conduct, 447, 448, 470; put down, 492
— Mary (Mrs. Finley), 340
— Morgan, the Windsor Fairy, 462
Landit, 19
Lane, Conjuror, 457, 458
Law concerning Fairs, 18-24, 96-100, 106-108, 127-130, 444
Learned Cats, 487
Leather Trade in the Fair, 69, 92, 134
Leatherhead, Lanthorn, 161, 162, 176-179
Lee and Harper, 394, 395, 398, 399, 412
Lee, Comedian, 421, 426
Legs, a Child with three, 329; a Ram with six, 461

Leigh, Mrs., Show-woman, 358
Leipsic Fair, 21
Lemaspin, 270
Life of the World, seen from an Anglo-Norman Monastery, 58-61
Lilburne, John, in the Fair, 229
Limiting of Bartholomew Fair, Reasons for the punctual, 379-384
Lincoln's Inn Fields, Jacob Hall in, 247
Lists, the, in Smithfield, 76-78
Livery Companies, 93
Littlewit, Proctor John, 154; his Puppet-play, 158, 177-179
Locke, John, at Bartholomew Fair, 241, 242
London, in Norman Times, 49-58, 63
— Corporation of, Rights of the, over Bartholomew Fair, 68, 69, 74, 101-103, 106-108, 489
— Spy, Edward Ward's account of Bartholomew Fair in the, 340, 341, 345-351
Londonderry, Siege of, in a Booth Play, 305, 306, 309-312
Long Lane, 189
Lotteries, 292, 338, 341, 350
Love and Jealousy, or the Downfall of Alexander the Great, play acted by Fielding at Bartholomew Fair, 413
Loveit, Mrs. Pritchard's, in Fielding's adaptation for Bartholomew Fair of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, 413-415

M.

Mad folks cured at the Fair, 36, 41, 42; the Madman in the Fair, 176
Magdeburg Fair, 18
Magicians, Booth Plays on, 347, 353
Malt, the Miracle of, 29
Mambre, Fair under the Oak, 16
Mare, the Dancing, 251, 318
Maria Teresia, the Corsican Fairy, 432
Markets, Bartholomew, 96, 104-108, 242
Marry Audrey, a Droll, 245
Marshals, the City, 187, 448
Marten, Henry, ridiculed, 203
Martyrs in Smithfield, 78, 79, 133, 144, 268
Massey's General, Fairings to Colonel Poyntz, 229
Master of the Revels, 179, 282-284, 295, 359, 360, 400, 446
Maumont in a Booth Play, 309
May Fair, 103, 104, 386
Mercers at Fairs, 95
Mermaid, the, 486
Merry-Andrew, 236, 249, 293, 294, 297, 355, 436, 437; Government offended by a, 341-344; one pressed for a Sailor, 458
Messe, 17
Middlesex Passage, 44, 45
Miller, Comedian, 339, 362, 409
Mills, Comedian, 363, 409
Miracle Plays and Mysteries, 81-91, 146, 147, 177, 231, 242, 318, 336, 337, 366, 394, 412
Miracles, Rayer's, 10-13, 29-31; scarcer after Rayer's death, 28; but at Fair time in some years abundant, 34-43
Misshapen children, 319, 323, 324, 328-330
Mob, Lady Holland's, 234, 237, 238, 446; its form of Proclamation, 447; conduct, 447, 448, 470; put down, 492
Molière, Fielding adapts plays of, to the Bartholomew Fair stage, 411, 413, 417, 419
Monkey, the, that defied the Pope and King of Spain, 154, 254, 318
Monsters, 170, 244, 315-332
Montfichet, 37, 41
Moralities, 147
Mulberry Garden, St. Bartholomew's, 92
Munich, the Jacobi-Dult at, 17
Music Booths, the, 347-350, 354
Mynn, Mrs. and Elkanah Settle, 358, 367-377, 390

N.

New Park, Richmond, enclosed by Charles the First, restoration of, to people discussed in the Fair, 202, 203, 214-221
Newgate, the Lord Mayor's Cool Tankard at, 441
News from Bartholomew Fair, or the World's Mad, a pamphlet, 238-240
— Strange, from Bartholomew Fair, a pamphlet, 240
Ninepins, 56
Noah at the Fair, 354, 355
Nokes, Mrs., Actress, 406
Nondescript, the, 469
Norman Builders in Smithfield, 47
Norris, Comedian, 364

O.

Oates, Comedian, 408-410, 412, 421
Oates's Plot, a Booth Play suggested by 254, 255

Offences at the Fair, 381, 386, 445, 450, 482
Orange Cards, 298
Oratory, the Virgin in the, 40, 41
Orpheus and Eurydice, a Droll, 428
Osyth, Canons of Saint, 32

P.

Paap, Mr. Simon, dwarf, 475, 476
Painted Prince, Giolo the, 320
Pan, the Satyr, at the Fair, 431
Parishes covered by Bartholomew Fair (A.D. 1641), 185
Park, Richmond New, 202, 203, 214-221
Parker's Booth, 366
Patient Grisel, a Puppet-play, 231, 245
Pavilion, the, at Winchester Fair, 23
Paving of Smithfield, 144
Peepshow of Siege of Gibraltar, 394
Penance done in the Chapter House of St. Paul's, for offence in the Fair, 386
Penkethman, William, Comedian, 353, 363, 364, 401, 403, 404; the Son, 413, 425, 426
Penny Shows (A.D. 1830), 486
Pepys, Mr., at Bartholomew Fair, 240, 241, 244, 245, 250, 251
Pestilence at Fair times, 73; the Fair suspended on account of, 133, 134, 139, 140, 182-184, 242-244
Pewter trade at the Fair, 69, 92
Phillips, William, Merry-Andrew, 293, 294, 342-344
— Dancer and Harlequin, 426
Piccage, 128
Pickpockets, 393, 482, 483
Pidcock's Menagerie, 453
Pie-powder Court, the, 22, 23, 95-100, 118, 140, 152, 376, 444, 445
Pig and Pork at the Fair, 158, 163, 168, 169, 172, 249, 288, 346
— Toby, the Learned, 480
— of Knowledge, the Amazing, 481
Pilgrimage, Rayer's, to Rome, 5
Pinchbeck, the Watchman's Show, 408, 428
Plague, the Great, 242. (*See* Pestilence.)
Play-ground, West Smithfield a, 9, 55-57
Players imprisoned, 335
Playhouse in the Fair. (*See* Drama.)
Polito's Wild Beast Show, 453
Pope's Harbinger, by Way of Diversion, the, 281
Popes, Three, Defenders of the Fair, 65, 66
— Hustled in the Fair, 254-281; set among the Mountebanks and the Zanies, 281; defied by a Monkey, 154, 254, 318
Poppets, 334
Powell, Actor, 403
— Fire-eater, 439
Poyntz, Colonel, General Massey's Fairing to, 229
Price, Gervase, Serjeant-Trumpeter, 285
Prior's Merry-Andrew, 343, 344
Priory of St. Bartholomew, foundation of the, 1-3, 5-14, 28-43; extant remains of the, 44-48; rebuilt, 92; before the dissolution, 110-112; dissolved, 112; bought by Sir Richard Rich, 116
Pritchard, Mrs., the Actress, her reputation first made at Fielding's Booth, as Loveit, in the Cheats of Scapin, 413, 416; again acting for Fielding in the Fair, 417-419
Proclamation of Bartholomew Fair, by Mayor, 141, 142, 235, 236, 241, 287, 441, 442; by Lady Holland's Mob, 237, 238; the last, 493
Protestantism in the Fair, 255-281
Puppet-shows, 176-180, 231, 245, 455-457
Puritans against the Fair, 159, 160, 171, 174, 179-181, 186, 187, 199-201, 204-206, 214-220, 222-225
Pye Corner, 132, 189, 232, 240, 346, 398

Q.

Quakers Opera, the, adapted from a Farce on Jack Sheppard for Bartholomew Fair, 407

R.

Rachel, Lady Russell, her Family at Bartholomew Fair, 282
Raffle in the Cloister, at the Fair, 338, 339, 350
Ram, the Unicorn, 460; with six legs, 461
Rattle-snakes, 407, 408
Rayer (or Rahere), his character, 2; his behaviour at the Court of Henry I., 3; pilgrim to Rome, 5; falls sick there, and vows a Hospital, 6; recovers, and sees in a vision St. Bartholomew, who bids him build a Church in Smithfield, 6, 7; his way of establishing the Priory and Hospital of St. Bar-

tholomew in West Smithfield, 8-10; his Miracles, 10-13, 29-31; his Charter and Grant of Bartholomew Fair, 13-15; he is denounced as an impostor by his own people, 28; his death, 31, and his tomb, 31-32; his effigy, 32, and his portrait from it, 48
Rayner and Pullen's Booth, 403
Reasons for the Punctual Limiting of Bartholomew Fair, 379-384
Reformados Righted, a political Fairing, 229
Reineke Fuchs, at St. Bartholomew's, 58
Rental of the Priory Hospital, 25-27
Revels, the Master of the, 179, 282-284, 295, 359, 360, 400, 446
Revolution, the French, at the Fair, 461
Reynolds, Comedian, 402, 406, 407
Rich, Sir Richard, and his heirs, Lords of the Priory Fair, 115-118, 121-123, 190-96
Richardson's Theatre, plays in, 471-474, 482; an incident in, 483; his price (A.D. 1830), 486
Richmond New Park, 202, 203, 214-221
Robbery from Booth, 24, 121
Robin Hood, a Booth Opera, 407
Robinson, Conjuror, 457
Roberts, Mrs., 405, 411
Roger in Amaze, verses on the Fair, 249, 250
Rome, Rayer's pilgrimage to 5, 6; the Fair fostered by 65, 66; turned against the Church of, 254-281, 301, 302; Church of, compared to Bartholomew Fair, 281
Rope Dancing, 231, 238, 239, 245-248, 318, 339, 340, 345, 353, 361, 365, 395, 453
Rowlandson, Thomas, Sketches of Bartholomew Fair, 464-467
Royal Oak, the, a game for loyal gamblers, 292
— Voyage, the, a Booth Play on the Irish Expedition of King William III., 299-314
— Runaway Dancer, a, 287

S.

Sailors and St. Bartholomew, 39, 40; at the Fair, 459
Sandwich, Ralph, claims tolls of Bartholomew Fair for the Crown, 68-70
Saunders, Equestrian, 477
Sausages at the Fair, 397, 452, 457, 467, 477
Sawbridge, Mayor, 454
Scaly Boy, the, 324
Scapin, the Cheats of, adapted by Fielding for Bartholomew Fair, as a ballad opera, 413; Mrs. Pritchard's success in it, 413-416, 419; adapted as a harlequinade, 427
Scaramouches, 347, 361
School-boys at the Fair, discussing grammar, 62, 123-125
Schools, ancient London, 55
Scipio's Triumph, a Droll, 409
Scotch Dwarf, the, 322
Scowton's Theatre, 474
Search, Merchant Tailor's right of, at Bartholomew Fair, 94, 144
September, opening of Bartholomew Fair, first changed to third of, 449
Sermon, a Puritan, 211-213
Settle, Elkanah, 357, 358; his Pageant of the Burning of the Pope, 280; his Siege of Troy at Mrs. Mynn's Booth, 367-377
Sharper's trick at Raffles in Bartholomew Fair, 350
Shoemaker Row, 232
Shooting, the, at Bartholomew Fair, 241
Shorter, Mayor, 441
Shows, (A.D. 1825) 484; removal of, to New North Road, 488; suppression of, 490-492
Shrines, Fairs at, 16-18
Shuter, Edward, Comedian, 435, 436, 451, 461
Sieges, shows and plays of: Gibraltar, 394; Troy, 367-377; Carthage, 409; Carthagena, 428; Londonderry, 305, 306, 309-312; Namur, 337; Barcelona, 363
Skeleton, a Living, 328, 329, 486
Skinner's Well, the Plays at, 82
Slaves sold at Bartholomew Fair, 72
Sloane, Sir Hans, studied in Bartholomew Fair, 315, 391
Smithfield, West, mentioned by St. Bartholomew to Rayer, 7; King's Market (A.D. 1123), 8; Grant of land there, by Henry I. for Priory and Hospital, 8; Fenny ground and gibbet there, 9; The Elms, 9; Playground of children and servants, 9; why chosen by Rayer for Site of his Priory, and Fair, 49; Appearance of (A.D. 1174), 52, 53; Markets then held there, 53, 54; Games played in, 56, 57, 59; Jousts and Combats in, 76-78; Martyrdoms on site of Fair in, 79; the Horse and Haymarket in, 128, 129; Character of, in Queen Elizabeth's time, 133; First paved, 144-146

Smollett's Roderick Random, dramatised in Bartholomew Fair, 430
Sodom and Gomorrah at Bartholomew Fair, 177, 318
Sorbière, a Frenchman, at Bartholomew Fair, 337
Southwark Fair, 101, 102, 184
Southwell, Sir Edward, in Bartholomew Fair, 288-290
Spain defied by a Monkey, 154, 254, 318
Spaniard, the Bold Grimace, 322, 323,
Spectacle, Stage, at Mrs. Mynn's Booth, 367-377
Spotted Negro Boy, the, 483
Stage, the, under the Commonwealth, 232-234; in Bartholomew Fair, 233, 357-436
Stallage in Bartholomew Fair, 128; exaggeration of Rents for, 491, 492
Stevens, G. A., Description of Bartholomew Fair, in Verse, 452, 453
Stilt Walking, 57, 58
Stourbridge Fair, 22, 93, 140, 182, 184, 190, 251
Stow describes the disputes in Grammar of School-boys at Bartholomew Fair, 123-125
Strangers, Norman Law concerning, 63
— merchant, at Fairs, 103
Strong Man, 326, 327, 352; Woman, 449
Sunday in Fair times, 143
Susanna and the Elders, 231
"Sweet if you love me," Mrs. Pritchard's Song, at the Fair, 414
Sword Bearer, City's Lease of the Fair, to the, 337, 338, 379, 383

T.

Tailors Merchant, 93; tried the measures of the Clothiers in the Fair, 94, 144
Taverns, 63, 132, 133, 332, 451, 461, 462
Taxes, remitted to Fair-going traders, 18-21
Tempest, the, a Droll, 362
Thamas Kouli Kan, a Droll, 429
Thanksgiving Day of Commonwealth for the Raised Siege of Dublin, Play, as a Fairing, upon the, 196-222; Sermon on the, 211-213
Theatre, the, in the Fair, under the Commonwealth, 232-234; afterwards, 233, 357-436. (*See* Drama.)
Thief and Saint, partners, 37, 38
Thomas, Second Prior of St. Bartholomew's, 32-34
Tiddy Doll, the Gingerbread Baker, 434, 435
Tobacco in the Fair, 168
Toby, the Learned Pig, 480
Tolls levied at Fairs, 17-24; Share of, from Bartholomew Fair, claimed for Crown, 68-70; Writ of Quo Warranto touching (14th Ed. II.), 73; Right of City in, 101; of Fair to the Crown, 105-108; to Lord Rich, 128; to the City, 129, 130
Tomb of Rayer, 32, 48
Tongue, a Woman's, Miracle of, 11
Topers, Etymology of, 216-218
Trade in Bartholomow Fair, 69, 92; state of, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, 134, 135
Trumpeter, Serjeant, claims of, 336, 358, 359, 471
Tumbler, a Female of the Twelfth Century, 57
Turbutt and Yates's Booth, 429
Turk's Head Music Booth, the, 349

U.

Ups and Downs, the, 397, 449, 450
Ursula the Pig-woman, 163, 164, 168, 169

V.

Vaulting, 318, 353, 362, 364
Vine, Master, Armless artist, 469
Vision, Rayer's, of St. Bartholomew, 6, 8; Edward the Confessor's, of Smithfield, 31; to a Friar, of the Virgin, 40, 41

W.

Walk to Smithfield, a pamphlet on the Fair, 352-354
Wallace, William, executed at Bartholomew Fair, 71, 72
Walpole, Sir Robert, at Bartholomew Fair, 398
Ward, Edward, describes Bartholomew Fair in the "London Spy," 340, 341, 345-351
Warwick, Earls of, in Cloth Fair, 193
Waspe, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 156, 157
Wat Tyler, a Droll, 403
Wax-work, 347, 425
Wellborn, Grace, a King's ward, 153

Westminster, Fair at, 23, 68
Whip-top, 56
Whitelamb, Kelham, a dwarf, 460
Whittington, the Puppet-show of, 245, 452
Wild Beast Show, the First, 91
Wilkes's Parlours in the Fair, 477
William III., King, in a Booth Play, 307, 314; for Free Speech in Bartholomew Fair imprisons players, 335, and whips a Merry-Andrew, 341, 342
Winchester, Fair on St. Giles's Hill at, 23, 24
Wombwell, 484
Wool-trade, the, 92-94
Wrestling, 59; at Bartholomew Fair, 138, 139, 142, 150, 241
Wymond's Daughter and the Devil, 41, 42

Y.

Yates, Comedian, 427, 429, 433, 434, 461

Z.

Zany, the Mountebank's, 297

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THREE SCHOLARS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PALISSY THE POTTER:

THE LIFE OF BERNARD PALISSY, OF SAINTES.

Second and cheaper edition, One vol. Price 12*s*.

JEROME CARDAN:

THE LIFE OF GIROLAMO CARDANO, OF MILAN,

PHYSICIAN.

Two vols., post 8vo. Price 18*s*.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA:

THE LIFE OF HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA VON NETTESHEIM,

DOCTOR AND KNIGHT, COMMONLY KNOWN AS A MAGICIAN.

Two vols., post 8vo. Price 18*s*.

"It was desired that of the three lives each should be in itself worth telling, and in itself an addition of some new and well-authenticated matter to the available stores of minute information that give colour and life to history. It was desired that they should treat not of political heroes, but of scholars, living in the same age of the world, although no two of the same country. It was desired, too, that they should be not only representatives of separate nations of Europe, but also of separate and absolutely different careers of study. Palissy was a Frenchman, with the vivacity, taste, and inventive power commonly held to be characteristic of his nation; Cardan was an Italian, with Italian passions; but Agrippa was a contemplative German. According even to the vulgar notion, therefore, they were characteristic men. Palissy was by birth a peasant; Cardan belonged to the middle class; Agrippa was the son of noble parents, born to live a courtier's life. All became scholars. Palissy learnt of God and nature; and however men despised his knowledge, his advance was marvellous upon the unknown paths of truth; he was the first man of his age as a true scholar, though he had heaven and earth only for his books. No heed was paid to the scholarship of Bernard Palissy, but the civilised world rang with the fame of the great Italian physician, who had read and written upon almost everything, Jerome Cardan. Hampered by a misleading scholarship, possessed by the superstitions of his time, bound down by the Church, Cardan, with a natural wit as acute as that of Palissy, became the glory of his day, but of no day succeeding it. The two men are direct opposites, as to their methods and results of study. In a strange place of his own between them stands Agrippa, who began his life by mastering nearly the whole circle of the sciences and arts as far as books described it, and who ended by declaring the Uncertainty and Vanity of Arts and Sciences. The doctrine at which he arrived was that, in brief, fruitful must be the life of a Palissy, barren the life of a Cardan;—since for the world's progress it is needful that men shake off slavery to all scholastic forms, and travel forward with a simple faith in God, inquiring the way freely."—*From the Preface to Cornelius Agrippa.*

A Catalogue of Books,

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN AND HALL,

193, PICCADILLY.

DECEMBER, 1858.

NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS.

MR. CARLYLE'S NEW WORK,

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND,

CALLED

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo. With Portraits and Maps. Price 40*s.*

SECOND EDITION, will be ready early in December.

NEW VOLUME OF POEMS by the Author of 'Clytemnestra,' etc.

THE WANDERER.

BY ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

Fcap. 8vo.

By the Author of 'An Excursion to California.'

LIFE IN VICTORIA.

BY WILLIAM KELLY.

In 2 Vols., post 8vo.

By the Author of 'Palissy the Potter,' etc.

MEMOIRS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

BY HENRY MORLEY.

One Volume, demy 8vo. With numerous Illustrations.

THE POEMS OF JOHN MILTON,

With Notes by THOMAS KEIGHTLEY.

In 2 Vols., 8vo.

SKETCHES OF ALGERIA

DURING

THE KABYLE WAR.

By HUGH MULLENEUX WALMSLEY.

Post 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*

New Novel, by the Author of 'The Shaving of Shagpat.'

THE ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL.

By GEORGE MEREDITH.

In 3 Vols., post 8vo.

GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE.

Par L. DIREY.

12mo.

COMPLETION OF

MR. CARLYLE'S WORKS.—UNIFORM EDITION.

In November will be published,

WILHELM MEISTER.

VOL. II.

A Translation by THOMAS CARLYLE.

Completing the new and uniform edition of

THE WORKS OF MR. CARLYLE,

In Sixteen Volumes, price Six Shillings per volume.

FESTUS; A POEM.

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

New Edition in the press.

NEW VOLUME OF

DICKENS'S WORKS.—COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION.

SKETCHES BY BOZ.

With Vignette. Post 8vo. Price 6*s*.

NEW VOLUME OF

LEVER'S WORKS.—CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION.

ROLAND CASHEL.

Vol. I.

Price 4*s*. With Eight Illustrations by "PHIZ."

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. XV., price 6*s*. [*January* 1*st*.

MR. LEVER'S NEW SERIAL.

DAVENPORT DUNN; Or, THE MAN OF THE DAY.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Part XVII., with Illustrations by "PHIZ."

A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

Aïdé—Eleonore, and other Poems.

By HAMILTON AÏDÉ. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 5*s*.

Ancient Britons, The;

A TALE OF PRIMEVAL LIFE. With Illustrations. Small 8vo, cloth. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Andrews—The Eighteenth Century;

Or, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS. By ALEXANDER ANDREWS. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s*.

A Series of Diagrams,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF MECHANICAL PHILOSOPHY AND THEIR APPLICATION. Twenty-one large Plates, drawn on Stone. With descriptive Letterpress. Published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. One large folio Volume, cloth. £2. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Atlases and Maps,

FOR STUDENTS AND TRAVELLERS; with Railways and Telegraphs, accurately laid down.

SHARPE'S ATLAS. Constructed upon a System of Scale and Proportion, from the more recent Authorities. With a Copious Index. Fifty-four Maps. Large folio, half morocco; plain, 36*s*.; coloured, 42*s*.

SHARPE'S STUDENT'S ATLAS. With a Copious Index. Twenty-six Coloured Maps, selected from the above. Folio, half-bound, 21*s*.

LOWRY'S TABLE ATLAS. With a Copious Index. One Hundred Coloured Maps. Large 4to, half-bound, 12*s*.

SIDNEY HALL'S TRAVELLING ATLAS OF THE ENGLISH COUNTIES, containing Fifty Maps, bound in a portable 8vo Volume, in roan tuck, 10*s*. 6*d*.

Atlases and Maps—*continued.*

SIDNEY HALL'S MAPS OF ENGLISH COUNTIES, with all the Railways and Country Seats. Price 3*d.* each, coloured. In neat wrapper.

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF ENGLAND AND WALES, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 2*s.* 6*d.*

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF SCOTLAND, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 1*s.* 6*d.*

SHARPE'S TRAVELLING MAP OF IRELAND, with Railways and Electric Telegraph laid down to the present time. Coloured and mounted, in cloth case, 1*s.* 6*d.*

LOWRY'S ATLAS OF INDIA. In Eight Maps. Royal 4to, Coloured, in wrapper, price 1*s.*

1. INDIA (General Map).
2. AFGHANISTAN.
3. BELOOCHISTAN.
4. NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.
5. BOMBAY.
6. NEPAUL.
7. BENGAL.
8. MADRAS.

SHARPE'S ATLAS OF INDIA. In Six Maps. Large folio, Coloured, in wrapper, price 2*s.* 6*d.*

1. INDIA (General Map).
2. BENGAL, etc.
3. CENTRAL INDIA.
4. THE CARNATIC, etc.
5. BELOOCHISTAN AND SCINDE.
6. AFGHANISTAN AND THE PUNJAB.

Austin—Two Letters on Girls' Schools,

AND ON THE TRAINING OF WORKING WOMEN. By MRS. AUSTIN. Post 8vo, sewed. 1*s.*

Bagehot—Estimates of some Englishmen and

SCOTCHMEN: A Series of Essays contributed principally to the 'National Review.' By WALTER BAGEHOT. Demy 8vo, cloth. 14*s.*

Bailey—Festus; a Poem.

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY (a New Edition in the Press).

——The Mystic, and other Poems.

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Second Edition, post 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

——The Age; a Colloquial Satire.

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. Post 8vo, cloth. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Barry Cornwall—English Songs, and other Poems.

By BARRY CORNWALL. New Edition, 24mo, sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——Dramatic Scenes, with other

POEMS, now first printed. By BARRY CORNWALL. Beautifully Illustrated with Fifty-seven Woodcuts, and printed on fine paper. In One Volume. Crown 8vo, cloth. 18*s.*

Barwell—The Care ot the Sick.

Being the Substance of a course of Lectures delivered at the Working Women's College. By RICHARD BARWELL, F.R.C.S. In One Vol. Fcap., cloth. 4*s*. And a Cheap Edition, fcap., stiff wrapper. 1*s*.

————Childhood's Hours.

By Mrs. BARWELL. With Four Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1*s*. 6*d*.

————Novel Adventures of Tom Thumb the GREAT.

Showing how he visited the Insect World, and learned much wisdom. By Mrs. BARWELL. New Edition. Eight Illustrations. 16mo, cloth. 1*s*. 6*d*.

————Nursery Government;

Or, HINTS ADDRESSED TO MOTHERS AND NURSERY MAIDS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG CHILDREN. By Mrs. BARWELL. Second Edition. Corrected and Enlarged. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 1*s*.

Bell—Life of Right Hon. George Canning.

By ROBERT BELL, Author of 'The History of Russia,' 'Lives of English Poets,' etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s*.

Bennett—Poems.

By W. C. BENNETT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 6*s*.

————Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other POEMS.

By W. C. BENNETT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 3*s*. 6*d*.

Blanc—Historical Revelations:

Inscribed to Lord Normanby. By LOUIS BLANC. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Boner—Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of BAVARIA.

By CHARLES BONER. With Illustrations by Theodore Horschelt, of Munich. 8vo, cloth. 18*s*.

————Verse.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 4*s*.

Books for the Blind.

Embossed, in the ordinary Roman Type. [Printed for the Committee of the Bristol Asylum for the Blind.]

OUTLINES OF GEOGRAPHY. Oblong, cloth. 5*s*.

MEMOIR OF WATT. Oblong, cloth. 3*s*.

HOLY THOUGHTS. Oblong, cloth. 2*s*.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Oblong, cloth. 2*s*.

FIRST READING BOOK. Oblong, cloth. 2*s*.

MAGAZINE FOR THE BLIND. Vol. I. Oblong, cloth. 10*s*

THE ALPHABET FOR THE BLIND. 1*d*.

Border Lands of Spain and France, (The,)
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Browne—The Life of Robert Southey.
By CHARLES T. BROWNE. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

Browning—Poetical Works.
By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fourth Edition, with Corrections and Additions. Three Vols. Fcap., cloth. 18*s.*

———Aurora Leigh; a Poem.
IN NINE BOOKS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Third Edition. In One Vol. Crown 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

———Casa Guidi Windows.
By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

———Poetical Works.
By ROBERT BROWNING. A New Edition, with numerous Alterations and Additions. Two Vols. Fcap., cloth. 16*s.*

———Christmas Eve and Easter Day.
A POEM. By ROBERT BROWNING. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

———Men and Women.
By ROBERT BROWNING. In Two Vols. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

Burchett—Practical Perspective.
THE SUBSTANCE OF THE COURSE OF LECTURES ON LINEAR PERSPECTIVE, delivered at, and forming a part of the Course of Instruction in the Training School, and in the Schools of Art in connection with the Department of Science and Art. By R. BURCHETT, Head Master of the Training and Normal School. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations. 7*s.*

———Practical Geometry.
THE COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION OF PLANE GEOMETRICAL FIGURES. By R. BURCHETT. With 137 Diagrams. Third Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

———Definitions of Geometry.
24mo, sewed. 5*d.*

Burton—Lives of Simon Lord Lovat, and of
DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN. By JOHN HILL BURTON. From Original Sources. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Butler—The Heirs of Blackridge Manor.
A TALE OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. A NOVEL. By DIANA BUTLER. Three Vols. Post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

CARLYLE'S WORKS.

COMPLETE AND UNIFORM EDITION.
Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, price Six Shillings per Volume.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A HISTORY. In 2 Volumes. 12*s.*

OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES. With Elucidations and Connecting Narrative. In 3 Volumes. 18*s.*

LIFE OF JOHN STERLING.
LIFE OF SCHILLER. } One Volume. 6*s.*

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. In 4 Volumes. 24*s.*

SARTOR RESARTUS. HERO WORSHIP. One Volume. 6*s.*

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. One Volume. 6*s.*

CHARTISM.—PAST AND PRESENT. One Volume. 6*s.*

TRANSLATIONS OF GERMAN ROMANCE. One Volume. 6*s.*

WILHELM MEISTER. By GÖTHE. A Translation. In 2 Volumes. 12*s.*

Carlyle—Passages selected from the Writings of THOMAS CARLYLE, with a Biographical Memoir by T. BALLANTYNE. Post 8vo, cloth. 7*s.*

Coleridge—Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and MILTON. By the late S. T. COLERIDGE. A List of all the MS. Emendations in Mr. COLLIER'S Folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface by J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. Demy 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

Cooper—The Purgatory of Suicides.
By THOMAS COOPER. A New Edition. Fcap. cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Craik—The English of Shakespeare;
Illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar.' By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK, Professor of History and of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

———Outlines of the History of the English LANGUAGE. For the use of the Junior Classes in Colleges, and the Higher Classes in Schools. By GEORGE L. CRAIK. Second Edition. Small 8vo, cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

CHAPMAN AND HALL'S
SELECT LIBRARY OF FICTION.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS EACH NOVEL.

MARY BARTON: A Tale of Manchester Life.

RUTH. A Novel. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

CRANFORD. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

LIZZIE LEIGH; and other Tales. By the Author of 'Mary Barton.'

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman.'

OLIVE. A Novel. By the Author of 'The Head of the Family.'

THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By the Author of 'The Head of the Family.'

ALTON LOCKE, Tailor and Poet. By the REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. With a new Preface, addressed to the Working Men of Great Britain.

THE FALCON FAMILY; or, Young Ireland: A Satirical Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. By M. W. SAVAGE.

MY UNCLE THE CURATE. A Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE.

THE HALF SISTERS. A Tale. By Miss JEWSBURY.

THE WHITEBOY. A Story of Ireland in 1822. By Mrs. S. C. HALL.

EUSTACE CONYERS. By JAMES HANNAY.

MARETIMO: A Story of Adventure. By BAYLE ST. JOHN.

MELINCOURT. By the Author of 'Headlong Hall.'

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

*** *Other Popular Novels will be issued in this Series.*

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"The Fictions published by this Firm in their 'Select Library' have all been of a high character."—*Press.*

"Who would be satisfied with the much-thumbed 'Library Book,' when he can procure, in one handsome volume, a celebrated Work of Fiction now offered by Messrs. Chapman and Hall at the low price of Two Shillings?"—*Britannia.*

"Capital Novels, well worth the price asked for them."—*Guardian.*

WORKS BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. With Forty-three Illustrations by SEYMOUR and "PHIZ." 8vo. £1. 1*s.*

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. With Forty Illustrations by "PHIZ." 8vo. £1. 1*s.*

SKETCHES BY "BOZ." A New Edition, with Forty Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. 8vo. £1. 1*s.*

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With Forty Illustrations by "PHIZ." 8vo. £1. 1*s.*

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. With Seventy-five Illustrations by GEORGE CATTERMOLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13*s.*

BARNABY RUDGE. A TALE OF THE RIOTS OF 'EIGHTY. With Seventy-eight Illustrations by G. CATTERMOLE and H. K. BROWNE. Imperial 8vo. 13*s.*

AMERICAN NOTES, FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION. Fourth Edition. 2 Vols., post 8vo. £1. 1*s.*

OLIVER TWIST; OR, THE PARISH-BOY'S PROGRESS. Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Third Edition, 3 Vols., 8vo. £1. 5*s.*

CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION.

Handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, Cloth, with Frontispieces.

	s.	*d.*
THE PICKWICK PAPERS	5	0
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY	5	0
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT	5	0
BARNABY RUDGE	4	0
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP	4	0
OLIVER TWIST	3	6
SKETCHES BY BOZ	3	6
CHRISTMAS BOOKS	3	6
AMERICAN NOTES	2	6

Now Publishing

IN MONTHLY VOLUMES,

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS EACH,

A

NEW AND COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION

OF

THE WORKS OF

MR. CHARLES DICKENS,

Beautifully printed in Post 8vo, and carefully revised by the Author. With Portrait and Vignettes.

Already Published.

PICKWICK PAPERS, 2 Vols., price 12s.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, 2 Vols., price 12s.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, 2 Vols., price 12s.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, 2 Vols., price 12s.
BARNABY RUDGE, 2 Vols., price 12s.
SKETCHES BY BOZ, 1 Vol., price 6s.

THIS LIBRARY EDITION is undertaken with a view to the presentation of MR. DICKENS'S Writings in a far more convenient form, at once for present perusal, and for preservation, than any of them have yet appeared in. A new fount of type has been made expressly for the purpose, and great care has been taken to render the Series legible, compact, and handsome.

The LIBRARY EDITION will comprise Twenty-two Monthly Volumes, price Six Shillings each; and a Volume will be published on the first of every month. The following is the order of publication:—

	VOLS.
1. THE PICKWICK PAPERS	2
2. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY	2
3. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT	2
4. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, AND REPRINTED PIECES	2
5. BARNABY RUDGE, HARD TIMES, AND REPRINTED PIECES	2
6. SKETCHES BY BOZ	1
7. OLIVER TWIST	1
8. DOMBEY AND SON	2
9. DAVID COPPERFIELD	2
10. PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES	1
11. BLEAK HOUSE	2
12. LITTLE DORRIT	2
13. CHRISTMAS BOOKS	1

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, PICCADILLY; BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE ST.

Dante's Divine Comedy, The Inferno.

A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the original Collated with the best Editions, and Explanatory Notes. By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D. Post 8vo, with a Portrait, cloth. 14*s.*

Dante's Divine Comedy;

or, THE INFERNO, PURGATORY, AND PARADISE. Rendered into English Metre by FREDERICK POLLOCK. With Fifty Illustrations, drawn by GEORGE SCHARF, JUN. Post 8vo, cloth. 14*s.*

Davidson—Drawing for Elementary Schools;

Being a Manual of the Method of Teaching Drawing, Specially adapted for the Use of Masters of National and Parochial Schools. By ELLIS A. DAVIDSON, Head Master of the Chester School of Art, and Professor of Drawing at the Chester Diocesan Training College. Published under the sanction of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education. Post 8vo, cloth. 3*s.*

Delamotte—The Oxymel Process in Photography.

By PHILIP H. DELAMOTTE, F.S.A., Professor of Drawing in King's College, London. Crown 8vo. 1*s.*

De Pontès—Poets and Poetry of Germany.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES. By MADAME L. DAVÉSIÉS DE PONTÈS. Two Volumes, post 8vo, cloth. 18*s.*

Diary of Martha Bethune Baliol.

From 1753 to 1754. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Dietrich—Russian Popular Tales.

Translated from the German Version of ANTON DIETRICH. With an Introduction by JACOB GRIMM. Post 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

Dixon—Robert Blake, Admiral and General at SEA.

Based on Family and State Papers. By HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of 'Life of William Penn.' Cheap Edition, Post 8vo, bds. 2*s.* Post 8vo, cloth, with Portrait. 2*s.* 6*d.*

——— William Penn.

AN HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHY. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON, Author of 'Life of Howard.' With a Portrait. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo, cloth. 7*s.*

Domville—The Mosaic Sabbath;

A PAMPHLET SHOWING THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT TO BE NOT OBLIGATORY ON CHRISTIANS. By SIR W. DOMVILLE. It forms the first Chapter of the Volume of the Sabbaths of the Old Testament. 8vo, sewed. 6*d.*

——— The Sabbath;

Or, AN INQUIRY INTO THE SUPPOSED OBLIGATION OF THE SABBATH OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By SIR W. DOMVILLE. Vol. II. 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Domville—The Sabbath;

Or, AN EXAMINATION OF THE SIX TEXTS COMMONLY ADDUCED FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT IN PROOF OF A CHRISTIAN SABBATH. By SIR W. DOMVILLE. With a Supplement. Vol. I. 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Doyle—Overland Journey to the Great Exhibition;

Showing a few Extra Articles and Visitors. By RICHARD DOYLE. Oblong boards. Plain, 3*s.*; coloured, 5*s.*

Dyce's Elementary Outlines of Ornament.

Fifty Selected Plates. Folio, sewed. 5*s.*

Edinburgh Tales.

In one thick vol., imp. 8vo, full gilt back. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Elementary Drawing Book.

Directions for introducing the First Steps of Elementary Drawing in Schools, and among Workmen. With Lists of Materials, Objects, and Models. By the Author of 'Drawing for Young Children,' etc. Prepared and published at the request of the Council of the Society of Arts. Small 4to, cloth. 4*s.* 6*d.*

English Grammar.

By L. DIREY and A. FOGGO. 12mo, cloth. 3*s.*

Fairholt—Costume in England.

A HISTORY OF DRESS, from the Earliest Period until the close of the Eighteenth Century; with a Glossary of Terms for all Articles of Use or Ornament worn about the Person. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. With upwards of 600 Engravings, drawn on Wood by the Author. One thick volume, 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

——The Home of Shakespeare,

ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIBED. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Author of 'Costume in England,' etc. With Thirty-three Engravings. Small 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Finlaison—New Government Succession Duty

TABLES; for the Use of Successors to Property, their Solicitors and Agents, and others concerned in the Payment of the Duties Levied on all Successions, under Authority of the present Statute, 16 & 17 Victoria, cap. 51. By ALEXANDER GLEN FINLAISON. Post 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

Gallenga—The History of Piedmont.

By ANTONIO GALLENGA, Member of the Sardinian Parliament, etc. In 3 vols., crown 8vo, cloth. 24*s.*

——Country Life in Piedmont.

By ANTONIO GALLENGA. Post 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Gaskell—Cranford.

By MRS. GASKELL. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Gaskell—Mary Barton.

A TALE OF MANCHESTER LIFE. By Mrs. GASKELL. Fourth Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, cloth. 18*s.* And a Cheap Edition, post 8vo, boards, 2*s.*

———Ruth; A Novel.

Three vols., post 8vo, cloth, 31*s.* 6*d.* And a Cheap Edition, post 8vo, boards, 2*s.*

———Lizzie Leigh, and other Tales.

Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———Libbie Marsh's Three Eras.

A LANCASHIRE TALE. Second Edition. Foolscap, sewed. 4*d.*

———Hand and Heart; and Bessy's Troubles

AT HOME. Foolscap, sewed. 4*d.*

———The Sexton's Hero; and Christmas

STORMS AND SUNSHINE. Foolscap, sewed. 3*d.*

———North and South.

Second Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

———Moorland Cottage.

With Illustrations by BIRKET FOSTER. Foolscap 8vo, cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

German Love.

FROM THE PAPERS OF AN ALIEN. Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH, with the sanction of the Author. Foolscap, cloth. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Godwin—History in Ruins.

A Series of Letters to a Lady, embodying a popular Sketch of the History of Architecture, and the Characteristics of the various Styles which have prevailed. A Handbook of Architecture for the unlearned. By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S. With Illustrations, etc. Small 8vo, cloth. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Hall—Soldiers and Sailors in Peace as in War.

By HERBERT BYNG HALL. Second Edition. Foolscap, cloth. 3*s.*

———Sayah; or, The Courier to the East.

By HERBERT BYNG HALL. Foolscap, boards. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Hand Phrenologically Considered (The).

Being a Glimpse at the Relation of the Mind with the Organization of the Body. Post 8vo, with Four Plates, cloth. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Harding—Principles and Practice of Art.

Treating of Beauty of Form, Imitation, Composition, Light and Shade, Effect and Colour. By J. D. HARDING, Author of 'Elementary Art,' etc. With numerous Illustrations, Drawn and Engraved by the Author. Imperial 4to, cloth, 42*s.*; proofs on India paper, 52*s.*

Hannay—Eustace Conyers.

A NOVEL. By JAMES HANNAY. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Hawthorne—The Blithedale Romance.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Haxthausen—The Russian Empire;

ITS PEOPLE, INSTITUTIONS, AND RESOURCES. By BARON VON HAXTHAUSEN, Author of 'Transcaucasia,' etc. Translated and issued under the immediate sanction of the Author. In two vols., 8vo, cloth. 28*s.*

——————Transcaucasia.

SKETCHES OF THE NATIONS AND RACES BETWEEN THE BLACK SEA AND THE CASPIAN. By BARON VON HAXTHAUSEN. With eight Coloured Illustrations by GRAEB. 8vo, cloth. 18*s.*

——————The Tribes of the Caucasus;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SCHAMYL AND THE MURIDS. By BARON VON HAXTHAUSEN. Post 8vo, cloth. 5s.

Heinrich Heine's Book of Songs.

A Translation. By JOHN E. WALLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Hemphill—Freida the Jongleur.

By BARBARA HEMPHILL. Three vols., post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Henslow—Illustrations to be Employed in the

PRACTICAL LESSONS ON BOTANY. Adapted to all Classes. Prepared for the South Kensington Museum. By the REV. PROFESSOR HENSLOW. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. 6*d.*

Hill—Travels in the Sandwich and Society

ISLANDS. By S. S. HILL, Author of 'Travels in Siberia,' etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Holmes—The Life of Mozart.

Including his Correspondence. By EDWARD HOLMES, Author of 'A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany,' etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

House of Raby (The);

Or, OUR LADY OF DARKNESS. A Novel. Three vols., post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Industrial and Social Position of Women,

IN THE MIDDLE AND LOWER RANKS. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jervis—The Rifle-Musket.

A Practical Treatise on the Enfield-Prichett Rifle, recently adopted in the British Service. By CAPTAIN JERVIS WHITE JERVIS, Royal Artillery, Author of the 'Manual of Field Operations.' Post 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

Jewsbury—The Half-Sisters.

A NOVEL. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Johnson—A Winter's Sketches in the South of

FRANCE AND THE PYRENEES. With Remarks upon the Use of the Climate and Mineral Waters in the Cure of Disease. By FREDERICK H. JOHNSON, M.R.C.S. ENG., L.A.C., formerly President of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh. Crown 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Journal of Design and Manufactures.

Six Volumes. Containing 213 Patterns of actual Fabrics, and between 600 and 700 Engravings on Wood. 8vo, cloth. Each Volume, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Keightley—The Life, Opinions, and Writings of

JOHN MILTON. WITH AN INTRODUCTION TO 'PARADISE LOST.' By THOMAS KEIGHTLEY. Demy 8vo, cloth. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Kingsley—Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet.

An Autobiography. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Kingston—Western Wanderings;

Or, A PLEASURE TOUR IN CANADA. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. 2 Volumes, post 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations. 24*s.*

Leaves from the Diary of an Officer of the Guards

DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR. Fcap., cloth. 5*s.*

Lewes—The Life of Maximilian Robespierre.

With Extracts from his Unpublished Correspondence. By G. H. LEWES. Author of 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Lewis—Chess for Beginners,

IN A SERIES OF PROGRESSIVE LESSONS. Showing the most approved methods of beginning and ending the Game, together with various Situations and Checkmates. With Twenty-four Diagrams printed in Colours. By WILLIAM LEWIS. Third Edition. Small 4to. cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Life and Letters of Barthold George Niebuhr.

WITH ESSAYS ON HIS CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE. By the CHEVALIER BUNSEN, and Professors BRANDIS and LOEBELL. Second Edition. 3 vols. 8vo, cloth. 42*s.*

Little Poems for Little People.

By M. S. C. With numerous Illustrations on Wood. Small 8vo, cloth. 1*s.* 6*d.*

CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.

LIBRARY EDITION.

IN DEMY OCTAVO, ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. 1 Vol., with 40 Illustrations. 21*s.*

HARRY LORREQUER. 1 Vol., with 22 Illustrations. 7*s.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON. 2 Vols. with 44 Illustrations. 14*s.*

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. 1 Vol., with 26 Illustrations. 7*s.*

TOM BURKE OF "OURS." 2 Vols., with 44 Illustrations. 14*s.*

THE O'DONOGHUE: A Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago. 1 Vol., with 26 Illustrations. 7*s.*

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. 2 Vols., with 40 Illustrations. 14*s.*

ROLAND CASHEL. 2 Vols., with 40 Illustrations. 14*s.*

THE DALTONS; or, Three Roads in Life. 2 Vols., with Illustrations. 14*s.*

THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD. 2 Vols. With 40 Illustrations. 14*s.*

CHEAP AND UNIFORM EDITION OF LEVER'S WORKS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

Now in the course of Publication.

This Edition is handsomely printed in Crown Octavo, and each Volume will contain

EIGHT ENGRAVINGS BY H. K. BROWNE.

Bound in Cloth. Price 4*s.*

Already Issued:

JACK HINTON. Price 4*s.*

TOM BURKE OF "OURS." In 2 Vols. Price 8*s.*

HARRY LORREQUER. Price 4*s.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY, THE IRISH DRAGOON. In 2 Vols. Price 8*s.*

THE O'DONOGHUE. Price 4*s.*

THE KNIGHT OF GWYNNE. In 2 Vols. Price 8*s.*

To be followed by

ROLAND CASHEL. 2 Vols., cloth. 8*s.*

THE DALTONS. 2 Vols., cloth. 8*s.*

THE DODD FAMILY ABROAD. 2 Vols., cloth. 8*s.*

Lever—The Fortunes of Glencore.

By CHARLES LEVER. 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

———Saint Patrick's Eve;

Or, THREE ERAS IN THE LIFE OF AN IRISH PEASANT. By CHARLES LEVER. With Illustrations by "PHIZ." Small 8vo, cloth. New and Cheaper Edition. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Locker—London Lyrics.

By FREDERICK LOCKER. With an Illustration by CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 3*s.* 6d.

Lowry's Table Atlas.

With a Copious Index. 100 Coloured Maps. Large 4to, half-bound. 12*s.*

A New Series of Maps, in large 4to, price One Penny each Map plain, and Twopence with the Boundaries Coloured; completed in 100 Maps, any of which can be purchased separately, plain, 1*d.*, coloured, 2*d.*

LIST OF THE MAPS.

Sheet.	
1, 2.	World in Hemispheres—2 Maps.
3, 4.	World on Mercator's Projection—2 Maps.
5.	Europe.
6.	British Isles.
7, 8.	England and Wales—2 Maps.
9.	Scotland—General.
10.	Ireland—General.
11.	France, in Provinces.
12 to 15.	France, in Departments—4 Maps.
16.	Holland and Belgium.
17.	Spain and Portugal—General.
18 to 21.	Spain and Portugal—4 Maps.
22.	Italy—General.
23 to 26.	Italy—4 Maps.
27.	Prussia and German States.
28 to 31.	Germany and Switzerland—4 Maps.
32.	Austrian Empire.
33, 34.	Hungary and Transylvania—2 Maps.
35.	Turkey in Europe, and Greece.
36.	Bosphorus and Dardanelles.
37.	Greece and the Ionian Islands.
38, 39.	Sweden and Norway—2 Maps.
40.	Denmark.
41.	Russia in Europe.
42.	Asia, North.
43, 44.	Asia, South, and Indian Seas—2 Maps.
45.	India—General.
46 to 52.	India—7 Maps.
53.	Persia and Tartary.
54, 55.	Turkey in Asia and Western Persia—2 Maps.
56.	Eastern Persia.
57, 58.	Syria and Arabia Petræa—2 Maps.
59, 60.	China and Indian Seas—2 Maps.
61.	Australia and New Zealand—General Map.
62, 63.	Australia—2 Maps.
64 to 66.	New South Wales—3 Maps.
67.	Victoria, or Port Philip District.
68.	New Zealand.
69, 70.	Polynesia—2 Maps.
71, 72.	Africa—2 Maps.
73 to 75.	Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Red Sea—3 Maps.
76, 77.	North Africa—comprising Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis—2 Maps.
78 to 80.	West Africa—comprising Senegambia, Liberia, Soudan, and Guinea—3 Maps.
81, 82.	Southern Africa—2 Maps.
83.	British North America.
84.	Arctic Regions.
85, 86.	Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—2 Maps.
87.	North America—General.
88, 89.	United States—2 Maps—General.
90 to 93.	United States—4 Maps.
94.	Mexico.
95.	West Indies and Central America.
96.	South America—General.
97 to 100.	South America—4 Maps.

Lytton—Poetical and Dramatic Works.

With Frontispiece and Vignettes. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 5 vols. crown 8vo, cloth. 40*s.*

———Money.

A COMEDY, in Five Acts. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo, sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.*

———Not so Bad as We Seem;

Or, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER. A COMEDY, in Five Acts. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo, sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.*

———Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy.

A PLAY, in Five Acts. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo, sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.*

———The Lady of Lyons;

Or, LOVE AND PRIDE. A PLAY, in Five Acts. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. 8vo, sewed. 2*s.* 6*d.*

M'Cullagh—Industrial History of Free Nations,

Considered in Relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy. By W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH. 2 vols., 8vo, cloth. 24*s.*

———Use and Study of History.

Being the Substance of a Course of Lectures delivered in Dublin. By W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH. Second Edition. 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Macknight—History of the Life and Times of

EDMUND BURKE. By THOMAS MACKNIGHT, Author of 'The Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P.: a Literary and Political Biography,' and 'Thirty Years of Foreign Policy: a History of the Secretaryships of the Earl of Aberdeen and Viscount Palmerston.' Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo, cloth. 30*s.*

Maidstone—Abd-el-Kader. A Poem.

In Six Cantos. By VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE. 8vo, cloth. 16*s.*

Manual of French Cookery.

Dedicated to the Housekeepers and Cooks of England who wish to Study the Art. Simplified for the benefit of the most unlearned. By One who has tested the Receipts. Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

Marcel—Language as a Means of Mental Culture

AND INTERNATIONAL COMMUNICATION; Or, MANUAL OF THE TEACHER AND THE LEARNER OF LANGUAGES. By C. MARCEL, Knt. Leg. Hon., French Consul. 2 vols. small 8vo, cloth. 16*s.*

Mariotti—Italy in 1848.

By L. MARIOTTI. 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

Markham—Cuzco and Lima.

Being an Account of a Journey to the Ancient Capital of Peru; and a Visit to the Capital and Provinces of modern Peru. By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations. 14*s.*

Marryat—Henry Lyle.

Or, LIFE AND EXISTENCE. By EMILIA MARRYAT. 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

Masius—Studies from Nature.

By HERMANN MASIUS. Translated by CHARLES BONER. Beautifully illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mayhew—Paved with Gold;

Or, THE ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE LONDON STREETS. An Unfashionable Novel. By AUGUSTUS MAYHEW (one of the Brothers Mayhew). With Twenty-six Illustrations by "PHIZ." Demy 8vo, cloth. 14*s.*

Melincourt;

Or, SIR ORAN HAUT-TON. By the Author of 'Headlong Hall,' etc. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Memoirs of a Stomach.

Edited by a Minister of the Interior. Ninth Edition. Fcap. sewed. 1*s.*

Menzies—Early Ancient History;

Or, THE ANTE-GREEK PERIOD AS IT APPEARS TO US SINCE THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT AND ASSYRIA. With References to Wilkinson, Layard, and other Authorities. Intended for popular use. By HENRY MENZIES. 1 Vol., post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Meredith—The Shaving of Shagpat.

An ARABIAN ENTERTAINMENT. By GEORGE MEREDITH. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mildmayes, The;

Or, THE CLERGYMAN'S SECRET; A Story of Twenty Years Ago. In 3 Vols., post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Millington—Heraldry;

IN HISTORY, POETRY, AND ROMANCE. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo. 9*s.*

Miscellanea Graphica:

Representations of Ancient, Medieval, and Renaissance Remains, in the possession of Lord Londesborough. Drawn, engraved, and described by FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Honorary Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, Picardy, and Poictiers. The Historical Introduction by THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A., etc., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. In One volume, imperial 4to, cloth, price £3. 16*s.*, with Forty-six Plates, some of them printed in colour, and numerous Engravings on wood.

Money—Twelve Months with the Bashi-Bazouks.

By EDWARD MONEY. With Coloured Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth. 7*s.*

Montalba—Fairy Tales from all Nations.

By ANTHONY R. MONTALBA. Embellished with Twenty-four Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. Small 8vo, extra cloth. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Montgomery—Poetical Works of Robert Montgomery.

Collected and Revised by the Author. Royal 8vo, cloth. 20*s.*

——The Omnipresence of the Deity;

and OTHER POEMS. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. New Edition (being the Twenty-eighth Edition). Small 8vo, cloth. 4*s.*

——The Sanctuary.

A COMPANION IN VERSE FOR THE ENGLISH PRAYER BOOK. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Author of 'The Christian Life,' etc. Second Edition. Small 8vo, roan. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Morley—The Life of Henry Cornelius Agrippa

VON NETTESHEIM, Doctor and Knight, commonly known as a Magician. By HENRY MORLEY. In 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 18*s.*

——Jerome Cardan.

A BIOGRAPHY. By HENRY MORLEY. Two vols., post 8vo, cloth. 18*s.*

——The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes;

His Labours and Discoveries in Arts and Science. By HENRY MORLEY. Post 8vo, cloth, price 12*s.* Second and cheaper Edition.

——How to Make Home Unhealthy.

By HENRY MORLEY. Reprinted from the 'Examiner.' Second Edition. Small 8vo, stiff wrapper. 1*s.*

——Gossip.

By HENRY MORLEY. Reprinted from the 'Household Words.' Crown 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Morley—A Defence of Ignorance.

By HENRY MORLEY. Small 8vo, cloth. 3*s.*

Muloch—The Head of the Family.

By Miss MULOCH. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———Olive; a Novel.

By Miss MULOCH. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———The Ogilvies; a Novel.

By Miss MULOCH. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———Agatha's Husband.

By Miss MULOCH. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Mushet—Book of Symbols.

A Series of Seventy-five Short Essays on Morals, Religion, and Philosophy. Each Essay illustrating an Ancient Symbol or Moral Precept. By ROBERT MUSHET. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

My Own Treasury.

A Gift Book for Boys and Girls. With Two Hundred Engravings. In a thick post 8vo volume, cloth, gilt back and edges. 5*s.*

Niebuhr—Heroic Tales of Ancient Greece.

Related by BARTHOLD NIEBUHR to his Little Son Marcus. Edited, with Notes, by FELIX SUMMERLY. With Four Coloured Illustrations by H. J. TOWNSEND. In small 4to, bound in fancy cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Norton—Child of the Islands; a Poem.

By the HON. MRS. NORTON. Second Edition. Square 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

Nuts and Nutcrackers.

With upwards of 50 Illustrations by "PHIZ." Third Edition. Foolscap, boards. 2*s.*

Packe—The Spirit of Travel.

By CHARLES PACKE, of the Inner Temple. Post 8vo, cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Picture Book of Animals.

With One Hundred and Eighty Descriptions. Square, boards. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Raikes—Notes on the North-Western Provinces

OF INDIA. By CHARLES RAIKES, Magistrate and Collector of Mynporie. 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

Rambles and Recollections of a Fly-Fisher.

Illustrated. With an Appendix, containing ample Instructions to the Novice. Inclusive of Fly-making, and a List of Really Useful Flies. By CLERICUS. With Eight Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Reading for Travellers.

A NEW LIBRARY OF RAILWAY LITERATURE. Printed in a clear and legible type, expressly adapted to the convenience of Railway Travellers.

OLD ROADS AND NEW ROADS. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

FRANKLIN'S FOOTSTEPS. By C. R. MARKHAM. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR. Translated by LADY DUFF GORDON. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

MONTENEGRO, AND THE SLAVONIANS OF TURKEY. By COUNT VALERIAN KRASINSKI. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.* 6*d.*

CHARACTER AND ANECDOTES OF CHARLES II. By the late CHARLES BARKER, M.A. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Foolscap, 1*s.*

FLORIAN AND CRESCENZ. By BER. AUERBACH. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

THE HUNGARIAN EMIGRATION INTO TURKEY. By a HONVED. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY AND THE ARCADIA. By JAMES CROSSLEY. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

A VISIT TO BELGRADE. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

BURNS. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

PICTURES FROM THE EAST. By JOHN CAPPER. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A VISIT TO THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE NORTH. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY; HIS RISE AND FALL, AS RELATED BY CAVENDISH. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

ALFIERI; HIS LIFE, ADVENTURES, AND WORKS. A Sketch by CHARLES MITCHELL CHARLES. Foolscap, sewed. 1*s.*

Redgrave—A Manual and Catechism on COLOUR. By RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A. 24mo, cloth. 9*d.*

Reinick—The King of the Root Valley and his CURIOUS DAUGHTER. A Fairy Tale. By R. REINICK. In 4to, boards, with Eight Coloured Illustrations. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Ridge—Health and Disease, their Laws, with PLAIN PRACTICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE PEOPLE. By BENJAMIN RIDGE, M.D., F.R.C.S. Post 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

Royal Nursery A B C Book.
With Five Hundred Woodcuts, and Eight Coloured Pages. Crown 8vo, sewed. 1*s.*

St. John, Bayle—Montaigne, the Essayist:
A Biography. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. With Portrait and Illustrations. 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

——The Memoirs of the Duke of ST. SIMON; Or, THE COURT OF FRANCE DURING THE LAST PART OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV., AND THE REGENCY OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS. Abridged from the French. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. 4 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 42*s.*

——The Subalpine Kingdom;
Or, EXPERIENCES AND STUDIES IN SAVOY, PIEDMONT, AND GENOA. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

——Purple Tints of Paris:
Sketches and Manners in the Empire. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

——Two Years' Residence in a LEVANTINE FAMILY. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

——The Turks in Europe;
A SKETCH OF MANNERS AND POLITICS IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Post 8vo, cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

——Maretimo;
A STORY OF ADVENTURE. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Reprinted from the 'Household Words.' Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

——The Louvre;
Or, BIOGRAPHY OF A MUSEUM. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

St. John, Bayle.—Travels of an Arab Merchant in SOUDAN: THE BLACK KINGDOMS OF CENTRAL AFRICA. Abridged from the French. By BAYLE ST. JOHN. Post 8vo, cloth. 8*s.*

———Five Views in the Oasis of SIWAH. Designed by BAYLE ST. JOHN; and drawn on Stone by Messrs. AUMONT and HOUSELIN. Large folio, sewed. 12*s.*

St. John, J. A.—The Education of the People. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN, Author of 'Isis,' 'Life of Louis Napoleon,' etc. Post 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.* Dedicated to Sir John Pakington, M.P.

———Isis; an Egyptian Pilgrimage. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Second Edition. 2 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 12*s.*

———Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the FRENCH. A Biography. By J. A. ST. JOHN. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

———The Nemesis of Power: Causes AND FORMS OF REVOLUTION. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Fcap. cloth. 5*s.*

———Philosophy at the Foot of the CROSS. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Fcap. cloth. 5*s.*

———The Preaching of Christ, its NATURE AND CONSEQUENCES. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. Small 8vo, sewed. 1*s.* 6*d.*

———The Ring and the Veil. A Novel. By JAMES AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN. In three vols. Post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Savage—Bachelor of the Albany. A Novel. By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———The Falcon Family; Or, Young Ireland. A SATIRICAL NOVEL. By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

———My Uncle the Curate. By M. W. SAVAGE. Cheap Edition. Post 8vo, boards. 2*s.*

Savage—Clover Cottage; Or, I Can't Get In.

A NOVELETTE. By the Author of 'The Falcon Family,' etc. With Illustrations. In Fcap. 8vo, cloth. 5*s*.

Sharpe's Atlas:

Comprising Fifty-four Maps, constructed upon a system of Scale and Proportion from the most recent Authorities, and engraved on Steel, by J. WILSON LOWRY. With a Copious Consulting Index. In a large folio volume. Half-morocco, gilt back and edges, plain, 36*s*.; or with the maps coloured, 42*s*.

CONTENTS:—

1. The World—Western Hemisphere.
2. The World—Eastern Hemisphere.
3. The World—Mercator's Projection.
4. Europe, with the Mediterranean.
5. Great Britain and Ireland.
6. England and Wales—Railway Map, North.
7. England and Wales—Railway Map, South.
8. Scotland.
9. Ireland.
10. France—Belgium—Switzerland.
11. Belgium and Holland.
12. Prussia, Holland, and German States.
13. Switzerland.
14. Austrian Empire.
15. Turkey and Greece.
16. Greece.
17. Italy.
18. Spain and Portugal.
19. Northern Sweden, and Frontier of Russia.
20. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia on the Baltic.
21. Western Russia, from the Baltic to the Euxine.
22. Russia on the Euxine.
23. Russia on the Caucasus.
24. Russia in Europe.
25. Northern Asia—Asiatic Russia.
26. South-West. Asia—Overland to India.
27. South-Eastern Asia—Birmah, China, and Japan.
28. Australia and New Zealand.
29. Egypt and Arabia Petræa.
30. Nubia and Abyssinia to Bab-el-Mandeb Strait.
31. Asia Minor.
32. Syria and the Turkish Provinces on the Persian Gulf.
33. Western Persia.
34. Eastern Persia.
35. Affghanistan and the Punjab.
36. Beloochistan and Scinde.
37. Central India.
38. The Carnatic.
39. Bengal, etc.
40. India—General Map.
41. North Africa.
42. South Africa.
43. British North America.
44. Central America.
45. United States—General Map.
46. United States—North-East.
47. United States—South-East.
48. United States—South-West.
49. Jamaica, and Leeward and Windward Islands.
50. Mexico and Guatemala.
51. South America.
52. Columbian and Peruvian Republics, and Western Brazil.
53. La Plata, Chili, and Southern Brazil.
54. Eastern Brazil.

The above Maps are sold Separately. Each Map, Plain, 4*d*.; Coloured, 6*d*.

——— Student's Atlas.

With a Copious Index. 26 Coloured Maps, selected from the preceding. Folio, half-bound. 21*s*.

Sketches of Young Ladies, Young Gentlemen,

AND YOUNG COUPLES. With Eighteen Illustrations by 'PHIZ.' Complete in one vol. small 8vo, cloth gilt. 4*s*.

Smith—The Divine Drama of History and Civi-

LIZATION. By the Rev. JAMES SMITH. 8vo, cloth. 12*s*.

——— Practical and Economical Cookery, with

a Series of Bills of Fare. Also, Directions on Carving, Trussing, etc. By Mrs. SMITH, many years professed Cook to most of the leading families in the Metropolis. Post 8vo, cloth. 5*s* 6*d*.

Sunday Picture Book.

Illustrated with Fifty Engravings. Small 4to, cloth. 4*s.*

Surtees—Sketch of the Lives of Lords Stowell

AND ELDON; Comprising, with Additional matter, some Corrections of Mr. Twiss's work on the Chancellor. By WILLIAM EDWARD SURTEES, D.C.L., Barrister-at-Law. 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

Tales of the Trains:

Being some CHAPTERS OF RAILROAD ROMANCE. By TILBURY TRAMP. With Numerous Illustrations by "PHIZ." Fcap., boards. New Edition. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Taylor—The Mouse and her Friends;

WITH OTHER STORIES. Translated and adapted for Children. By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. A Companion Volume to 'The Fairy Ring.' Fcap. 8vo, price 3*s.*, boards.

Thackeray—The Irish Sketch-Book.

By M. A. TITMARSH. A Cheap Edition, Uniform with Thackeray's 'Miscellaneous Essays.' In crown 8vo, cloth, with Illustrations. 6*s.*

——————Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to

GRAND CAIRO, BY WAY OF LISBON, ATHENS, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND JERUSALEM. By W. M. THACKERAY. With a Coloured Frontispiece. Second Edition. Small 8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

——————Christmas Books:

Containing 'MRS. PERKINS' BALL,' 'DR. BIRCH,' 'OUR STREET.' Cheap Edition. In one square volume, cloth, with all the original Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Thompson—The Passions of Animals.

By EDWARD P. THOMPSON. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thomson—The Choice of a Profession.

A CONCISE ACCOUNT AND COMPARATIVE REVIEW OF THE ENGLISH PROFESSIONS. By H. BYERLEY THOMSON, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Author of 'The Laws of War affecting Shipping and Commerce,' 'The Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain.' Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thurstan—The Passionate Pilgrim;

Or, EROS and ANTEROS. By HENRY J. THURSTAN. Crown 8vo, cloth. 8*s.* 6*d.*

Tilbury Nogo;

Or, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MAN. By the Author of 'Digby Grand.' 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth. 21*s.*

Townshend—Descriptive Tour in Scotland.
By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND. With twelve Illustrations. 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

——————Sermons in Sonnets:
WITH A TEXT ON THE NEW YEAR: and other Poems. By CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND. Small 8vo, cloth. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Trollope—The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici.
By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. In 1 vol., post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

——————Doctor Thorne. A Novel.
By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of 'Barchester Towers,' 'The Three Clerks.' Second Edition. 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Twilight Thoughts. By M. S. C.,
Author of 'Little Poems for Little People.' Second Edition, with a Frontispiece. Fcap. cloth. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Twining—The Elements of Picturesque Scenery;
Or, STUDIES OF NATURE MADE IN TRAVEL, with a View to Improvement in Landscape Painting. By HENRY TWINING. Vol. II. Imp. 8vo, cloth. 8*s.*

Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and
TURKS, AND ON THE SHORES OF THE DANUBE. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Weld—A Vacation in Brittany.
By C. R. WELD, Author of 'Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada.' With Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth. 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Whist-Player.
THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF SHORT WHIST. Explained and Illustrated by LIEUT.-COLONEL B***. With numerous Diagrams printed in Colours. Imp. 16mo. Second Edition. 5*s.*

White—A Month in Yorkshire.
By WALTER WHITE. Second Edition. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

——————A July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia,
AND SILESIA. By WALTER WHITE. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

——————On Foot through Tyrol;
IN THE SUMMER OF 1855. By WALTER WHITE. Post 8vo cloth. 9*s.*

White—A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End,
AND A TRIP TO THE SCILLY ISLES. A New Edition.
[*In the Press.*

Wilkins—The Slave Son.
By Mrs. W. NOY WILKINS. Post 8vo, cloth. 9*s.*

Wilkins—Letters on Connoisseurship;
Or, THE ANATOMY OF A PICTURE. By WILLIAM NOY WILKINS. Demy 8vo, cloth. 10*s.*

Wilkinson—The Human Body and its Connection with Man.
Illustrated by the principal Organs. By JAMES JOHN GARTH WILKINSON. Post 8vo, cloth. 14*s.*

Wilkinson—Spirit Drawings.
A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. By W. M. WILKINSON. 12mo, cloth. 5*s.*

Williams—Hints on the Cultivation of British
AND EXOTIC FERNS AND LYCOPODIUMS; with Descriptions of One Hundred and Fifty Species and Varieties. By BENJAMIN SAMUEL WILLIAMS, Author of the 'Orchid-Grower's Manual.' 8vo, cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

———The Orchid-Grower's Manual;
Containing a Brief Description of upwards of Two Hundred and Sixty Orchidaceous Plants, together with Notices of their Times of Flowering, and most approved Modes of Treatment. By BENJAMIN SAMUEL WILLIAMS. With a coloured Frontispiece. 8vo, cloth. 5*s.*

Wornum—The Characteristics of Styles;
An Introduction to the Study of the History of Ornamental Art. By RALPH N. WORNUM. In royal 8vo, cloth, with very many Illustrations. 8*s.*

Yonge—Parallel Lives of Ancient and Modern
HEROES, of Epaminondas, Philip of Macedon, Gustavus Adolphus, and Frederick the Great. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Author of 'A History of England,' etc. Small 8vo, cloth. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Zschokke—Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke.
8vo, cloth. 6*s.*

———Hours of Meditation and Devotional
REFLECTION, upon Various Subjects connected with the Religious, Moral, and Social Duties of Life. By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. Translated from the Twenty-third German Edition. Second Edition. Small 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*, or in morocco gilt, 9*s.*

No. XIV. OF

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

PRICE SIX SHILLINGS.

CONTENTS.

I. CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.
II. THE RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.
III. THE SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
IV. WOMAN.
V. RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.
VI. THE GREAT REBELLION: MR. SANDFORD AND MR. FOSTER.
VII. MR. TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.
VIII. THE ZOUAVE AND KINDRED LANGUAGES.
IX. CHARLES DICKENS.
X. PROFESSIONAL RELIGION.
XI. NOTE IN ANSWER TO COLONEL MURE.
XII. BOOKS OF THE QUARTER.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"All the articles in the twelfth number of the 'National' are remarkably well written, and the works reviewed of paramount importance in the annals of literature. . . . The article upon 'The Old English Nobility' is one of considerable interest, the subject being most ably handled. . . . The 'National Review' already stands in the foremost rank with those of its great competitors, the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly;' and this number will augment its reputation."—*Morning Post*, April 26th, 1858.

"In the 'National' the opening article is an admirably written and discriminating criticism on Mr. Matthew Arnold's tragedy of 'Merope,' in which the individual drama itself is discussed in reference to the general question of the influence of the ancient on the forms of the modern drama. . . . An interesting biographical sketch of Ulrich von Hutten, in the form of a review of Strauss's Life of that remarkable character; a notice of the 'Life and Writings of Swedenborg,' temperate and candid; and a paper, slightly biographic, but mainly critical, on Paley and Channing, may be classed together, and are all good and interesting."—*Scotsman*, April 24th, 1858.

"Turning to the 'National,' the first article of the number is unequivocally also the first in point of literary merit. For thorough mastery of the subject, for delicacy and depth of thought, and for pureness and 'melody' of composition, it would be difficult to find among English essayists any paper possessing equal claims to admiration with that on Mr. Arnold's tragedy of 'Merope.' . . . And there is a semi-biographical and very interesting article on Swedenborg, in which the character and pretensions of that extraordinary man are estimated from a point of view equally removed from the 'Swedenborgian,' and from the hard, sceptical, suspicious position usually assumed with regard to them."—*Economist*, April 10th, 1858.

"Some good reviews of ancient and modern literature; an essay on 'The Old English Nobility;' a notice of Lord Grey on Reform,—fundamentally consistent with the views we have from time to time expressed in this Journal, and adding another to the already numerous protests against the silly and intemperate attack of the 'Times,'—and a very pleasant article on the Waverley Novels, are perhaps the best papers in this valuable publication."—*The Press*.

"This is a very excellent number of the 'National.' The subjects are selected with great judgment, and treated with scholarlike ability and research. The first article, on Mr. Arnold's 'Merope,' besides genial and just criticism on the work which is its more particular subject, contains many excellent observations on Greek, as distinct from modern, tragic art. . . . The next essay, on 'Strauss's Life of Ulrich von Hutten,' presents a very interesting picture of the literary activity of the early days of the Reformation, where the scholars, or, as they were then called the 'humanists,' fought the battle of freedom side by side with the religious innovators. . . . Art. III., on 'Recent Contributions to the Study of Latin Literature,' is the work of a scholar and a thinker. . . . Art. IV., on that singular theosophist, Emanuel Swedenborg, is well deserving of careful perusal. . . . Art. V. is an elaborate and painstaking essay on the 'Old English Nobility.' From a graphic series of notices on the 'Barons of Runnymede,' we select the following sketch. . . . It will be at once admitted that the titles of these papers evince great variety in selection; those who peruse them will allow that they are equally distinguished by ability of treatment. On the whole, this is, we think, the best number that has yet appeared of this very rising periodical."—*Daily News*, April 22nd, 1858.

Books for the Use of Schools,

ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE

Science and Art Department,

SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLES. An Introduction to the Study of the History of Ornamental Art. By RALPH N. WORNUM. In royal 8vo, with very many Illustrations. *8s.*

BURCHETT'S PRACTICAL PERSPECTIVE. The Substance of the Course of Lectures on Linear Perspective, delivered at, and forming a part of the Course of Instruction in the Training School, Marlborough House, and in the Schools of Art in connection with the Department of Science and Art. By R. BURCHETT, Head Master of the Training and Normal School. Second Edition. Post 8vo, with Illustrations. *7s.*

BURCHETT'S DEFINITIONS OF GEOMETRY. 24mo, sewed. Price *5d.*

BURCHETT'S PRACTICAL GEOMETRY. Third Edition. 8vo, cloth. Price *5s.*

DYCE'S ELEMENTARY OUTLINES OF ORNAMENT. 50 Selected Plates, small folio, sewed. Price *5s.*

TEXT TO DYCE'S DRAWING-BOOK. Fcap. 8vo. Price *6d.*

REDGRAVE'S MANUAL AND CATECHISM ON COLOUR. 24mo, sewed. Price *9d.*

REDGRAVE ON THE NECESSITY OF PRINCIPLES IN TEACHING DESIGN. Fcap. sewed. Price *6d.*

A SMALL DIAGRAM OF COLOUR. Small folio. Price *9d.*

PRINCIPLES OF DECORATIVE ART. Folio, sewed. Price *1s.*

LINDLEY'S SYMMETRY OF VEGETATION. 8vo, sewed. Price *1s.*

ROBINSON'S LECTURES ON THE MUSEUM. Fcap. sewed. Price *6d.*

AN ALPHABET OF COLOUR. Reduced from the works of Field, Hay, Chevreuil. 4to, sewed. Price *3s.*

DIRECTIONS FOR INTRODUCING ELEMENTARY DRAWING IN SCHOOLS AND AMONG WORKMEN. Published at the request of the Society of Arts. Small 4to, cloth. Price *4s. 6d.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO BE EMPLOYED IN THE PRACTICAL LESSONS ON BOTANY. Adapted to all classes. Prepared for the South Kensington Museum. By the Rev. PROF. HENSLOW. With Illustrations. Post 8vo. Price *6d.*

DRAWING FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS; being a Manual of the Method of Teaching Drawing, specially adapted for the Use of Masters of National and Parochial Schools. By ELLIS A. DAVIDSON, Head Master of the Chester School of Art, and Professor of Drawing at the Chester Diocesan Training College. Published under the sanction of the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council of Education. Post 8vo, cloth. *3s.*

FEB 2 8 2006

Bartholomew Fair

By Henry Morley